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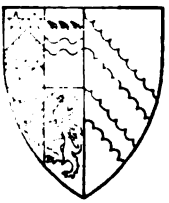

# THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES

ERRATA

Page 26, end of 7th line word "leaders" omitted.

Page 106, 9th line "secrete" instead of "secret."

**The First White House of the Confederacy, Montgomery, Alabama, Home of the President of the States of the Lower South from the inauguration of Jefferson Davis in February, 1861, to the removal, some weeks later, of the Confederate Government to Richmond, Virginia.**

**FROM PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MRS. CHAPPELL CORY, REGENT FIRST WHITE HOUSE ASSOCIATION.**

# THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES

COMPILED BY

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

*Editor: The Dixie Book of Days, Echoes from Dixie, or Old-time Southern Songs, etc.*

BALTIMORE

THE NORMAN, REMINGTON CO.

1920

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# PREFACE

AS a contribution to American history, the following pages depict the life of the Southern people within the lines of the Confederacy during the four years of its storm-tossed existence.

The greater part of the material is given in the words of those who were a part of the times in which they lived; but for the benefit of others who would now, or in days to come, have a clearer understanding of local happenings, editorial notes are added. These notes bear upon related events of larger historical import, and it should be stated that it is now being more and more generally recognized that the true history of any land or its leaders cannot properly be presented without entering into the life of the people that make the one and create the other.

Too much of the experience of any individual or any group of individuals is apt to weary the reader; similarly, a series of disconnected incidents becomes both tiresome and confusing. Hence, out of hundreds of

incidents of romance, adventure, and devotion, comparatively few have been chosen. It is not pretended that these are any better than a great many which are not included, but it is believed that the stories selected are representative and that they serve to illustrate the history of the women of the South during war times.

The compilation of this material into a volume that should be brief, as far as printed matter is concerned, yet comprehensive, in so far as it may be a reflection of the thought, feelings, and achievements of an heroic people, is the outcome of a suggestion by a distinguished soldier of the Union armies, Charles Francis Adams, a liberal-minded American of the best type and the lineal descendant of two Presidents. Mr. Adams stated that all of us need to know the story of the Southern people, their true aims and purposes,—that no good American would condemn the publication of these truths of history if presented without malice or ill intent. On the one hand, it would broaden the Northerner by instilling respect for and sympathy with the sufferings of the South.

On the other hand, it would help to heal the wounds of the South, which much neglect, considerable partisan history, with accompanying distortion of motives, have kept open far too long.

North, East, West, or South, we are all Americans, and no section can or should assert it ever had, has, or may expect to have a monopoly of the virtues of American citizenship! It would seem clear, therefore, that any American who should object to the presentation of these simple narratives herein disclosed, wittingly or unwittingly, lends himself to keeping alive the harmful spirit of sectionalism; or else he is one who feels a wholly unwarranted distrust of fellow-Americans who have shown themselves to be the peers of any people in physical prowess, mental calibre, and moral worth. The North needs the South; the East needs the West, and vice versa. Each section should rejoice in the special merits of the others. Above everything else, however, we all *need to understand and know each other,* in order the better to work in harmony with each other for the good of a common cause and country.

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Man is so constituted—the immutable laws of our being are such—that to stifle the sentiment and extinguish the hallowed memories of a people is to destroy their manhood. —JOHN B. GORDON.

We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor.

—ROBERT E. LEE.

We must forevermore consecrate in our hearts our old battle flag of the Southern Cross—not now as a political symbol, but as the consecrated emblem of an heroic epoch. The people that forgets its heroic dead is already dying at the heart, and we believe we shall be truer and better citizens of the United States if we are true to our past.

—RANDOLPH H. MCKIM.

# THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES

# I

## FOREWORD

SOUTHERN women have, in their own land, suffered from a well-intended but somewhat doubt-provoking abundance of perfervid eloquence heaped upon them by a certain type of orator much given to flowery speech! Nevertheless, it may truly be said of the Southern women of 1861-1865 that the simple narrative of their life and work unfolds a record of achievement, endurance, and self-sacrificing devotion that should be revealed and recognized as a splendid inspiration to men and women everywhere.

Popular opinion as to the life and sacrifices of these American women has been more or less prejudiced, however, by reason of a widespread misunderstanding of the issues involved in the sectional conflict, a misapprehension which must be removed if we are to appreciate the true worth and service of these women. All too frequently the Southern people of the "old regime" have

**A Popular Misapprehension**

been pictured as engaged primarily in a protracted struggle for the maintainance of negro slavery, on account of which their leaders provoked a bloody war! Whereas, even a cursory review of the correspondence of Southern men and women prior to the outbreak of the War of Secession makes it quite evident that the idea of fighting on behalf of slavery was as far from the minds of these Americans as going to war in order to free the slaves was from the purpose of Abraham Lincoln, whose sole object, frequently expressed by him, was to "preserve the Union," an objective sufficiently worthy without correlating with it the somewhat Pharasaical error that the war was waged as a moral crusade for the liberation of the slave. Indeed, Lincoln emphatically declared that, as President, he was contending for the preservation of the Union "with or without slavery" and that, if desirable or necessary, he favored absolute guarantees for the perpetuation of the institution, precisely as provided for in a proposed Amendment to the Constitution passed by Congress in 1861, reference to which is made below.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the little-known fact that the first emancipation proclamation issued in America was promulgated in 1775 by Lord Dunmore, the Royal Governor of Virginia. This proclamation placed Patrick Henry, John Marshall, and George Washington in the *apparent* position of fighting for slavery; since, had the British won, the slaves would have been freed. In that event, it is conceivable that it might have been subsequently represented, in British history, that the abolition of slavery, an incidental outcome of a war waged on other grounds, was the principal matter of contention between the Colonies and the Mother Country!

**The First American Proclamation of Emancipation**

In our histories of the sectional conflict, it is but rarely mentioned that a considerable number of Northern emancipationists went to live in the South and that they worked in complete sympathy with their fellow-emancipationists in that section. When the war broke out, these Northern emancipationists battled as whole-heartedly on behalf of the Confederacy as Lincoln and Farragut and

Thomas, with thousands of other Southern-born men, labored or fought on the other side *"to preserve the Union."*

Faithful history must lay proper emphasis upon a long sectional struggle for *political* power, having its origin in opposing *economic* policies,—a struggle between an agricultural people in the South seeking free trade with the world, and a commercial and manufacturing people in the North who sought, and obtained, high protective tariffs, under which the North was able to buy cheaply the raw material of the South, while the South was compelled to pay high prices for the manufactured articles produced in the North. This *actually imposed* upon the South a burden of taxation *far in excess* of any *even proposed* by the British government for the colonies prior to the American Revolution.

**The True Cause of the Sectional Conflict—the Balance of Political Power**

On the other hand, the tremendous political and economic issues at stake were *obscured* by the problem of domestic slavery; for the presence or the absence of slave labor helped to maintain differences of political and eco-

nomic interests. These differences resulted in a continuous struggle to preserve the "balance of power,"—in the Senate, at least,—through the simultaneous admission from North and South of new States into the Union.*

**Prediction of Thomas Jefferson**

It was with keen foresight that Thomas Jefferson, the greatest of the early emancipationists, predicted that the "moral issue" of slavery would be put to good use by partisans in order to inflame party and sectional passions and thereby secure political and personal returns for themselves. The question of slavery did confuse contemporary politics as Jefferson predicted it would; and, ever since, it has, in even greater measure, distorted the sense of perspective and proportion in the interpretation of American history.†

*Careful historians seek to avoid the once prevalent use of the terms "free" and "slave" States. Not only is the terminology subject to criticism on grammatical grounds, but it helps to convey a wholly false impression relative to the political and economic differences which resulted in constant friction and final conflict.

†From 1830 to the close of the war, a number of books published in the North by Northerners fairly and fully

Under the emancipation proclamation of 1775, as under that of 1863, the women of the threatened section, in the absence of their natural protectors, faced the terrifying possibilities of a servile insurrection. Both proclamations were professedly "war measures," issued, in the first instance, several weeks, and, in the other, nearly two years after a state of war had begun. Had either proclamation aroused the slaves in the rear of the "rebel" forces, the result must have put an immediate end to armed resistance.*

That there was no rising of the slaves in either case, or the desire to rise in revolt, is

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discussed these problems. Two of the most interesting and instructive of these volumes are: "The Origin of the Late War," by George Lunt, of Boston; and "Southern Wealth and Northern Profits," by T. P. Kettel, of New York. In a personal letter, under date of November 25, 1913, the distinguished scientist, Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, from the point of view of the latter day European observer, makes the statement: "I wish to add that I consider the Civil War as an economic war, just as most wars, and as the result of the protective tariff, which was a necessity at that time, for the North, and thus unavoidable." The famous Frenchman, Alexis de Tocqueville, noted this clash of interests in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, as did the English writer, James Spence, some years later.

*In the Declaration of Independence, one of the complaints made against George III reads: "He has excited domestic insurrections against us."

in itself a refutation of the pre-war accusations of barbarity heaped upon the Southern people by thousands of intemperate speakers and writers. That, in the midst of war, there were almost no instances of arson, murder, or outrage committed by the negroes of the South is an everlasting tribute to the splendid character of the dominant race and their moral uplift of a weaker one. This is the negative side. On the positive side, faithful history records the almost universal respect and general affection manifested by the tutored race for their tutors. It should be remembered that these African negroes had been brought to America wholly, or almost wholly, by shippers of European or of Northern origin, *against the protests of all the Southern colonies and States at one time or another.* It should be remembered further that when these negroes were landed on American shores, almost all were savages taken from the lowest forms of jungle life. It was largely the women of the South who trained these heathen people, moulded their characters, and, in the second and third gen-

**Character of the Southern People**

erations, lifted them up a thousand years in the scale of civilization.*

It is apparent that in war, and especially a war of invasion, woman's part is the harder portion. What man physically endures in the shock of battle is endured many fold in the minds and thoughts of the women left at home. The compensatory exhilaration of conflict is not vouchsafed to woman. In the wounds and death of loved ones, she suffers agonies that the soldier knows but indirectly.

**Woman's Part in War**

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*Because of their intemperate and incessant denunciations, the extreme Abolitionists not unnaturally aroused a spirit of bitter resentment in the South, out of which "fire-eaters" in that section, like their counterparts in the North, made political capital. Thus were the promising efforts of the Southern emancipationists hindered and held up. George W. Bagby, of Virginia, expressed the more moderate view of Southern resentment of this incessant abuse when he said, in effect: "This cuff button upon my sleeve is valueless; I would give it to you for the asking; but if you attempt to take it away from me by force, and spit in my face besides, why, I will defend this cuff button with my life!" In the North, Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, wrote with great truth, and not without a sense of humor. . . . "Then the eloquent preacher chooses it [slavery] for the favorite topic of his oratory. The theme is well adapted to rouse the feelings, and it is usually by no means difficult to interest and gratify the audience when the supposed sins of others, which

**Abraham Lincoln vs. the Radical Abolitionists**

The soldiers of the Confederacy were half-fed and half-clothed; and they suffered long-continued privations that were not equaled by Washington's men at Valley Forge. Yet, though even the great commander of the Army of Northern Virginia was compelled, on some occasions, to "borrow" corn from his horse, many of the women of Georgia and the Carolinas supported life on the scattered grains which they were able to sweep up from the abandoned feeding places left in the deso-

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they are under no temptation to commit, are made the object of censure."

Abraham Lincoln more forcefully represented the irreparable harm done by the ultra-Abolitionist to the cause of emancipation, when, in a eulogy of Henry Clay, July 16, 1852, he passionately declared: "Those who would shiver into fragments the Union of these States, tear to tatters its now venerated Constitution, and even burn the last copy of the Bible, rather than slavery should continue a single hour, together with all their more halting sympathizers, have received, and are receiving their just execration." On account of these views, Lincoln was denounced by these ultra-Abolitionist leaders as "the slave-hound of Illinois."

Many of the extreme Abolitionists were the most enthusiastic disunionists. For example, F. B. Sanborn, in writing to his associate and friend, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, wrote approvingly of John Brown: "I believe that he is the best Disunion champion you can find, and with his hundred men, when he is put where he can raise them and drill them, (for he has an expert drill officer with him) he will do more to split the Union than a list of 50,000 names for your convention, good as that is."

late track of Sherman's cavalry. Unless these things be known, the world cannot possibly understand the ardor of devotion and continued self-sacrifice by and through which Southern women have sought to memorialize an era of political thought together with a social order, which was an inheritance of colonial days, but which had, it is said, "lingered overlong upon the advent of an all-enveloping, ever-changing era of modern economic progress." During that elder era, Southern men had led in providing for the territorial expansion of the Federal Republic their fathers had so abundantly helped to create. Then, by an unexpected turn of events, and by reason of the amazingly rapid processes of evolution from which the Southern people were held back by the very structure of their social order, they were ultimately crushed by the government that was so largely of their own creation!

In regard, however, to the principles once involved in nullification and secession, the women of the South have always repudiated, as wholly unjust, the teaching in a number of textbooks and histories that the logic of the

ante-bellum South was "absurd" or "ridiculous," *unless* the previously expressed and entirely similar views of representative people of the North be set forth as *equally* "absurd" or "ridiculous." The "whole truth" reveals the fact that a number of the Founders of the Republic enunciated the doctrine of "State interposition" or nullification, at least in effect, and that, prior to the war which also settled the issue of secession, *all* the Northern States practiced nullification with a degree of success most astonishing to those who have learned only the half truths of history.*

**The Universality of the Doctrines of Nullification and Secession**

Again, if the South attempted secession, the North first announced and most continuously proclaimed the "alleged right" of secession. *That was when it seemed to New England statesmen that their section was in political jeopardy on account of the expan-*

*The legislatures of a number of the Northern States openly proclaimed the nullification of at least part of Article IV of the Constitution of the United States. Instances of practical nullification on various issues may readily be cited, even during the administration of Andrew Jackson, notably in the action of Georgia, Maine, and Massachusetts.

*sion of the South and West under Southern leadership.* Had the North put its threats into actual execution when it believed its political power was imperilled, the Northern people would have actively asserted the principle of secession as a "State right." Southern men, who were then in control of the Federal Government, might have used Federal power to force "rebel" Northern States back in the Union. Who knows? Charles Francis Adams, aware of this phase of American history from the opinions of Presidents John Adams and John Quincy Adams, expressed the idea that, in the War of Secession, *"both sides were right,"* meaning that both sides had right in their contentions, the South chiefly through historical precedent or a common heritage, and the North principally through the processes of evolution.*

*In the 1864 edition of Webster's Dictionary, prepared in New England as the great sectional conflict was being waged on the basis of differing interpretations of political doctrine, it is extremely interesting to note that, in contrast with all previous editions of the same dictionary (1828, 1840, 1847, 1859), the definitions of constitutional terms which relate to the earlier interpretation of the powers of the "Federal compact" were reversed. It is further interesting to note that no warning was given of these particular changes in definition, although the editors of the 1864 edi-

True Causes of the Secession Movement

*Baldly to say or teach, therefore, that "slavery was the cause of the Civil War," with its assumption of superior moral status on the one side and obstinate turpitude on the other, indicates a failure to grasp fundamental facts of American history.* It is a singular misrepresentation to make it appear that emancipation, *an incidental outcome* of the armed conflict, was the principal point in contention either during the war or in the decades before it. Under Lincoln, the Federal Government was ready to receive the Southern States back into the Union "with or without slavery," as they themselves should determine, and the

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tion had stated that in cases of changes of definition, the obsolete or obsolescent definitions were also given in connection with these changes. *Elsewhere* this purpose was carried out, but it was not done in connection with the definitions of those terms pertaining to the nature of the Federal Union. *The older interpretations, had they been given in the edition of 1864 would have tended to sustain the position taken by the South, then alleged to be "engaged in rebellion."* It may fairly be presumed that the editors thought it best to leave the former definitions out. To an intelligent and independent people, it must seem, however, that in matters of history, it is *a mistaken kind of patriotism* which deviates from the presentation of the whole truth.

newly-arisen Republican party had sought, in 1861, to allay distrust of what was then a wholly sectional organization, by guaranteeing the perpetuity of the institution of slavery through a Constitutional Amendment which passed both houses of Congress by large majorities and which was ratified by Ohio and Maryland before hostilities began. If, therefore, the New England States had in previous times felt imperilled over the political control of the old "Democratic-Republican" party, which was widely represented in the North, how much more had the South,—particularly the far South—to fear for its economic and political interests when, in 1860, the Federal Government fell into the hands of an apparently hostile party which had practically no representation in the "Cotton States"? South Carolina had felt herself aggrieved to the point of nullification and possible secession over the inequitable tariffs or taxes of 1824-1830. A compromise staved off the conflict, but the economic and political grievances persisted. At last, in 1861, *the States of the Lower South* were persuaded to trust to the power of the cotton boll to create a separate government under a Con-

stitution, which, except for its anti-tariff provisions, was essentially the same as that adopted by the original thirteen States in 1789. Subsequently, it was on the issue of "coercion," directed, as it was thought, against the fundamental American principle of "the consent of the governed," that *the people of the Upper South* cast their lot with the Confederacy. Like their chosen leader, Robert E. Lee, they had nothing to gain and everything to lose in making such a choice, and the majority of their Northern-born brothers then in the South followed the State of their adoption.

**Error Will Be Eliminated**

The greater part of the history of the United States, as written in the second decade of the twentieth century, is far freer from sectional misunderstanding than that written in the last half of the nineteenth. Errors due to ignorance or to prejudice must and will be eliminated; and when all the principles involved in the War of Secession are faithfully presented in their due proportion and perspective, Americans of either section may rejoice equally in the fulfillment of the prophecy of the Southern poet, who, in the

days of deepest misunderstanding, wrote:

"In the future some historian shall come forth both strong and wise,
With a love of the Republic, and the truth, before his eyes.
He will show the subtle causes of the war between the States,
He will go back in his studies far beyond our modern dates,
He will trace out hostile ideas as the miner does the lodes,
He will show the different habits born of different social codes,
He will show the Union riven, and the picture will deplore,
He will show it reunited and made stronger than before.
Slow and patient, fair and truthful, must the coming teacher be
To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground to prune the tree.
He will hold the Scales of Justice, he will measure praise and blame,
And the South will stand the verdict, and will stand it without shame."

In the same "Wreath of Virginia Bay Leaves" is also found this appeal, as the closing words of the Yorktown Centennial Poem recited in 1881 by its author, Captain James Barron Hope, a Confederate veteran:

"Give us back the ties of Yorktown!
Perish all the modern hates!
Let us stand together, brothers,
In defiance of the Fates;
For the safety of the Union
Is the safety of the States!"

## II

## GENIUS OF THE SOUTHERN WOMAN

MANY are the war-time diaries and personal letters that tell of the ingenuity of the Southern people in devising substitutes for three-fourths of the articles commonly in use prior to the war. They devised substitutes not only for almost every kind of manufactured article, but for accustomed foods, drinks, and medicines. It often happened that so common and essential an article as salt could not be obtained.

*No people of modern times were so ill-prepared for war.* The Southern Confederacy began its existence without any navy whatsoever, and without vessels for purposes of trade. With a few exceptions, such as David G. Farragut, Southern-born naval officers in the Federal service turned over their commissions to the Government against which they were soon to be arrayed in war. They then went south to await whatever should take place. The issue of battle was

**The Issue in Doubt**

by no means assured; for Horace Greeley was one of many thousands in the North who in one way or another expressed the thought, based on the writings and sayings of the founders of the Republic, that the Southern States had a right to withdraw from the Union and that they should be permitted to depart in peace as they sought to do.

Except for a small number of cotton mills, *there were almost no factories in the South.* The Southern States depended upon the North for household furnishings and agricultural implements, and even for articles so common as ordinary nails. The "Lower South," given almost wholly to the service of "King Cotton," was dependent upon the great northwest for staple foodstuffs. At the very beginning, therefore, of a four years' conflict, the Southern people were face to face with food scarcity and economic ruin. As the war went on, some manufacturing was developed, but all of it had to be done with the crudest kind of machinery, improvised, or not infrequently "invented," for the purposes required.

The women of the South and other non-

combatants had to provide, as best they could, for themselves; and it must also be remembered that nowhere then was woman's "sphere" widened beyond the domestic field. Notwithstanding these facts, the Southern women, suddenly and violently plunged into the midst of an economic cataclysm, rose equal to the occasion, and showed that they were even more ingenious than the men; for they were called upon to establish new processes and to provide substitutes for a much greater variety of things. Their adaptations and discoveries were not so spectacular; for these did not involve the destruction of hostile forces, but they were equally important in that they sustained and conserved life at home and enabled the Confederate forces to keep the field.

**Necessity the Mother of Invention**

A number of things took the places of coffee, tea, and sugar. There could be no substitute for salt, so sea water had to be boiled, or the floors of the smoke houses removed and the dirt beneath dug up and washed in order to procure even so limited a supply of this human necessity. For ordinary common

cooking soda, the Southern woman learned to substitute the ashes of corn cobs. The ashes were put into a jar, covered with water, and allowed to stand until clear. In making various breads and cakes, one part of ashes was mixed with two of sour milk.

"Coffee" was made in several ways; by boiling parched wheat and rye, and sometimes corn. In some localities, sweet potatoes were cut into small squares, dried in the sun, and afterwards parched, ground up, and boiled. By way of variety, the seed of the okra was also used. As sugar became scarce or non-existent, the beverages thus made were sweetened with sorghum. "Tea" was manufactured from any leaf which seemed to provide a distinctive flavor. For example, it was made from the dried leaves of the blackberry and the sassafras. In the lower South, other leaves were used, such as those of the cassena or yaupon plant. It is said that "the care with which these substitutes for tea were prepared made a decided difference in the flavor, which was not a particularly happy one at best!"

In those parts of the South overrun by

hostile forces, milk was scarcely to be had. This was especially the case in Virginia. In Richmond it was quoted at $4.00 a quart. In their diaries and in their letters to friends, many women declared that they had had no milk for months. This lack was especially hard on children and the sick and wounded. Moreover, the dearth of ice must have worked untold hardships, yet this lack was mentioned almost exclusively in connection with hospital work in the upper South.

Ingenious as the women were in planning substitutes for accustomed foods, they excelled themselves in the matter of providing clothes and household necessities. The apparently simple matter of lighting was, during the war, a serious problem. There were no oils to be had for the various lamps then in use. The supply of "store" candles gave out, so lard and greases were saved in pans, and woolen rags were used as wicks. In some parts of the South, myrtle berries were gathered by the wagon-load. These were "boiled and refined," and from them was made a translucent, green, and aromatic wax, "fit," as one lady described it, "for the candelabra

of a king." Very many homes had to be content, however, with pine "lightwood" knots and the grease tapers. These were even sent off to the soldiers to "light the evening hour while they wrote to sister, sweetheart, or mother."

The manufacture of soap appeared to offer the greatest scope for the imagination and resourcefulness of the housewife. Many were the recipes independently worked out for the homemade article. On the other hand, when cooking implements gave out, there was the direst distress. Suffice it to mention the fact that metal pots and pans were much handed about in a community wherever distances did not make borrowing an impossibility! *One Southern heroine hired an only skillet from a colored woman at one dollar a month rental. That she laughed over the incident helped to make the circumstances more cheerful*; but, none the less, it represented suffering and real distress. Other cooking utensils were often "hired" on the same plan. In households where there were many refugees from the

**Courageous and Cheerful in Direst Need**

homes and farms laid waste, the hardships in matters of this kind increased greatly throughout the duration of the war; yet these women cheerfully sacrificed their carpets, curtains, and household things for use in camp and hospital.

*In all history no people were universally more unselfish, and no government was so free from "profiteering" and corruption.*

**Public Honesty and Private Generosity**

The Confederate Government may have been inefficient in some particulars, but its officials did not take private advantage of public position. Whatever may have been the weaknesses of Southern men in public life prior to the war, they had ever maintained a singularly high standard in their official relations. They had before them the sterling examples of Washington, Madison, Mason, Jefferson, Marshall, Monroe, Tyler, the Pinckneys, Laurens, and a thousand other such leaders of lesser fame but equal honesty. Subsequently to the outbreak of the War, outspoken partisans of the North lamented the loss of the powerful influence of the example and practice of these men of

scrupulous honesty in public affairs. Therefore, with Davis, Stephens, Lee, Jackson, Stuart, Forrest, and the two Johnstons as the successors of the founders and builders of the first Union, the women of the South were more than willing to suffer everything humanly possible for a cause upheld by . . . worthy of the confidence of their people.

Supplies of clothing of all kinds rapidly diminished as the war continued. Neatly trimmed thorns were often used in place of pins, and it was discovered that persimmon seeds made excellent buttons when thoroughly dried and pierced with the necessary holes for needle and thread, which, in their turn, became alarmingly scarce, so that *the loss of a sewing needle became a household calamity.* Buttons were also made out of gourds, cut into moulds and covered with cloth of any color or kind. Corn shucks, palmetto, and many kinds of grasses were woven into hats and bonnets. Every variety of dye was home-made. When the dyes failed to hold their respective colors, the articles were "re-dipped" again and again. When hat trim-

mings were worn "too long a time," the hats were reshaped and dyed another color.

All girls and women learned to card and spin and knit, if not previously acquainted with these arts. Every woven stocking was of especial value. When the feet were entirely worn out, the upper part was carefully unraveled and the thread first twisted on the spinning wheel and then knitted into new stockings or into gloves or mitts. All woven wearing apparel was treated in the same way. Leather became very scarce and the providing of shoes a big problem. Women learned, in time, to make their own uppers and all of their bed-room and house slippers. Soles for outdoor use proved to be the greatest difficulty. Sometimes they were made of wood, —and, again—well, there were times when there were no shoes available!*

*The so-called "decisive battle" of the war was brought on unexpectedly when barefooted Confederate soldiers learned that shoes might be had in Gettysburg. The search for shoes discovered Federal outposts, and the battle began there instead of at Cashtown, as the Confederate commander had planned. It may also be noted here that the gallant General "Pat" Cleburn "ordered" an unshod soldier to put on his own boots, while he, in his stocking feet, rode into the fight in which he lost his life.

The foregoing brief review may serve to illustrate what the women of the South did in the face of economic difficulties and even destitution. The homespun dress of the Southern girl became famous, giving expression to the popular war verses which were sung to the tune of "The Bonnie Blue Flag":

Oh yes, I am a Southern girl, and glory in the name;
And boast it with far greater pride than glittering wealth or fame.
I envy not the Northern girl, her robes of beauty rare,
Tho' diamonds grace her snowy neck, and pearls bedeck her hair.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Sunny South so dear!
Three cheers for the home-spun dress that Southern ladies wear!

NOTES AND SIDELIGHTS

**Salt as Contraband of War**

Federal forces had orders to destroy salt and salt works wherever found, for the Federal Government had declared salt "contraband of war." These orders have been, at times, attributed to President Lincoln, but there is no certain evidence to show that he was even aware of their existence. On the other hand, such orders were entirely in keeping with the character of Secretary of War Stanton, who was offered the most important portfolio in the President's Cabinet because of his energy and recognized executive abilities. Curiously enough, this vindictive official was of Quaker ancestry, of North Carolina stock, and a Democrat whose mother came from Virginia.

Had war been certain from the first exercise of State secession by South Carolina, possibly some of the vessels of the Federal Navy would have found their way to Southern ports; but when their Southern-born officers resigned they were not rated as "rebels." Ships plying between Charleston and New York flew the Stars and Stripes by the side of the new emblem of the Confederate States. United States Army officers, also, with some notable exceptions, such as Winfield Scott and George H. Thomas, resigned and carried into the service of the Confederacy nothing but their personal effects. A few small arsenals on Southern soil held some arms and ammunition. Only one of these was seized, and such scant military supplies furnished the entire basis for the defensive equipment of a "new nation" about to engage in modern warfare. *In short, there was neither army nor navy, almost no ammunition, and no manufactories to make war supplies or articles of any kind or for any purpose.*

**Under Two Flags**

It should be said in this connection that "history" wholly false to the facts is sometimes compiled from real or pseudo Southern sources. A good example is offered in the writings of Henry Watterson, hailed in 1919 as the leading figure in American journalism on account of his long experience and his ability as a "paragrapher." The former editor stated in an interview, September, 1917, that, "The South was far better prepared for war than the North"! Mr. Watterson based this amazing statement on the assertion that the South was "peopled by a fighting race inured to the idea of war"! a statement that reflects unhappily on the North at the same time that it misrepresents the South. In his reminiscences, Mr. Watterson has stated that he went into the war feeling that he was doing a "*treasonable*" thing,—the only Confederate who seems

to have felt that way. He, therefore, entered the war wrongly; and it would seem that he labored in it lightly, and suffered hardly at all. He abandoned the cause at an early opportunity and afterwards made an essentially false comparison, *offensive to all good Americans*, between alleged Southern arrogance on the one hand and the intolerable insolence of Prussian autocracy on the other.

**Comparative War Sacrifices**

In March, 1918, the New York World, in an editorial article on the World War of the twentieth century, took occasion to state: "It will do the country no harm to note the reminder of Senator Williams of Mississippi that its war sufferings in the matter of food have reached no very heroic stage as yet."

Senator Williams was then quoted as saying: "Men go out and exploit themselves about wheatless days and the lack of food. The Southern Confederacy had no wheat for three years during the Civil War. I went from 1862 to Lee's surrender without seeing anything made out of wheat except an occasional Christmas or birthday cake, and that was sweetened with molasses. What is the use of talking about hardships? We are having no hardships in this country.

"If you cannot stand hardships, then you are not worthy of your ancestors. Let us send men, munitions, and food to France and quit our patrioteering camouflage!"

## III

# THE WAR TIME EXPERIENCES OF ELIZABETH WARING DUCKETT

### INTERVIEWS WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND ENCOUNTERS WITH SECRETARY STANTON

IN 1861, the eastern half of Maryland was as strongly Southern in its sympathies as any part of Virginia. Up to April 15th, the people, like their Virginia neighbors, were opposed to secession and were hoping for a peaceful reunion with the secessionist States of the Lower South. Also like the Virginians, they were opposed to any invasion of the South for the purpose of forcing the seceding States back into the Union against the will of their people. It was seriously proposed by John P. Kennedy and other prominent Marylanders, that, since the Federal Union was "already broken," Maryland and the other middle States should form a separate union to act as a mediator between the far North and the far South, and thereby eventually to restore all to a common whole.

The newly-arisen Republican party, which,

it must be remembered, had practically no representation in the States then withdrawn from the Union, had sponsored an Amendment to the Constitution guaranteeing the perpetuation of negro slavery wherever it then existed. This was brought forward in an endeavor to save the Union; but the Republicans responsible for this movement *had mistaken the real issue at stake;* and their political opponents, in Maryland and elsewhere, were not interested in the movement. On the other hand, there was an element in the Republican party working powerfully beneath the surface, and with ultimate success, *to cause the "Cotton State secessionists" to commit an open act of aggression and thus force a fight.* This element was represented by Senator Zachariah Chandler of Michigan, who expressed the opinion in a letter to Governor Blair, February 11, 1861, that *"Without a little blood-letting this Union will not, in my estimation, be worth a rush."*

As peace-makers, however, Maryland could not cope with the pace-makers of the impending war. On the one hand, South Carolina was impatient over the delay in turning over

to her the property she demanded in Fort Sumter which had been promised to her through special commissioners; on the other, an element in the North, as above stated, was advocating and, under the surface, working for war, while the extreme Abolitionists continued to inflame sectional prejudices and loudly expressed their joy over the prospect of relief from further union with a people whom they had persuaded themselves and others to abominate as "altogether wicked" and as the "upholders of the sum of all villainies."

**From Unionists to Secessionists**

Early in April, therefore, the leading citizens of Maryland were opposed to secession; but when the call for troops to coerce the South was sent out, these same people could not bring themselves to invade the South. On that issue alone they passed "over-night" from Unionists to Secessionists. Thereafter, it was almost impossible to find a single descendant of the famous "Maryland Line" of Revolutionary patriots who was not ready, on that issue, to take up arms for the Southern cause; and, if need be, to lay down his

life for it. Those who were not immediately arrested by special orders from Washington left their homes and families, not for the sake of gain, but for what they believed to be right; and it has been estimated that over twenty thousand Marylanders thus "expatriated" themselves, crossed the Potomac, and joined the armies of the Confederacy.

**Southeastern Maryland**

The people of the counties in southeastern Maryland were almost unanimous in their sympathy with the Confederacy. Of this number were the Warings, who had owned prosperous farms on the banks of the Patuxent since the time of their original grant from the Lords Baltimore. Elizabeth Waring was the second of a family of eleven children. In 1856, she married Richard Duckett and went to live in the northern part of Prince George's County.

When the war broke out, Elizabeth Waring's two oldest brothers determined to offer their services to the Confederacy. One brother was nineteen, while the other was still at school. After they had announced their intention of joining the Confederacy, their

father accompanied them at night to the Potomac, over which they swam their horses and with many of their friends and neighbors, joined the Southern forces below Alexandria. On Christmas Day, 1862, the oldest brother died of typhoid fever and was buried at Strasburg, Virginia. The younger brother, however, was not strong and was sent home with an honorable discharge from further service. The departure of the Waring brothers and their friends had attracted the attention of Federal detectives. The Waring house was secretly watched and the negro coachman was bribed to act as informer. Consequently, when the younger Waring brother returned to his home, the house was surrounded and he and his father were arrested.

The writer had the privilege of hearing the story of this arrest and of the events that followed direct from the brave woman who is the subject of this sketch. She also placed at his disposal the notes she had made of all her war-time adventures, from which she never rested until she had seen Cabinet officials, President Lincoln, and staff officers of

the Union army, in order to secure her father's release from prison and to have restored to him much of his confiscated property. She was a typical Maryland woman of Southern sympathies, who remained, for the greater part of the war, within the Federal lines. The story is continued very largely in Mrs. Duckett's own words, except where the exigences of space require some elimination of detail.

MRS. DUCKETT'S NARRATIVE

My brother, William W. Waring, came home May 12, 1863, and with him came Walter Bowie, a relative and a Confederate soldier. At the time of their arrival, I was visiting my old home, but my father was away engaged in superintending the cultivation of the crops on another place. When he came home, he was arrested at his gate; but none of his children knew of his arrest until the following morning.

During the night, we were awakened by a loud knocking at the front door, coupled with the demand: "Open in the name of the Government! If you don't, we will burn the house

over your heads!" We looked out to find all of the five doors guarded by Federal soldiers. In the dark, for fear lights would betray us, we hurriedly hid a large Confederate mail, which was then waiting to be sent South. My brother put on his uniform and went down stairs to open the door. To the statement that he was "under arrest," he simply said, "I expected that," and gave himself up.

**Arrest of the Warings; Escape of Walter Bowie**

In the meantime, we were concerned in getting Walter Bowie out of the house. The soldiers called for water, and our opportunity came. Though the family had harbored a betrayer in the coachman, there were other servants who were faithful to the last. Under hasty instructions, our waiter purposely broke the house pump and declared that the only way to get water was to send to the spring at the bottom of the hill.

Walter was then in the kitchen and the soldiers were searching all the bed rooms in the house, locking the doors of each as they finished their search. I made use of this time in coloring his face and hands with black

cosmetic. I made him take off his military boots and prepare to escape in his stockings, which, fortunately, were brown. I then made him put on a dress belonging to our tall, black nurse, Peggy. I wrapped his head in a red bandanna, took his revolver from him, together with his plans of the fortifications at Washington, which he, in some manner, had secured. I put these in my dress, for I knew if they were found upon him, that would mean certain death.

The faithful Peggy balanced a tub on her head and Walter put another under his arm. Together they passed between two detectives and set out for the spring. One of the detectives, seeing a horse saddled, turned to the negro man holding it and asked sharply: "Whose horse is that?" The frightened negro replied: "Mars' Walt Bowie's, suh!"

At this, the disguised tub-bearer dropped "her" burden and set out at a high rate of speed for the steep ravine below. The detectives fired at him, but Walter knew every step of the way and in the darkness easily made his escape. The detectives now proceeded to lock up all in my mother's room,

not knowing that there was an outlet from there to Peggy's room above. There we burned the Southern mail and Walter's fortification plans.

In the morning, the plantation was aroused, the negroes coming up from their quarters. After my mother had directed a breakfast to be prepared for thirty men, carriage was ordered, with the coachman, John, who had betrayed us, on the boot. My father was brought up and made to sit by him. Two of my sisters, my mother's niece, and I were inside, together with the few things we were allowed to take with us. My brother and a cousin were on horses under guard of the Federal soldiers. Mother, one sister, a little brother, my baby daughter, and two guests were left behind.*

The carriage with my father and the rest of us passed Old St. Paul's Church near Marlboro on Whitsunday morning. Two brothers named Perry rode up and asked the soldiers what they were "going to do with the

*Mrs. Duckett added, by way of parenthesis, that after the guard had left, Walter Bowie returned to the house, got a comfortable breakfast, even if it was "second table," evaded another force sent from Point Lookout to capture him, and crossed the Potomac in safety.

old Colonel" (Colonel Waring). They were promptly arrested for their pains and carried to Washington with us. As we passed the tavern kept by Mrs. Surratt at Surrattsville, the kindly old woman came to the door and wanted my father to refresh himself. Mint juleps were brought out to the "prisoners," while the soldiers, at my father's request, were "treated" within the tavern, two at a time, for fear of an attempted rescue.

We reached Washington late in the afternoon. The other women in the party were taken to Willard's Hotel and placed under guard. My father and I were taken to the Old Capitol Prison. Our supper consisted of some undrinkable coffee and coarse, dark bread,—nothing else. The beds were covered with blue calico, open in the middle, and filled with straw, so that the straw could be removed. Fortunately, after the first day, we were not forced to eat this prison fare, because friends on the outside supplied us with food.

Though a private citizen, my father was tried by court martial on three charges: for

harboring "rebels"; for harboring a spy; and for having Southern mail in his house.

**Trial of Mrs. Duckett's Father and Brother**

Colonel Joseph Holt was the judge-advocate; and Reverdy Johnson, perhaps the ablest Union man in Maryland, my father's counsel. My brother and I were solemnly sworn in on the Bible as witnesses against our own father then in jeopardy of his life. Furthermore, his own slaves were called in and compelled to witness against him.

Although my brother was arrested in his Confederate uniform, Judge Holt held him as a spy, and he was put back in the Old Capitol Prison, where I, too, was recommitted by the court. My father was condemned and sentenced to imprisonment at Fort Delaware for the remainder of the war.

After I had been in the Old Capitol Prison one month, Judge Turner sent for me from the office of Secretary Stanton. Influential friends had interested themselves in my plight, among them General Martindale, the military governor of Washington. They said I should be released at once if I took the

"iron bound" oath. This I refused to do and was sent back to prison. The next day, however, Major Turner sent for me and released me without forcing me to take the oath, telling me to go at once to General Martindale's office.

General Martindale told me he did not wish to make war upon women and children, but asked me to promise not to do anything to get myself or family into trouble, and he would forward letters to the members of my family in the South. Lieutenant Montgomery even furnished me with Confederate stamps. I afterwards saw General Martindale on several occasions and he proved to be a true friend and a gentleman. In the meantime, my sisters had been sent South.

My brother, however, was still in prison, and General Martindale told me that he was in great danger of being shot or hanged. He urged me to go to see President Lincoln. Accordingly, I went to the White House and was taken to President Lincoln's office. I stood there some time before he noticed me.

**Calls on President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton**

The President then said: "Why don't you sit down?"

I replied: "Because you did not ask me."

Thereupon, he pushed a chair towards me, took his long legs off the green baize-covered table where he had them, and asked me what I wanted. I told him that my brother was no spy and that he was arrested in his uniform after an honorable discharge from the Confederate army.

In the course of my talk with him, the President said, "Mrs. Duckett, what are you Rebels for?"

I replied, "Because, Mr. Lincoln, we cannot help it."

Mr. Lincoln was kind in his manner to me and gave me a card to Secretary Stanton on which was written: "The Honorable Secretary will see Mrs. Duckett and hear her."

I went to the War Department and was ushered past a long line of waiting people, both men and women. I handed the card to Stanton, and I can see him now. He took the President's card between his thumbs and forefingers, tore it in half, and threw the pieces on the floor. He roughly refused my

request to go to Fort Delaware to see my father; and I knew that it would be of no use to talk to him about my brother. I was indignant over his attitude toward me and his contempt for the President's message; so I said, "*Mr. Stanton, I am going to Fort Delaware!*" He replied, "Very well, Mrs. Duckett," and I left his office.

I immediately left Washington for Prince George's County, Maryland. By means of the "underground railroad," I communicated with Walter Bowie. Walter went to Colonel Robert Ould, Confederate Commissioner of Exchange of Prisoners at City Point, Virginia, who was an old friend of the family. Commissioner Ould at once notified Stanton and Judge Holt, that if William Waring was injured in any way, he would straightway hang General Cochran, who was a friend of Stanton.

**Mrs. Duckett Saves Her Brother's Life**

My brother was put on the list of prisoners for exchange and sent to Point Lookout. When the cold weather came, he and five other young men built a hut of cracker boards into which they crawled at night. They had a small stove with a pipe

running through the top of the hut. As time passed and he saw he was not exchanged, he gave his blanket, uniform, boots, and all he had in return for the *name* of another prisoner, who was physically a wreck, and about to be sent South; for this was the only kind of men they were willing to exchange. My brother served again in the South and surrendered with General Johnston in 1865.

When I returned to Washington, I found that my father had been sent to Fort Delaware, and I was unable to get permission to see him. From Washington, I went to call on United States Senator Wall at Burlington, New Jersey. Senator Wall was good enough to become interested in my efforts to free my father and he introduced me to a number of people in Philadelphia.

**A Visit North**

On one occasion Miss Mary Wall took me to the Chester Hospital where were a number of the wounded from the battlefield of Gettysburg. We saw a Northern woman walking through the hospital. She carried a bundle of tracts in her arms, and with her was a negro carrying a large basket of delicacies. The delicacies were given to the Federal

wounded while the tracts were for distribution among the poor Confederates.

As we were watching her, she came upon two young boys from the "hill country" of Alabama. One had lost his right leg, the other his left. She said to one of them:

"My friend, do you know whom Christ died for?"

To which the wounded mountaineer replied: "I ain't talking no conundrums now. I want something to eat."

The lady evidently thought the case was hopeless, both morally and physically, for she passed on with both her food and religion.*

After her departure, the kind-hearted Miss Wall asked one of the poor fellows if there

*The teachings of the lay abolitionists and their eloquent assistants in the pulpit apparently gave many of the good people in the North the impression that the Southern people were heathen as well as barbarous. The story of the lady with the tracts is typical; so, indeed, is that of the kindness of Miss Wall as representing those Northerners who knew better. Prior to the war, the Northern pulpits resounded with politico-moral harangues on the "infamous" conduct of the Southern people. It is no wonder the congregations got the idea that the Southern people were heathen. As a matter of fact, however, the "Old South" led the country in church membership and activities in proportion to the population. The sermons of their pastors preached "orthodox, old-fashioned" religion.

was anything he wanted. He replied, "A pair of slippers, ladies; you'll have to buy only one pair for both of us, as I have but one foot and my friend has the other." We got fruit and food for these brave cripples and the desired pair of slippers for both of them.

After supplying the wants of other wounded soldiers, the money therefor being contributed by Senator Wall, I left for Baltimore without having yet found a way to see my father. General Schenck was in command, and I discovered that a lieutenant in Schenck's office was attentive to a Baltimore girl. Through her, I met the lieutenant, who told me he could not give me permission to go to Fort Delaware, but he would tell me *how I could get there.* Consequently, through the influence of Unionist friends, I got a pass, at least out of Baltimore; and I set out for Fort Delaware at night on a canal boat. Recaptured prisoners on this boat told me that my father had been given the parole of the Island by General Schoeph, and that the only way I could get over was to wait for the milk-boat, which left

**Mrs. Duckett Visits Fort Delaware**

at five o'clock in the morning. The milk-boat plan was accepted; but when I arrived at Fort Delaware, the guards would not permit me to land. My father, however, heard from fellow prisoners of my arrival. He went to General Schoeph, who told him I could remain two days only, for Secretary Stanton was due on the day I must depart. Captain Kessler gave up his rooms to my father and myself. Captain Ord invited us to breakfast with him. Afterwards, I saw the poor Vicksburg prisoners walked around the place. Some of them, worn out with hunger, dropped from exhaustion, and yet, as I say, the Federal officers had the best of food and could get it in plenty.

The floor where the suffering prisoners slept was flushed over with tubs of water but not dried; so when the wretched men were put back on the wet boards in their ragged and insufficient blankets, the dampness killed them or caused fatal illnesses in the case of men enfeebled through insufficient and bad food.

On my return to Washington, I went to see Major Turner. I asked him to tell Secretary

Stanton that I had been to Fort Delaware, and had seen my father. On hearing the message, Stanton told Major Turner to tell me "to go to hell!"

In the fall, I again succeeded in getting to Fort Delaware. I took my little daughter with me and we stayed at a lodging house outside the Fort. My father was permitted to come to see us. While there, my little daughter wandered into the small-pox hospital, not knowing what the yellow flag meant. One of Morgan's Confederate surgeons brought her back to me. On returning to Baltimore, I prepared to go South to visit my mother and I went to Dr. Nathan R. Smith to get some vaccine. Dr. Smith gave me more than I needed but asked me not to use any until I arrived in Martinsburg. This he did on account of the great need in the South for medicines.*

When I started for Martinsburg, I was turned back at the Relay House, Maryland,

*This incident is of interest as showing the variety of schemes by which the people of the South "imported" even the smallest contributions in supplies of any kind, particularly medicines which, as before stated, were "contraband."

A Trip South

because I had no pass. When I returned that night to the station at Baltimore, McClintock, the agent for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, although a Union officer, secured for me a pass as the wife of one of General Sigel's officers then in the Valley of Virginia. Some soldiers at the station tried to get Jane, my child's colored nurse, to desert us. Jane was faithful, however, and simply said: "I mus' go wid Mis' Katie."*

That night was an awful one. It was late in the autumn of 1863, and a heavy rain changed to sleet and snow as we neared our destination. There was but one unoccupied double seat in the car, so I was put in that with my child on my lap. Jane sat beside me with her old-fashioned carpet-bag, which she would never let go out of her hand. I

*"Katie" was the name of Mrs. Duckett's little daughter. It was a remarkable fact that in going South, from an official Federal viewpoint, Jane was going from slavery into freedom; for the Emancipation Proclamation offered manumission to the slaves in the Confederacy only. Within the Federal lines, therefore, Jane and the other slaves remained in slavery by the very provisions of the Proclamation, since the Proclamation was "a war measure" which may have aroused the negroes behind the Confederate armies and thus brought the war to an earlier end.

was the only woman on the car. The men, all soldiers, had been drinking, and I was really afraid to sleep; but I had a revolver in my belt which I intended to use if necessary. Once I had to call for the protection of the officer whom Mr. McClintock had asked to guard me, who thereafter stayed in the car.

When we were within three miles of Martinsburg, the train stopped with a violent lurch. I looked up, and at each end of the car stood a tall man in grey with revolvers pointed. They ordered all hands up and demanded revolvers, boots, and money. Their work was quickly done. In a few moments, we heard the "Rebel yell" outside and the Confederate cavalry raider, Harry Gilmor, and his men were off to the mountains with their plunder.

The greatest confusion followed. The officer in charge said that the "Rebels" had torn up the track and that I should have to walk the three miles to Martinsburg. He appointed a Sergeant with lighted lantern to go with us. Our baggage was left piled up beside the track, and Jane with her carpet-bag, my child, and myself set out. By turns we

carried the child until, at last, she let the Sergeant carry her for us. It was a dreary walk and very cold. When we reached Martinsburg and turned down the main street across the bridge, the icy winds blowing down from the mountains were terrible. We went to Mrs. Buchanan's place, where my mother was boarding; and we remained in Martinsburg until the spring, but my sister Julia went to Richmond to work in the Confederate Treasury Department.

**President Lincoln Releases Mrs. Duckett's Father**

Early in 1864, Archbishop Hughes, of New York, wrote to President Lincoln, requesting the release of Colonel Waring, who was a member of an old Roman Catholic family of Maryland. The Archbishop stated that he had good grounds to expect his request to be granted since he had sent 60,000 foreigners into the Federal service, and that this was his first request of the President. That letter, together with a petition from the Court of Appeals and one from prominent Marylanders induced President Lincoln to sign my father's release from Fort Delaware.

My father at once came to Martinsburg to meet us. While he was there, my eldest sister, Priscilla, let me know she was in Winchester and that she was trying to get on to see us. I went to General Averell of the Federal Cavalry, and he let one of his lieutenants give me a pass, which I sent to Winchester. She came in on Saturday. We were with father and mother in church, six of us together, for the first time in years, when we heard the clanking of sabres, and two soldiers from Wells' Infantry walked up and touched me on the shoulder. I asked them to wait until church was out, then went to headquarters with them. Commandant Wells asked me how Miss Waring got into Martinsburg. I told him a cart, a horse, and a colored man brought her in. He asked what was the name of the man. I did not know the man's name. Where did she get her pass? From headquarters. Where was the pass? She had destroyed it. Then he said: "Prepare to send her right back to-morrow."

The next week, my father, with my mother, his little son, and my little daughter, returned to Baltimore. They would not allow me to go

on account of the pass I had got for my sister; but on the way through Harper's Ferry, my mother saw our kind friend, Captain Baugher, who was on Sigel's Staff. He promised her to get a pass for me. In a few days he sent it to me signed with General Sigel's name; so I destroyed it as soon as I reached Baltimore.

My father and mother went to Washington and saw President Lincoln, who said he would do what he could to have their property restored to them. My mother, however, had endured so much and had gone through so many hardships that her health broke down; and we were obliged to take her to a house on Madison Street, Baltimore, where our friends supplied us with everything we needed.

**Mrs. Duckett Again Sees President Lincoln**

The noted physicians of that day, Dr. Nathan R. Smith and Dr. John Buckler, attended my mother and told me I must let the family know how ill she was. Word was sent through the lines to my young sister Alice in Richmond and to my brother William. The latter accompanied

my sister to the Potomac. The "mosquito fleet" captain refused to cross on account of the Federal gunboats on the river; but my brother could not afford to spend time in fearful waiting for what might or might not be a better opportunity to cross. Pointing his pistol at the head of the Captain, he told him he must take them across the river that night. The night was dark and the river was crossed in safety. My brother took my sister as far as the nearest house and returned to the Virginia shore. My sister was sent on from house to house until she reached Baltimore and stood before us. Upon her arrival, we went to consult Mr. S. Teackle Wallis, who told me to report to General Schenck at once, and, if necessary, take the oath, so I should be allowed to remain with my ill mother. He advised us to see President Lincoln about a like provision for my sister.

Accordingly, we set out for Washington to see the President. Near the Annapolis road, through some mistake of signals, our train had a severe collision with another one bearing a regiment of negro soldiers. Many of

the negroes were killed. We were not hurt, but we had a fearful time getting out of the wreckage. From the scene of the wreck, we went to Annapolis, where we took the oath. The next morning, on our way to Washington, we passed the point of the wreck and saw the broken cars piled up in great heaps.

On our arrival in Washington, we called on Mr. Montgomery Blair, who took us to see the President. During the conversation, Mr. Blair told Mr. Lincoln how I had sent word to Stanton that I had got to Fort Delaware and of Stanton's message to me "to go to hell!" Mr. Blair also told the President that I had promptly sent a message (*undelivered*) to the Secretary of War saying that "I did not wish to go there for fear of finding him."

I can even now see Mr. Lincoln throw his head back and laugh heartily as Mr. Blair told the story. He then wrote on a card:

*"Miss Alice Maria Waring may remain at home as long as she behaves herself."— A. Lincoln.*

Hardly had I arrived at home before one of the children ran in to say that the "house was guarded." I went to the door and Lieu-

tenant Cheesboro said that he was very sorry, but Miss Alice Waring would have to return through the lines that night. In reply, I handed him the President's card and asked him *what he thought of that,* whereupon he took off his cap, waved it, and led his men away.

We remained at the Baltimore house until the Fall, when we moved to my home in Prince George's County. There my mother died in November. In the meantime, President Lincoln had directed that the Patuxent farm should be restored to my father, together with what furniture and other property he could swear to in a warehouse at Alexandria. We returned to our "old home" in May, after the surrender of Lee and Johnston in the Spring of 1865.

NOTES AND SIDELIGHTS

"There never was a house divided against itself in sharper contrast than Maryland in 1861. Marylanders loved the Union as it was, because Marylanders had so largely made it what it was. With patriots of the Northern States and of the Old Dominion, the inheritors of Carroll's sacred trust" and of "Howard's warlike thrust" were striving to awaken that spirit of conciliation

toward the far South which had animated Burke toward the protesting colonies of Great Britain.

**The Stand of Maryland and the Upper South on Secession and Coercion**

"From the secession of South Carolina in December, 1860, to April, 1861, the efforts and hopes and prayers of the best citizens of Baltimore were directed toward the saving of the Union. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas had not yet seceded. Maryland stood firmly with these probably with less secession sentiment within her borders than any of them. Yet Maryland, certainly the more populous and influential Eastern half with its stronger Revolutionary inheritance, was ever a Southern State, and she was linked with the South by the closest ties of commercial, social, and historical relationship. On the other hand, Baltimore was the single city south of Mason and Dixon's line that had large manufacturing interests. These interests tended to link the city with the Congressional majorities of the North, whose protective tariff policy was the burden of complaint in the agricultural South from nullification in 1832 to secession in 1860.

"Such was the unique position of Baltimore in the beginning of a crisis wherein the highest authorities of the National Government had been standing confused and irresolute for months. We read in history only of the outbreak of April *against the Federal troops* as represented by the Massachusetts regiment, but strong expressions of sentiment prior to this were exhibited *against any public manifestation of partiality for the Southern Confederacy.* The records show that prior to April, 1861, the appearance of a Confederate emblem was frequently the signal for attack, and up to the time of the Federal call for troops of April 15 it seems that citizens of Baltimore had of themselves successfully prohibited the display of a secession

flag. This open hostility to Confederate emblems extended even to the shipping of the harbor; and while in Northern ports, ships for some time flew the Palmetto flag of South Carolina with impunity, at Baltimore it was torn down with violence."*

**How Fort Sumter Came to be Fired Upon**

There are many matters of interest and importance connected with the firing upon Fort Sumter which are not generally mentioned in our American histories. These are given in some detail in Dr. H. A. White's *Life of Robert E. Lee.* Such information is essential to an understanding of the whole subject of the beginnings of the sectional conflict.

. . . "'It will be an advantage for the South to go off,' said H. W. Beecher. After the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln there was a strong current opinion in the North that the Federal troops should be withdrawn from the Southern forts. President Lincoln's 'organ,' the *National Republican,* announced that the Cabinet meeting of March 9 had determined to surrender both Sumter and Pickens. That Anderson would be withdrawn from Sumter 'was the universal impression in Washington' (Rhodes, U. S., vol. iii., p. 332). Welling, of the *National Intelligencer,* was requested by Seward to communicate the Cabinet's purpose to George W. Summers, member of the Virginia Conven-

*Introductory paragraphs of an article in the Maryland Historical Magazine for March, 1919, on the "Passage of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment Through Baltimore, April 19, 1861."

B. B. Munford's "Virginia's Attitude Towards Slavery and Secession" is an invaluable work in exposition of matters widely misunderstood in respect to the Upper South. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University declared that upon reading the book he felt obliged to modify or change the views of a lifetime.

tion (*The Nation*, Dec. 4, 1879). March 15 Secretary Seward unofficially notified the Confederate Commissioners, through Justice Campbell of the Supreme Court, that Sumter would be yielded at once to the Southern Confederacy." . . . "March 24 brought Colonel Ward H. Lamon of Washington to Fort Sumter. He obtained permission from Governor Pickens to visit Major Anderson upon the representation that he had come as 'confidential agent of the President,' to make arrangements for *the removal of the garrison*. 'The impression produced upon Major Anderson by Lamon, as well as upon the officers and men of the garrison, was that the command was to be withdrawn.' Lamon informed Governor Pickens 'that the President professed a desire to evacuate the work.' After Lamon's return to Washington he sent a written message to Pickens, that he 'hoped to return in a very few days to withdraw the command.'"

The Mrs. Mary E. Surratt referred to by Mrs. Duckett was afterwards convicted of complicity in the criminal attack upon President Lincoln. Another innocent person, of the same general neighborhood, might have lost his life on a charge of conspiracy, but for a fortunate incident. This was Dr. Richard H. Stuart of Virginia. The story of how Dr. Stuart saved himself from almost certain death or imprisonment is an interesting one.

**Mary E. Surratt and Dr. Richard H. Stuart**

A few days after the death of the President, the crippled assassin crossed the Potomac and appeared in Virginia on the place of Dr. Stuart, who was fortunately ill at the time and would not see Booth. Thereupon Booth wrote some insulting remarks on a slip of paper. When this was shown to Dr. Stuart, the latter threw it at an open fire, but Major

Hunter, suspecting something wrong, advised him to save it and rescued it from the flames after its edges had been scorched.

This fortunate interposition of his son-in-law probably saved Dr. Stuart from the fate of Mrs. Surratt or that of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who had innocently given assistance to the fleeing assassin and who was exiled to the Dry Tortugas. When Dr. Stuart was arrested and accused of complicity in the assassination of the President, he produced the written evidence of Booth's abuse, whereupon he was released.

**Prisoners of War**

The Colonel Ould mentioned in Mrs. Duckett's narrative enjoyed the esteem of well-known and highly honored Southern leaders. This is here noted because, during and after the war, Colonel Ould was held up to general opprobrium as an infamous character. This view was actively circulated by partisans whose aims were to conceal the reasons for the failure of exchange of prisoners and the awful conditions in many of the Federal prison camps. The sufferings of the Northern prisoners in the South were terrible; for the Confederate Commissary department broke down in furnishing supplies for Confederate soldiers, who were often barefooted and generally half clad; but it should always be remembered that Commissioner Ould and Confederate authorities offered, in desperation, to let the Federal surgeons provide food and medicines for the Northern prisoners. *They even offered to buy medicines, (declared contraband of war by the Federal Government), with cotton and gold. Finally, they offered to send thousands of their prisoners North without requiring any equivalent, if the Federal authorities would provide transportation.* Transportation was at last sent, after many months, but

too late to prevent the great mortality of the summer of 1864.

President Lincoln did what he could or dared to lessen the horrors of war, but Secretary Stanton seemed to take a savage delight in brutality of attitude and action towards prisoners and non-combatants. The building of the flimsy huts referred to by young Waring was a customary thing at Fort Delaware, at Point Lookout, and some of the other prisons. The prisoners were not furnished with nails. Sometimes the huts were blown down over their heads; and on at least one occasion a hut was "*purloined*" by less fortunate or less skillful prisoners from over the heads of the sleeping inmates, the "incident affording all considerable amusement, except those who lost their home."

In reference to the matter of feeding the prisoners, Thomson M. King, a Maryland Confederate, was one of a number of exchanged prisoners who participated in the following episode, which, briefly, is as follows: Not far from Mason and Dixon's line, a train bearing exchanged Federal prisoners on the way North stopped by the side of a train bearing Confederate prisoners to the South. The former had been provided with rations in the shape of corn pones or crusts. These pones were very distasteful to Federal prisoners who were not used to such fare, especially as they were made from "unbolted" meal. Not infrequently this form of food proved fatal to those not used to it, but the Southern commissary department often supplied even less than this to Confederate soldiers, who, at times, ate the raw corn in the field. The "Yanks," therefore, were carrying some of these cornbread crusts North as souvenirs of "Rebel" hospitality. As the trains stopped alongside of each other, the prisoners exchanged banter, and a few of the "Yanks" threw the detested crusts

into the car windows at the "Rebs." To the utter amazement of the former, the starving "Rebs" *devoured the crusts "and yelled for more."*

"In regard to the treatment of prisoners, the sweeping condemnation of James G. Blaine, delivered in an outburst of partisan condemnation of the South, is still in a general way believed by Americans who have echoed them in later years, although in milder terms and in limitation of the number of those held to have been guilty. Mr. Blaine declared some ten years after the war: 'Mr. Davis, President of the Confederate States, was the author, knowingly, deliberately, guiltily, and wilfully, of the gigantic murder and crime at Andersonville. And I here before God, measuring my words, knowing their full extent and import, declare that neither the deeds of the Duke of Alva in the low countries nor the massacre of St. Bartholomew nor the thumbscrews and engines of torture of the Spanish Inquisition begin to compare in atrocity with the hideous crimes of Andersonville.'

"Historians do not now accept this statement as in any way true, solemnly as it was made, by a man who a few years later barely missed election to the highest office in the gift of the people of the United States. Unfortunately, they refer the student to a mass of matter the major part of which is as false to-day as when James G. Blaine based upon it his colossal libel of Jefferson Davis and the military and civil authorities of the Southern Confederacy. The so-called 'general historian' has dropped this matter in detail, though Mr. Blaine exclaimed dramatically that it would remain as the 'blackest page' recorded in the annals of all time. On the other hand, innumerable monographs have been written upon this subject, four-fifths of which are either false *per se* or else based on false evidence such

as that which has misled so many Americans from the time of James G. Blaine and contemporary historians to editors of and writers in magazines and newspapers of the second decade in the twentieth century.

"'God knows we suffered there,' said one of the ex-prisoners of Andersonville; 'but we found out that the Confederate soldier had our fare and often less, and he was often as shoeless as we in time became.'"—From "The Treatment of Prisoners in the Confederacy," *Confederate Veteran*, April, 1918.

John T. Morse, Jr., a peculiarly biased and unreliable writer on sectional issues, says of Stanton in his introduction to the Diary of Gideon Welles:

"Of course, not many pages can be turned without encountering the names of Seward, Chase, and Stanton. Of these, Stanton, the friendless one, evidently affected Mr. Welles as he affected pretty much every one else who came much into contact with him. No one liked him living; scarcely any one has wished to say much for him dead. An advocate biographer has indeed presented a sort of brief for him, and Mr. Rhodes, kindliest of historians, has mentioned his virtues; for, in fact, he had virtues,—devotion to the cause, a very greed for hard work, financial integrity, and merciless energy against the rascal contractors. But it cannot be forgotten that he had the odious faults of a bully; he was violent and insolent, but only when violence and insolence were safe; he was supposed to be personally timid; he could be mean and unjust; above all, he repeatedly outraged the magnanimous forbearance of Mr. Lincoln in a way which no American can forgive."

Incidentally, from time to time, Secretary Welles seems to contradict the estimate given by Mr. Morse as to Stanton's "financial integrity." Welles, on one occasion, wrote of Stanton as follows:

The White House of the Confederacy at Richmond, Virginia; occupied by President Davis and his family from July, 1861, to the evacuation of Richmond, April 2, 1865. General Weitzel, in command of the Federal troops, entered Richmond on April 3, and made this building his headquarters.

"In his dislike of Stanton, Blair is sincere and earnest, but in his detestation he may fail to allow Stanton qualities that he really possesses. Stanton is no favorite of mine. He has energy and application, is industrious and driving, but devises nothing, shuns responsibility, and I doubt his sincerity always. He wants no general to overtop him, is jealous of others in any position who have influence and popular regard; but he has cunning and skill, dissembles his feelings, in short, is a hypocrite, a moral coward, while affecting to be, and to a certain extent being, brusque, overvaliant in words. Blair says he is dishonest, that he has taken bribes, and that he is a double-dealer; that he is now deceiving both Seward and Chase; that Seward brought him into the Cabinet after Chase stole Cameron and that Chase is now stealing Stanton. Reminds me that he exposed Santon's corrupt character, and stated an instance which had come to his knowledge and where he has proof of a bribe having been received; that he made this exposure when Stanton was a candidate for Attorney for the District. Yet Seward, knowing these facts, had induced and persuaded the President to bring this corrupt man into the War Department. The country was now suffering from this mistaken act.. Seward wanted a creature of his own in the War Department, that he might use, but Stanton was actually using Seward."

**Character of Secretary Stanton**

## IV

## THE PUBLICATION AND SINGING OF "MY MARYLAND"

"MY Maryland," widely considered the greatest of American war lyrics, was written in April, 1861, by James Ryder Randall, who was then an "exile" in Louisiana. The verses appeared on a "broadside" in Baltimore, the poet's native city, on May 31st. The poem became immediately popular and the words were soon adapted by the Misses Cary to the music of "Lauriger Horatius."

The new song was taken up at once by the "Monument Street Girls," an enthusiastic group of Southern sympathizers. By a curious coincidence, one of these young women, Rebecca Lloyd Nicholson, was the granddaughter of Judge Joseph Hopper Nicholson, who helped to adapt the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner" to the music of "Anacreon in Heaven" forty-seven years before, also in Baltimore.

After "My Maryland" had been sung with the utmost enthusiasm, to the great danger

of the arrest and imprisonment of all concerned, Rebecca Nicholson suggested to her friend, Rozier Dulany, that he have the words and music published. Dulany, however, recalling the fact that General Butler had ordered even the arrest of women and children for wearing Southern colors, and that "Rebel" songs were under the ban, discreetly declined the undertaking. The spirited American girl at once replied that she herself would assume the risk. This she did at once, and "My Maryland" appeared in musical form within a few days thereafter.*

On the fourth of July, 1861, Misses Hettie and Jennie Cary, who first sang "My Maryland" in Baltimore, "ran the blockade" from that city to Orange Court House, Virginia. A few days after their arrival at Orange, the battle of Manassas took place. At the instance of some of the Maryland volunteers, General Beauregard sent passes and an escort so that the Carys and their friends might visit their relatives and ac-

*"Poems of James Ryder Randall."

quaintances in the camp. A relative, Captain Sterrett, who had been in charge of the Manassas fortifications, was appointed to provide shelter and entertainment.

The visitors received a royal welcome from the homesick soldiers. On the evening of their arrival, they were given a serenade by the "Washington Artillery Band," aided by the best voices of the camp. When the serenade was over, Captain Sterrett expressed the thanks of the ladies, asking, for them, if there were any service they might render in return. At once a shout went up: "Let us hear a woman's voice."

In response, Miss Jennie Cary came forward and, standing in the door of the tent, sang "Maryland, My Maryland." The enthusiasm of the soldiers was unbounded. The refrain was caught up and carried by hundreds of voices, until, "as the last note died away," wrote Miss Hettie Cary, years later, as the wife of Professor H. Newell Martin, "there surged from the throng a wild shout, 'We will break her chains—she shall be free! Three cheers for Maryland!' There was not a dry eye in the tent, and, we were told the

next day, not a cap with a rim on it in camp."*

Miss Hettie Cary was afterwards described by Mrs. D. Girard Wright as the most beautiful woman she had ever met. "Her hair," wrote Mrs. Wright, "was titian tinted; her complexion was lilies and roses; and her figure magnificent." In Baltimore she had been arrested and imprisoned at Fort McHenry for wearing Confederate colors,—in the form of a white apron with red ribbons. This arrest was under the rule of General B. F. Butler. On another occasion, however, she stood at the open window of her home and waved a Confederate flag over the heads of some Federal troops. One of the officers asked the Colonel in command if he should have her arrested. The Colonel looked up and replied with marked emphasis:

"No, she is beautiful enough to do as she —— pleases!"

*"Songs of the Civil War," *The Century*, August, 1886.

## THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING

Fair were our nation's visions, and as grand
As ever floated out of fancy-land;
  Children were we in simple faith,
  But god-like children, who nor death,
  Nor threat of danger drove from honor's path—
    In the land where we were dreaming!

* * * * *

A figure came among us as we slept—
At first he knelt, then slowly rose and wept;
  Then gathering up a thousand spears,
  He swept across the fields of Mars,
  Then bowed farewell, and walked behind the stars,
    From the land where we were dreaming!

* * * * *

As wakes the soldier when the alarum calls—
As wakes the mother when her infant falls—
  As starts the traveler when around
  His sleepy couch the fire-bells sound—
  So woke our nation with a single bound—
    In the land where we were dreaming!

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS

# V

## EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF JUDITH BROCKENBROUGH McGUIRE 1861-1865

In 1861, after all open expression of Southern sentiment in the eastern half of Maryland had been checked by Federal power, the tide of Northern invasion crossed the Potomac and rolled past "Mount Vernon" the former home of Washington, and "Arlington," the home of Robert E. Lee. It is fitting, therefore, that the second narrative of this volume be taken from the "Diary of a Refugee" from Alexandria, which lies between the estates of Virginia's greatest sons.

The diary opens on May 4, 1861; it closes May 4, 1865, with the news of the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, North Carolina. The writer was Mrs. Judith Brockenbrough McGuire, wife of Reverend John P. McGuire, Principal of the Episcopal High School, near Alexandria. Her story is the simple record of a courage-

ous, self-sacrificing wife and mother who endured privations without complaint, encouraged Southern soldiers on the way to battle, and comforted the sick and wounded sent back to homes or to hospitals.

May 4, 1861 . . . I am too nervous, too wretched to-day to write in my diary, but that the employment will while away a few moments of this trying time. Our friends and neighbors have left us. Everything is broken up. The Theological Seminary is closed; the High School dismissed. Scarcely any one is left of the many families which surrounded us. The homes all look desolate; and yet this beautiful country is looking more peaceful, more lovely than ever, as if to rebuke the tumult of passion and the fanaticism of man. We are left lonely indeed; our children are all gone—the girls to Clarke, where they may be safer, and farther from the exciting scenes which may too soon surround us; and the boys, the dear, dear boys, to the camp to be drilled and prepared to meet any emergency.

**Preparations for Possible War**

Can it be that our country is to be carried

on and on to the horrors of civil war? I pray, oh, how fervently do I pray, that our Heavenly Father may yet avert it. I shut my eyes and hold my breath when the thought of what may come upon us obtrudes itself; and yet I cannot believe it. It will, I know the breach will be healed without the effusion of blood. The taking of Sumter without bloodshed has somewhat soothed my fears, though I am told by those who are wiser than I, that men must fall on both sides by the score, by the hundred, and even by the thousand. But it is not my habit to look on the dark side, so I try hard to employ myself, and hope for the best.

To-day our house seems so deserted, that I feel more sad than usual, for on this morning we took leave of our whole household. Mr. McGuire and myself are now the sole occupants of the house, which usually teems with life. I go from room to room, looking at first one thing and then another, so full of sad associations. The closed piano, the locked bookcase, the nicely-arranged tables, the formally-placed chairs, ottomans and sofas in the parlor! Oh for some one to put them

out of order! And then the dinner-table, which has always been so well surrounded, so social, so cheerful, looked so cheerless to-day, as we seated ourselves one at the head, the other at the foot, with one friend,—but one—at the side. I could scarcely restrain my tears, and but for the presence of that one friend, I believe I should have cried outright. After dinner, I did not mean to do it, but I could not help going into the girls' room, and then into C's. I heard my own footsteps so plainly, that I was startled by the absence of all other sounds. There the furniture looked so quiet, the beds so fixed and smooth, the wardrobes and bureau so tightly locked, and the whole so lifeless! But the writing-desks, work-boxes, and the numberless things so familiar to my eyes! Where were they? I paused, to ask myself what it all meant. Why did we think it necessary to send off all that was so dear to us from our own home? I threw open the shutters, and the answer came at once, so mournfully! I heard distinctly the drums beating in Washington. The evening was so still that I seemed to hear nothing else.

May 10.—War seems inevitable, and while I am trying to employ the passing hour, a cloud still hangs over us and all that surrounds us. For a long time before our society was so completely broken up, the ladies of Alexandria and all the surrounding country were busily employed sewing for our soldiers. Shirts, pants, jackets, and beds, of the heaviest material, have been made by the most delicate fingers. All ages, all conditions, meet now on one common platform. We must all work for our country. Our soldiers must be equipped. Our parlor was the rendezvous for the neighborhood, and our sewing-machine was in requisition for weeks. Scissors and needles were plied by all. The daily scene was most animated. The fires of our enthusiasm and patriotism were burning all the while to a degree which might have been consuming, but that our tongues served as safety-valves. Oh, how we worked and talked and excited each other! One common sentiment animated us all; no doubts, no fears were felt. We all have such entire reliance in the justice of our cause and the valor of

**The Work of the Women**

our men, and, above all, on the blessing of Heaven!

These meetings have neeessarily ceased with us, as so few of any age or degree remain at home; but in Alexandria they are still kept up with great interest. We who are left here are trying to give the soldiers who are quartered in town comfort, by carrying them milk, butter, pies, cakes, etc. I went in yesterday to the barracks, with the carriage well filled with such things, and found many young friends quartered there. All are taking up arms; the first young men in the country are the most zealous. Alexandria is doing her duty nobly; so is Fairfax; and so, I hope, is the whole South.

We are very weak in resources, but strong in stout hearts, zeal for the cause, and enthusiastic devotion to our beloved South; and while men are making a free-will offering of their life's blood on the altar of their country, women must not be idle. We must do what we can for the comfort of our brave men. We must sew for them, knit for them, nurse the sick, keep up the faint-hearted, give

**A Woman's Foresight**

them a word of encouragement in season and out of season. There is much for us to do, and we must do it. The embattled hosts of the North will have the whole world from which to draw their supplies; but if, as it seems but too probable, our ports are blockaded, we shall indeed be dependent on our own exertions, and great must those exertions be.*

The Confederate flag waves from several points in Alexandria; from the Marshall House, the Market-house and the several barracks. The peaceful, quiet old town looks quite warlike. I feel sometimes, when walking on King's Street, meeting men in uniform, passing companies of cavalry, hearing martial music, etc., that I must be in a dream. Oh that it were a dream, and that the last ten years of our country's history were blotted out! Some of our old men are a little nervous, look doubtful, and talk of the impotency of the South. Oh, I feel utter scorn for such remarks. We must not admit

*The "Sea Power of the North," as Charles Francis Adams has shown, was the force which was chiefly responsible for the overthrow of "King Cotton" and the Southern Confederacy.

weakness. Our soldiers do not think of weakness; they know that their hearts are strong, and their hands well skilled in the use of the rifle. Our country boys have been brought up on horseback, and hunting has ever been their holiday sport. Then why shall they feel weak? Their hearts feel strong when they think of the justice of their cause. In that is our hope.

Walked down this evening to see ———. The road looked lonely and deserted. Busy life has departed from our midst. We found Mrs. ——— packing up valuables. I have been doing the same; but after they are packed, where are they to be sent? Silver may be buried, but what is to be done with books, pictures, etc.? We have determined, if we are obliged to go from home, to leave everything in the care of the servants.* They have promised to be faithful, and I believe they will be; but my hope becomes stronger and stronger that we may remain here, or may soon return if we go away. Everything is so sad around us!

"The Servants"

*See page 194. The negroes were not called slaves and the older ones were given titles of respect and special honor.

We went to the Chapel on Sunday as usual, but it was grievous to see the change—the organ mute, the organist gone; the seats of the students of both institutions empty; —— Tucker Conrad, one of the few students who is still here, raised the tunes; his voice seemed unusually sweet, because so sad. He was feebly supported by all who were not in tears. There was night service, but it rained and I was not sorry that I could not go.*

"Peaceful Secession"

May 15.—The first roses of the season are just appearing and the peonies are splendid; but the horrors of war, with which we are so seriously threatened, prevent the enjoyment of anything. I feel so much for the Southerners of Maryland; I am afraid they are doomed to persecution, but it does seem so absurd in Maryland and Kentucky to talk of armed neutrality in the present state of the country! Let States, like individuals, be independent—be something or nothing. I be-

*Tucker Conrad was killed at Manassas, less than three months after he had thus "raised the tunes" at the service. This Seminary had recently graduated Phillips Brooks on the one side and Alfred Magill Randolph on the other, future Bishops of Massachusetts and Virginia.

lieve that the very best people of both States are with us, but are held back by stern necessity. Oh that they could burst the bonds that bind them and speak and act like freemen! The Lord reigneth; to Him only can we turn and humbly pray that he may see fit to say to the troubled waves, "Peace, be still!"

May 16.—To-day I am alone. Mr. McGuire has gone to Richmond to the Convention, and so have the Bishop Johns and Dr. Stuart. I have promised to spend my nights with Mrs. Johns. All is quiet around us. Federal troops quartered in Baltimore. Poor Maryland! The North has its heel upon her, and how it grinds her! I pray that we may have peaceful secession.*

Fairfax Court House, May 25.—The day

*In every part of the Union, from the foundation of the Federal Government in 1861, "peaceful secession" was discussed as perhaps the best method of settling sectional differences. At one period, it would be heard in Massachusetts; at another, in South Carolina or Georgia. In 1861, it was heard everywhere, yet the open advocacy of secession was on every occasion accompanied by the thought of possible armed objection by some force,—generally that of a party or the section in control of the Federal Government.

In Mrs. McGuire's diary, names are, as a rule, indicated by an initial only. The editor has taken the liberty of

of suspense is at an end. Alexandria and its environs, including, I greatly fear, our home, is in the hands of the enemy. Yesterday morning, at an early hour, as I was in my pantry, putting up refreshments for the barracks preparatory to a ride to Alexandria, the door was suddenly thrown open by a servant, looking wild with excitement, exclaiming, "Oh, ma'am, do you know?" "Know what, Henry?" "Alexandria is filled with Yankees." "Are you sure, Henry?" said I, trembling in every limb. "Sure, ma'am! I saw them myself. Before I got up I heard soldiers rushing by the door; went out, and saw our men going to the cars." "Did they get off?" I asked, afraid to hear the answer. "Oh, yes, the cars went off full of them, and some marched out; and then I went to King Street, and saw such crowds of Yankees coming in! They came down the turnpike, and some came down the river; and presently I heard such noise and confusion,

**Fleeing from Home**

filling in these blanks in order to give the narrative greater interest and value. He gratefully acknowledges the assistance of the relatives of Mrs. McGuire, who made this course possible.

and they said they were fighting, so I came home as fast as I could."

The question with us was, what was next to be done? Mr. McGuire had voted for secession, and there were Union people enough around us to communicate everything of the sort to the Federals; the few neighbors who were left were preparing to be off, and we thought it most prudent to come off too. Pickets were already thrown out beyond Shuter's Hill, and they were threatening to arrest all secessionists. . . .

. . . When we got to Baily's Cross Roads, Mr. McGuire said to me that we were obliged to leave our home, and as far as we have a right to any other, it makes not the slightest difference which road we take—we might as well drive to the right as to the left. It was a sorrowful thought; but we have kind relations and friends whose doors are open to us, and we hope to get home again before very long. The South did not bring on the war, and I believe that God will provide for the homeless.

**"Any Road Will Do"**

About sunset we drove up to the door of

this, the house of our relative, the Rev. Mr. Brown, and were received with the warmest welcome. As we drove through the village we saw the carriage of Commodore Forrest, standing at the hotel door, and we were soon followed by the C's* of our neighborhood and many others. They told us that the Union men of the town were pointing out the houses of the Secessionists, and that some of them had already been taken by Federal officers. When I think of all this, my heart quails within me. Our future is so dark and shadowy, so much may, nay must, happen before we again become quiet, and get back, that I feel sad and dreary.

This little village has two or three companies quartered in it. It seems thoroughly aroused from the quiescent state which it was wont to indulge. Drums are beating, colors flying, and ever and anon we are startled by the sound of a gun. At Fairfax Station there are a good many troops, a South Carolina regiment at Centreville, and quite an army is collecting at Manassas Station. We shall be greatly outnumbered, I know, but numbers

*Casenoves.

cannot make up for the zeal and patriotism of our Southern men fighting for home and liberty.

Chantilly, June 1.—We came here (the house of our friend Mrs. Stuart,) this morning, after some hours of feverish excitement.

**The First Clash**

About three o'clock in the night we were aroused by a volley of musketry not far from our windows. Every human being in the house sprang up at once. We soon saw by the moonlight a body of cavalry moving up the street, and as they passed below our window (we were in the upper end of the village) we distinctly heard the commander's order, "Halt!" They again proceeded a few paces, turned and approached slowly, and as though every horse were shod with velvet. In a few moments there was another volley, the firing rapid, and to my unpracticed ear there seemed a discharge of a thousand muskets. Then came the same body of cavalry rushing by in wild disorder. Oaths loud and deep were heard from the commander. They again formed, and rode quite rapidly into the village. Another volley, and another, then such

a rushing as I never witnessed. The cavalry strained by, the commander calling out "Halt, halt!" with curses and imprecations. On, on they went, nor did they stop. While the balls were flying, I stood riveted to the window, unconscious of danger. When I was forced away, I took refuge in the front yard. Mrs. B. was there before me, and we witnessed the disorderly retreat of eighty-five of the Second United States Cavalry (regulars) before a much smaller body of our raw recruits. They had been sent from Arlington, we suppose to reconnoitre. They advanced on the village at full speed, into the cross-street by the hotel and courthouse, then wheeled to the right, down by the Episcopal church. We could only oppose them with the Warrenton Rifles, as for some reason the cavalry could not be rendered effective. Colonel Ewell, who happened to be there, arranged the Rifles, and I think a few dismounted cavalry, on either side of the street, behind the fence, so as to make it a kind of breastwork, whence they returned the enemy's fire most effectively. Then came the terrible suspense; all was confusion on the street, and it was not

yet quite light. One of our gentlemen soon came in with the sad report that Captain Marr of the Warrenton Rifles, a young officer of great promise, was found dead. The gallant Rifles were exulting in their success, until it was whispered that their captain was missing. Had he been captured? Too soon the uncertainty was ended, and their exultant shouts hushed. His body was found in the high grass—dead, quite dead. Two of our men received slight flesh wounds. The enemy carried off their dead and wounded. We captured four men and three horses. Seven of their horses were left dead on the roadside. They also dropped a number of arms, which were picked up by our men. After having talked the matter over, we were getting quite composed, and thought we had nothing more to fear, when we observed them placing sentinels on Mr. B.'s porch, saying that it was a high point, and another raid was expected. The gentlemen immediately ordered the carriages, and in half an hour Mr. B.'s family and ourselves were on our way to this place.

June 6.—Still at Chantilly. Everything

quiet, nothing particularly exciting; yet we are so restless. Mrs. Casenove and myself rode to the camp at Fairfax Court-House a day or two ago to see many friends; but my particular object was to see my nephew, W. B. Newton, first lieutenant in the Hanover troop. He looks well and cheerful, full of enthusiasm and zeal; but he feels that we have a great work before us, and that we have entered upon a more important revolution than our ancestors did in 1775. How my heart yearned over him, when I thought of his dear wife and children, and his sweet home, and how cheerfully he had left all for the sake of his country. His bright political prospects, his successful career at the bar, which for one so young was so remarkable, his future in every respect so full of hope and promise—all, all laid aside. But it is all right, and when he returns to enjoy his unfettered country, his hardships will be all forgotten, in joy for his country's triumphs. The number in camp there has greatly increased since we came away. We came home, and made havelocks and haversacks for the men. The camp at

**"A More Important Revolution"**

Harper's Ferry is said to be strong and strengthening.

Mrs. Robert E. Lee has been with us for several days. She is on her way to the lower country, and feels that she has left Arlington for an indefinite period. They removed their valuables, silver, etc., but the furniture is left behind. I never saw her more cheerful, and she seems to have no doubt of our success. We are looking to her husband as our leader with implicit confidence; for besides his great military abilities, he is a God-fearing man, and looks for help where alone it is to be found. Letters from Richmond are very cheering. It is one great barracks. Troops are assembling there from every part of the Confederacy, all determined to do their duty. Ladies assemble daily, by hundreds, at the various churches, for the purpose of sewing for the soldiers. They are fitting out company after company. The large stuccoed house at the corner of Clay and Twelfth streets, so long occupied by Dr. John Brockenbrough, has been purchased as a residence for the President. I am glad that it has been thus appropriated. We expect to leave this

place in a day or two for Clarke County for the summer, and we part with this dear family with a sad feeling that they may soon have to leave it too.

**Refugeeing in Clarke County**

The Briars, June 12.—We are now in the beautiful Valley of Virginia, having left Chantilly on the 8th. The ride through the Piedmont country was delightful; it looked so peaceful and calm that we almost forgot the din of war we had left behind us. The road through Loudoun and Fauquier was picturesque and beautiful. We passed through the villages of Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville. At Middleburg we stopped for an hour, and regaled ourselves on strawberries and cream at the house of our excellent brother, the Rev. Mr. K. At Upperville we spent the night. Early next morning we went on through the village of Paris, and then began to ascend the Blue Ridge, wound around the fine turnpike, paused a moment at the top to "view the landscape o'er," and then descended into the "Valley." The wheat, which is almost ready for the reaper, is rich and luxuriant, foreshadowing an abundant

commissariat for our army. After driving some miles over the delightful turnpike, we found ourselves at this door, receiving the warmhearted welcome of the kindest of relatives and the most pleasant hosts. Our daughters were here before us, all well, and full of questions about "home." . . .

Yesterday we went to Winchester to see my dear S.,* and found her house full of refugees; my sister, Mrs. Colston, and her daughter Mrs. Leigh from Berkeley County. Mrs. C.'s sons are in the army; her eldest, having been educated at the Virginia Military Institute, drilled a company of his own county men during the John Brown raid; he has now taken it to the field, and is its commander; and Mr. L. is in the army, with the rank of major. Of course the ladies of the family were active in fitting out the soldiers, and when an encampment was near them, they did everything in their power to contribute to the comfort of the soldiers; for which sins the Union people around them have thought proper to persecute them, until they were obliged to leave home—Mrs. L. with two sick

*Mrs. Sally Smith.

children. Her house has been searched, furniture broken, and many depredations committed since she left home; books thrown out of the windows during a rain; nothing escaped their fury.

Winchester is filled with hospitals, and the ladies are devoting their energies to nursing the soldiers. The sick from the camp at Harper's Ferry are brought there. Our climate seems not to suit the men from the far South. I hope they will soon become acclimated. It rejoices my heart to see how much everybody is willing to do for the poor fellows. The ladies there think no effort, however self-sacrificing, is too great to be made for the soldiers. Nice food for the sick is constantly being prepared by old and young. Those who are very sick are taken to the private houses, and the best chambers in town are occupied by them. The poorest private and the officer of high degree meet with the same treatment. The truth is, the elite of the land is in the ranks. I heard a young soldier say, a few nights ago, that his captain was perhaps the plainest man, so-

**"The Elite in the Ranks"**

cially, in the company, but that he was an admirable officer.

June 15.—Yesterday was set apart by the President as a day of prayer and fasting, and I trust that throughout the Confederacy the blessing of God was invoked upon the army and country. We went to church at Millwood, and heard Bishop Meade. His sermon was full of wisdom and love; he urged us to individual piety in all things, particularly to love and charity to our enemies. He is full of enthusiasm and zeal for our cause. His whole heart is in it, and from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, for he talks most delightfully and encouragingly on the subject. He says that if our ancestors had good reason for taking up arms in 1775, surely we had much better, for the oppression they suffered from the mother-country was not a tithe of the provocation we have received from the Government at Washington.*

**Another Comparison with the Spirit of '76**

*Such a statement may sound strange to some of later times; but, on examination, our so-called standard histories do not, as a rule, reveal certain facts, even though the historians are rapidly overcoming the prejudices of the

June 18.—The day was passed delightfully; the Bishop, his son, and daughter-in-law, all so kind, hospitable and agreeable. It amused me to see with what avidity the old gentleman watches the progress of events, particularly when I remember how much opposed he was to secession only a few months

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past. As already referred to in the foreword, the taxation *actually imposed* for years upon *the then wholly agricultural South* by the commercial Northern majority was several times more oppressive than any scheme of taxation ever *proposed* by Great Britain prior to the Revolution. This sectional legislation was accompanied by efforts at interferences with the principle of local self-government, the basic issue of the American Revolution.

In the very natural excitement of the War of Secession, such books as Kettell's "Southern Wealth and Northern Profits," published in New York in 1860, were cast aside or discredited. Unhappily, such statistical compilations are still forgotten. Again, such valuable postbellum contributions as Ingle's "Southern Sidelights," among the publications of the Johns Hopkins University, are not made use of as they should be.

It should be added, in regard to the foregoing references, that Bishop Meade was the son of Colonel Richard Kidder Meade, of George Washington's staff. The latter was affectionately known to Washington as "Friend Dick." Curiously enough, a descendant of this Meade, another Richard Kidder Meade, was with Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, and is said to have restrained Anderson from firing on the South Carolina batteries when these fired upon and turned back the United States Steamer "Star of the West," on January 9, 1861. Had Anderson returned this fire, the War of Secession might have started three months sooner, under President Buchanan instead of Lincoln.

ago. He clung to the Union with a whole-souled love for all that he had been educated to revere, as long as he could do it; but when every proposal for peace made by us was spurned, and when the President's proclamation came out, calling for 75,000 troops, *and claiming Virginia's quota to assist in fighting her Southern brethren, he could stand it no longer,* and I only hope that the revolution may be as thorough throughout the land as it is in his great mind.

July 3.—A real fight has occurred near Williamsport, but on the Virginia side of the Potomac. General Cadwallader crossed the river with, it is said, 14,000 men, to attack our force of 4,000 stationed there under Colonel Jackson. Colonel J. thought it folly to meet such an army with so small a force, and therefore ordered a retreat; but quite a body of artillery remained to keep the enemy at bay. They retained with them but one gun, a six-pounder. The Rev. Dr. Pendleton, now captain of artillery, commanded this gun, and whenever he ordered its discharge, he was

**"The Lord Have Mercy upon Their Souls—Fire!"**

heard to say reverently, "The Lord have mercy upon their souls—fire!" The result was almost miraculous; but four of our men were missing, two of whom were killed; twenty were wounded, and have been brought to the Winchester hospitals; sixty-five prisoners were taken and are now in Winchester. Many of their men were seen to fall. Our men, who did this deadly firing, retreated in perfect order. I heard this from one who was on the field at the time. It is said that in Dr. Pendleton the soldier and the chaplain are blended most harmoniously. A gentleman who went to the camp to visit his sons, who belong to the "Rockbridge Battery," told me that he arose before daylight, and was walking about the encampment, and when near a dense wood his attention was arrested by the voice of prayer; he found it was the sonorous voice of Dr. P., who was surrounded by his company, invoking for them and for the country, the blessing of Heaven. What a blessing it is for those young men, away from the influences of home, and exposed to the baneful associations of the camp, to have such a guide! It has almost reconciled me to

the clergy going upon the field as soldiers. The Bishop of Louisiana has been to Mountain View, to consult Bishop Meade on the subject of his taking the field. I do not know what advice was given. These reverend gentlemen, who were educated at West Point, are perfectly conscientious, and think it their duty to give their military knowledge to their country, and their presence may do much for the spiritual good of the army.

July 4.—This day General Scott promised himself and his Northern friends to dine in Richmond. Poor old renegade, I trust he has eaten his last dinner in Richmond, the place of his marriage, the birthplace of his children, the home of his early friendships, and so near the place of his nativity and early years.

How can he wish to enter Richmond but as a friend? But it is enough for us to know that he is disappointed in his amiable and patriotic wish to-day. So may it be.

I have seen W. H., who has just returned from Fairfax. Last week he scouted near our house, and gives no very encouraging report for us. Our hills are being fortified,

and Alexandria and the neighborhood have become one vast barracks. The large trees are being felled, and even houses are falling by order of the invader! Our prospect of getting home becomes more and more dim; my heart sinks within me, and hope is almost gone. What shall we do, if the war continues until next winter, without a certain resting-place? Our friends are kind and hospitable, open-hearted and generous to a wonderful degree. In this house we are made to feel not only welcome, but that our society gives them heartfelt pleasure. Other friends, too, are most kind in giving invitations "for the war"—"as long as we find it agreeable to stay," etc.; but we must get some place, however small and humble, to call home. Our friends here amuse themselves at my fears; but should the war continue, I do not think that they have any guarantee that they will not be surrounded by an unfriendly host. They think that they will not leave their homes under any circumstances; perhaps not, because they are surrounded by so much property that they must protect; but the sit-

**Sad News from Home**

uation will be very trying. Whenever I express a feeling of despondency, Mr. McGuire meets it with the calm reply, that the "Lord will provide," so that I am really ashamed to give place to fear. The situation of the people of Hampton is far worse than ours—their homes reduced to ashes; their church in ruins. That venerable colonial church, in which for generations they have been baptized, received the Holy Communion, been married, and around which their dead now lie.

**An Incident of Hospital Life**

July 18.—I have just returned from a small hospital which has recently been established in a meeting-house near us. The convalescent are sent down to recruit for service, and to recover their strength in the country, and also to relieve the Winchester hospitals. The ladies of the neighborhood are doing all they can to make them comfortable. They are full of enthusiasm, and seem to be very cheerful, except when they speak of home. They are hundreds of miles from wife, children and friends. Will they ever see them again?

I have been particularly interested in one who is just recovering from typhoid fever.

I said to him as I sat fanning him: "Are you married?"

His eyes filled with tears as he replied, "Not now; I have been and my little children, away in Alabama, are always in my mind. At first I thought I could not leave the little motherless things, but then our boys were all coming, and mother said, 'Go, Jack, the country must have men, and you must bear your part, and I will take care of the children;' and then I went and 'listed, and when I went back home for my things and saw my children, I 'most died like. 'Mother,' says I, 'I am going, and father must take my corn, my hogs, and everything else he likes, and keep my children; but if I never get back, I know it will be a mighty burden in your old age; but I know you will do your best.'

"'Jack,' says she, 'I will do a mother's part by them; but you must not talk that way. Why should you get killed more than another? You will get back, and then we shall be so happy. God will take care of you, I know He will.'"

He then took a wallet from under his pillow, and took out two locks of hair: "This is

Peter's, he is three years old; and this is Mary's, she is a little more than one, and named after her mother, and was just stepping about when I left home."

At that recollection, tears poured down his bronzed cheeks, and I could not restrain my own. I looked at the warm-hearted soldier, and felt that he was not the less brave for shedding tears at the recollection of his dead wife, his motherless children, and his brave old mother. I find that the best way to nurse them, when they are not too sick to bear it, is to talk to them of home. They then cease to feel to you as a stranger, and finding that you take interest in their "short and simple annals," their natural reserve gives way, and they at once feel themselves among friends.

**Picture of a Virginia Household**

It is delightful to be with Bishop Meade. There is so much genuine hospitality and kindness in his manner of entertaining, which we perhaps appreciate more highly now than we ever did before. His simple, self-denying habits are more conspicuous at home than anywhere else. We sit a great deal in his study, where he loves to en-

tertain his friends. Nothing can be more simple than its furniture and arrangements, but he gives you so cordial a welcome to it, and is so agreeable, that you forget that the chair on which you sit is not cushioned. He delights in walking over the grounds with his friends, and as you stop to admire a beautiful tree or shrub, he will give you the history of it. Many of them he brought with him from Europe; but whether native or foreign, each has its association. *This* he brought in his trunk when a mere scion, from the tidewater section of Virginia; *that* from the "Eastern Shore"; another from the Allegheny mountains; another still, from the Catskill mountains. Here is the oak of old England; there the cedar of Lebanon; there the willow from St. Helena, raised from a slip which had absolutely waved over the grave of Napoleon. Here is another, and prettier willow, native of our own Virginia soil. Then he points out his eight varieties of Arbor Vitae, and the splendid yews, hemlocks, spruces, and firs of every kind, which have attained an immense size. Our own forest trees are by no means forgotten, and we find oaks, poplars,

elms, etc., without number. He tells me that he has more than a hundred varieties of trees in his yard. His flowers, too, are objects of great interest to him, particularly the old-fashioned damask rose. But his grape-vines are now his pets. He understands the cultivation of them perfectly, and I never saw them so luxuriant. It has been somewhat the fashion to call him stern, but I wish that those who call him so could see him among his children, grandchildren, and servants. Here he is indeed a patriarch. All are affectionately respectful, but none of them seem at all afraid of him. The grandchildren are never so happy as when in "grandpapa's room;" and the little colored children frequently come to the porch, where he spends a great deal of his time, to inquire after "old master's health," and to receive bread and butter or fruit from his hands.

Norwood, near Berryville, August 26.—My old friend, Mrs. Dickens, is sometimes in their lines, sometimes in ours. When our men are near her, they are fed from her table, and receive all manner of kindness from her hands. Some of my nephews have been in-

vited to her table, and treated as her relations. When they entered her house she advanced towards them with outstretched hands. "You don't know me, but I knew your mother, father, and all your relations; and besides I am connected with you, and you must come to my house while near me, as to that of an old friend." Nothing could be more grateful to a soldier far away from home and friends.

At church yesterday; the services interesting; the Communion administered. Rev. Dr. A. delivered an address, perhaps a little too political for the occasion.

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The "Dr. A." referred to here was Dr. Charles W. Andrews, a Northern-born clergyman, brought up on politico-moral sermons. He married a near relative of Bishop Meade and made his home in Virginia. He was heart and soul for the Confederacy. The fact that he was an ardent emancipationist helps to refute the peculiar but popular idea that he and the whole Confederacy fought for the perpetuation of slavery. Of this widely prevalent misconception, the great soldier-scholar, Basil

L. Gildersleeve, wrote in his "Creed of the Old South."

"And if the secrets of all hearts could have been revealed, our enemies would have been astounded to see how many thousands and tens of thousands in the Southern States felt the crushing burden and the awful responsibility of the institution which we were supposed to be defending with the melodramatic fury of pirate kings. We were born to this social order, we had to do our duty in it according to our lights, and this duty was made infinitely more difficult by the interference of those who, as we thought, could not understand the conditions of the problem, and who did not have to bear the expense of the experiments they proposed."

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Mrs. McGuire's diary is continued for the second year of the war on page 155.

## VI

## CARING FOR WOUNDED FOES

"MEDICAL Grove," near Blountville, Tennessee, was the first brick house built in Sullivan County. It was erected in 1799 by Dr. Elkanah Dulaney of Culpeper County, Virginia, from bricks made on the place. Dr. Dulaney brought his bride out from Virginia with him and they spent their lives at "Medical Grove," the place then passing to their son, Dr. William R. Dulaney, who married Mary Taylor, daughter of General Nathaniel Taylor, a Brigadier General of the War of 1812.

Dr. William R. Dulaney died in 1860, and, during the War between the States, the old home was occupied by Mrs. Dulaney and her daughters, her two sons being surgeons in the Confederate army, and the husbands of her daughters, then married, being also in the service. Before the War closed, seven officers had gone out from "Medical Grove."

To Evalina Dulaney, one of the elder

daughters, fell much of the care of the place and the servants, which was no slight task in such troublous times, as the old house lay between the lines of the opposing Union and Confederate forces, which fought back and forth across Tennessee.

In the early autumn of 1863 it was known that a battle was impending and the family had been warned to secret the valuables and vacate the place, but no one realized that there was immediate danger.

Evalina Dulaney was in the house hiding the silver and two younger sisters were in the garden burying their love letters (regarded as chief treasures), in a tin box. Some servants were in the rear making apple butter. Suddenly the shells began whistling over the old home. Several shells fell in the flower garden and one lodged in the hay in the barn.

It soon became apparent that the battery of Colonel James Carter, C. S. A., who was stationed east of Blountville, had become engaged with that of Colonel John W. Foster, U. S. A., whose guns were on the opposite side of the town, so that "Medical Grove" was in direct line with the firing.

Quickly realizing that it was not known that the house was still occupied, Evalina Dulaney fastened a sheet to a broom handle and waved it out of a dormer window at one end of the garret, and Mary Dulaney, leaving her love letters unburied, rushed through the backyard, seized the apple butter stirrer, and picking up a table cloth as she ran, she wrapped it around the end of the pole and waved her "flag" also.

Both commanders saw instantly that the house had not been abandoned as supposed, and Colonel Carter, who was an old friend of the family, changed the position of his guns and the firing went on.

The frightened negroes, with the exception of old "Uncle Bob," hid in the potato cellar until the firing ceased. "Uncle Bob" was on his knees behind the barn engaged in very earnest prayer until he had assured himself that the shell lodged in his neighborhood had failed to burst.

The battle of Blountville, which was fought September 22, 1863, began at noon and lasted till four o'clock in the afternoon. The Confederate forces numbered 1,257, while the

Federals had twice that number of men. The women and children had not been removed and their lives were in the greatest jeopardy. A shell from the Federal guns entered the courthouse, setting it on fire, and soon all the best part of the town was destroyed, the women and children fleeing for their lives through a storm of bullets and shells, while cavalrymen dashed across their path.

Dr. Nathaniel T. Dulaney, a brother of Evalina Dulaney, and a surgeon in the Confederate army, assisted the Federal surgeons in caring for the wounded in the temporary hospitals which had been fitted up in the Institute and the Methodist church.

While the town was burning, Dr. Dulaney discovered that two sick Union soldiers, who had been abandoned by their officers, were in a building already on fire. He rescued them and sent them out to "Medical Grove" in his own conveyance under the care of his colored servant.

There was an old office out in the yard, under the catalpa trees, which had been used by the Dulaney physicians of three generations.

This was hastily fitted up as a hospital; and for three weeks, Evalina Dulaney, assisted by her younger sisters, nursed the two soldiers, who, while they were the invaders of her country, were also human beings in great distress who needed her aid.

For a while, both rallied and gave promise of recovery, but the fire and shock of removal proved too much for their enfeebled condition and both died.

One was a fair-haired young boy from Illinois, who seemed greatly to appreciate the kindness shown to him and not long before his death asked Evalina to pray with him, which she did, and then drawing a ring from his finger asked her to send it to his mother and write her that he had been tenderly cared for in his last hours. She wrote the letter and sent it, with the ring and a lock of his hair, to the address given, but no response ever came.

After the death of these two men, and when the Confederate forces had withdrawn, a Union officer, with a pronounced German accent, came by and threatened to burn "Medical Grove" because two of his men had died

there, saying that he knew that they had been poisoned or they would not have died.

Evalina Dulaney drew herself to her full height, looked him in the face and said: "You left them to perish miserably amid the flames of Blountville, and my brother rescued them. My sisters and I, by watching day and night, prolonged their lives a few weeks and they died with words of gratitude on their lips."

"Medical Grove" was spared, and shortly afterward, within its old walls, Evalina Dulaney became the war bride of Captain Jonathan Waverly Bachman, C. S. A., a prisoner on parole after Vicksburg. Captain Bachman wore his Confederate uniform, and videttes were stationed around to prevent the ceremony being interrupted by unwelcome enemy visitations.

His bride shared with him the vicissitudes of the rest of the war, and when peaceful days came, made her children little cloaks from the gray uniform and used his sabre ground down for a kitchen knife, (literally fulfilling Scrip-

ture), and his old army blanket lay across the foot of the trundle bed.*

*It is interesting to note that a grandson of this noble Southern girl, Evalina Dulaney, John Bachman Hyde, volunteered as a private in the World War of the Twentieth Century. As Lieutenant and special Adjutant to superior officers he served in the fierce fighting in the Argonne Forest. In the fall of 1918, he was assigned to duty with the famous unit that became known in the annals of the war as the Lost Battalion. Lieutenant Hyde was not among those surrounded by the Germans, but was one of those who fought their way to the rescue of the men so surrounded.

North from Chattanooga, the home of Lieutenant Hyde, lies the "hill-country" home of Sergeant Alvin C. York, to whom Marshal Foch said: *"What you did was the greatest thing accomplished by any soldier of any of the armies in Europe."*

## VII

## MRS. BETSY SULLIVAN, "MOTHER TO FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT"

ON the first of May, 1861, the little town of Pulaski, Tennessee, afterwards famous as the birthplace of the Ku Klux Klan, sent forth a company of volunteers for Confederate service. One of the men was John Sullivan, and, when he went to the front, his wife, Mrs. Betsy Sullivan, accompanied him. The couple had no children, so Mrs. Sullivan determined not only to go to the war but also to "mother" the entire company as well.

From the time that she helped to nurse the first sick or wounded soldier to the surrender of the Confederate forces, this noble Irish woman was known as "Mother Sullivan." There was nothing the men would not dare for her and for what her presence represented to them—their wives, their mothers, and their homes. In turn, Mrs. Sullivan held, in her long years of hardship with the army, that no trial was too severe, no sacrifice too

great, if made on behalf of her "boys." In 1917, the story of Mrs. Sullivan's war experiences was set forth by Mrs. Grace Meredith Newbill in the following brief narrative:

Tenderly and lovingly as a real mother, she ministered to the soldiers in sickness and closed their eyes in death. She mended and darned for them, cooked dainty food for the sick, and in many instances washed the clothes of the sick and wounded. Mrs. Sullivan went with the First Regiment to West Virginia in General Lee's campaign against General Rosecrans, and thence to Northern Virginia when the regiment was under Stonewall Jackson. She marched on foot with her knapsack on her back through the mountains of West Virginia, slept on the frozen ground, under the cold skies, a blanket her only covering,—her knapsack, her pillow.

In a slight skirmish at Cheat Mountain, West Virginia, one member of Company K was killed. Mrs. Sullivan brought the body of the dead soldier in a rude wagon to the nearest railway station, where it was prepared for burial, then on to his home in Pulaski, and gave into the hands of his loved

ones their precious dead. When importuned to remain at home with friends, and receive the care she so much needed, she replied, "No, my boys need me, I must go to them."

With sublime self-sacrifice, she shared every hardship endured by the men of the First Regiment. In return, the soldiers loved and reverenced her, treating her at all times with the same courtesy they would have shown their own mothers. No rude speech or improper word was ever uttered in her presence by her devoted "boys." Only a few days ago I heard a Veteran of the First Tennessee affirm that not one single man in the entire regiment would have hesitated to spill the last drop of blood for "Mother Sullivan."

Early in the spring of 1862, the First Regiment was ordered back to Tennessee. Mrs. Sullivan went with the regiment and, in 1862, was with her "boys" on the battlefields of Shiloh and Corinth, Mississippi. Not in the rear, working in a hospital, but on the battle ground with her boys, carrying bandages and with canteens of water suspended from her shoulders, she bound up wounds and stanched the life blood of many soldiers, moistened the

lips of the dying, and closed the eyes of the dead.

At Perryville, Kentucky, October, 1862, Mrs. Sullivan was on the battlefield, in one of the bloodiest and most hotly contested of any during the War. Here, her husband sustained a severe head wound and Lieutenant John H. Wooldridge of the same company suffered the loss of both eyes. When General Bragg retreated from Kentucky, these wounded men were left at Harrodsburg, and became prisoners. Mrs. Sullivan went with them to prison, where she continued to serve her husband and the other members of the company as long as she was able.

## VIII

## THE CAPTURE AND IMPRISONMENT OF MRS. WILLIAM KIRBY

THE preceding story of the life of "Mother" Sullivan closes with her trip to prison to nurse her wounded husband. The story of Mrs. William Kirby, an equally brave Irish woman of Louisiana, is a story of her own capture, imprisonment, and death.

The particulars were secured by General John McGrath, President of the Historical Society of East and West Baton Rouge. General McGrath wrote:

For many years before the secession of Louisiana, there dwelt among us an Irish family composed of father, mother, and one son. William Kirby, husband and father, was a wheelwright by trade and as honest a man and as worthy a citizen as was to be found in the whole country. At the outbreak of the war, father and son, the latter a lad of tender age, joined the Confederate army of northern Virginia to die finally upon the

hillside at Gettysburg. From the day of the enlistment of her husband and son, the old lady devoted every hour of her life to the cause of the South. She begged and shamed young men slow to join the colors to do so; she gathered clothing, medicine, and other supplies necessary to the welfare of the soldiers and sent them through the lines; and, after the occupation of Baton Rouge by the Federals, she became one of the most successful "blockade runners," supplying many a hospital with quinine, a rare article and a very necessary one to the sick.*

Emboldened by success, the good and patriotic woman finally began taking out arms and ammunition, a most dangerous undertaking, as all roads leading from the city were closely watched by cavalry pickets and scouts. However, Mrs. Kirby, making her trips on foot, seldom traveled the public roads, but instead took to fields and woods, until a safe distance beyond the enemy's lines, nor did she travel a great distance as she deposited her contraband goods with one or an-

*See narrative of Mrs. Duckett above for methods of smuggling quinine and other medicines into the South.

other of the farmers nearby, all of whom were loyal to the Confederacy; or, at the point of delivery, army scouts would meet her and relieve her of her burden when she would return to town to prepare for another trip.

After accomplishing the feat of evading or outwitting Federal authorities for a long time, she fell under suspicion and was finally detected. When arrested, she had just secured two cavalry rifles which she had placed under her top dress. The butts reached nearly to her arm pits, but she started out Main street to her home. The guns were long enough, however, to reach to the soles of her shoes, and at each step struck the brick pavement, with a loud metallic sound. Two soldiers, evidently watching her movements, hearing the tap, tap, tap, halted her, and searching her person, discovered the hidden rifles.

"What are you doing with these guns? What did you intend doing with them?" asked a soldier.

Knowing full well no excuse she could offer would save her, the brave old woman replied: "What do you suppose I was going

to do with them? I intended to send them to the boys out yonder to shoot Yankees with!"

Taken before a military tribunal, Mrs. Kirby was convicted as a spy and sentenced to serve during the continuance of the war in close confinement on Ship Island, where she was sent and closely guarded by negro soldiers. To the credit of the Federals, let it be said they never executed a female spy, although some were captured. The cruel punishment was left to the enlightened nations of Europe, as late events have proved. Male spies were executed by both Confederates and Federals, but women, never!

Closely confined, with poor and insufficient food, insulted and reviled by guards of a low order or class of men, and with the news of her son's death communicated to her, the heroic woman's health finally gave way and she was claimed by death about the time the war closed. Mr. Kirby lived some four or five years longer and then his brave spirit went forth to join the souls of his loved wife and son.

## IX

## MRS. BETTIE TAYLOR PHILIPS, "MOTHER" OF THE "ORPHAN BRIGADE"

As a rule, the memorial inscriptions of Federal cemeteries are taken from stanzas written by a "rebel" soldier-poet. These uses are unconscious but eloquent tributes to the natural genius of Southern expression.—*"The Dixie Book of Days,"* for July 20.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

* * *

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

—THEODORE O'HARA*

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Individual deeds of daring and endurance by the women of the South may be given almost indefinitely. In the West some of the wives of the soldiers accompanied their husbands on the march and to the battlefield. This was noticeable in the case of those who had no children to care for at home. The story of "Mother" Sullivan of Tennessee is duplicated by that of Bettie Taylor Philips of Kentucky.

Those who knew Mrs. Philips in person prepared the story of her eventful "army life." This was condensed by Mrs. Louise Winston Maxwell, of Paducah, whose narrative follows:

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*Theodore O'Hara was a son of Kentucky and these quotations are taken from his famous poem in memory of those who fell in the war with Mexico.

Mrs. Philips was born in Morganfield, Kentucky, April 6, 1830. She was the daughter of Mary Rives and Dr. Gibson Berry Taylor, both natives of Virginia. In 1847 she was married to W. D. Philips, who, at the very beginning of the war, entered the Southern army. In the fall of 1861, Mrs. Philips joined her husband at Bowling Green, Kentucky, where he had received the appointment of quartermaster to the Fourth Kentucky Regiment, Hanson's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division. Later, after the death of the heroic Hanson, it was commanded by General Joe Lewis, and has come down to fame as the "Orphan Brigade."

Mrs. Philips, having no children, determined to follow the fortunes of her husband through weal or woe. She remained at his side through all the stern vicissitudes of war, in camp, on long marches, often under shot and shell of the enemy, but ever at hand as an angel of mercy, ministering to the sick, wounded, and dying of her beloved brigade, each man of whom she seemed to love as if bound by ties of blood, and each, in return, giving her the affection and reverence due a

mother. At Shiloh, at Donelson, and many other hard-fought fields of the South, her slender form might have been seen bending over the cots of the wounded and dying, receiving their last words, writing down their last messages, faintly whispered by dying lips—messages of love to the far-away dear ones at home.

Then, after two years of the hardships incident to camp life, her health, which had never been robust, failed, but not the dauntless spirit of this brave woman. She was advised to rest; so she started from a point in Tennessee for her home in Kentucky. At Nashville, she was arrested, and two rough soldiers were commissioned to search her person for weapons and concealed papers. They told her their mission and started to execute the order.

"Stop where you are!" she cried, and drew her pistol, "I will never submit to the humiliation of being searched by men. Send a woman to me."

Awed by her courage, they retreated, and returned with a woman, who made the most rigid search of her person. She was then

sent to Louisville and tried as a spy; but, as there was no evidence to convict her, she was finally acquitted and sent back through the lines and left in a lonely forest in Tennessee. After wandering for many miles, this frail and delicate little woman reached a road and was mercifully taken up by a passing countryman in a wagon and conveyed to the nearest railroad station. She soon reached the shelter of the camp, her home, and never was there any more joyful homecoming. Words fail me to describe the enthusiasm of the welcome that awaited her there. Every man in the command begged the honor of shaking her hand; the band played "Home Again," and strong men wept. At last, this sorely tried but dauntless little woman felt herself under the protecting care of the grand old "Orphan Brigade," than whom braver men never fought or fell. With them Mrs. Philips remained until the end of the war. At the close of those four fateful years, she returned to her home in Uniontown, and devoted the few remaining years of her life to the cause of the South, and was instrumental in erecting the soldiers' monu-

ment at Morganfield. She was ever ready with untiring energy to aid in every work for the betterment of the returned soldier, or in the vindication of the cause she loved so well.

I still have vivid memories of a day spent with this lovely woman, when Johnston's army, in retreat before Sherman's advancing forces, was encamped at Peach Tree creek, near Atlanta. A few other women and myself (accompanied by a courier furnished by my husband for protection), rode through the green, flower-scented Georgia woods from Atlanta to the camp, seven miles distant. It was an experience never to be forgotten, the sight of this war-worn, weary, half-starved, but still valiant army, scattered—many of them without tents—along the banks of this historic stream. Soon we were met by an orderly, who, bowing most courteously before us, said he had been sent by the commanding officer to escort us to the command we wished to visit. The announcement of our mission (to see Mrs. Philips) was all that was necessary, if anything had been needed among Southern soldiers, to insure us the most courteous and enthusiastic welcome.

That day spent, surrounded as we were by those battle-scarred veterans, and the warm welcome and good cheer furnished by Major and Mrs. Philips, will ever be among my most cherished memories of the war. This was the last time I ever saw Mrs. Philips and many of those brave heroes whose names have since come down to us in song and story. She was with President and Mrs. Davis in Georgia just before their capture when Mr. Davis divided his camp outfit among its occupants. To her fell his mess cup, a valued relic.

## X

## CAPTAIN SALLY TOMPKINS, C. S. A.

In doing what thousands of Southern women did on behalf of the sick and wounded, one Virginia woman achieved success in a unique manner and received a commission in the Confederate army with the title of Captain. At the outbreak of the war, women in every station in life vied with one another in giving to their cause and country. If the individual were wealthy, she gave all she had, her services, and herself; if she were in humbler circumstances, the sacrifice was the same.

After the first battle of Manassas it was found that the Confederate Government had not provided sufficient hospital accommodations, and a call was made upon private individuals. Miss Sally L. Tompkins volunteered to help, and secured the use of Judge John Robertson's house on Main and Third Streets, Richmond. She immediately established a hospital there for sick and wounded

soldiers. In the course of time, the civil authorities regarded this as an irregular proceeding, for other private hospitals had been placed under the direct supervision of the Confederate Government. Miss Tompkins, however, wanted to maintain her own hospital and seriously objected to giving up what she had so carefully planned at her personal charge and expense. Moreover, as she had already earned the gratitude of so many soldiers and their families, she was powerfully seconded in her struggle for local independence,—in what may be termed a feminine phase of State Rights!

Since, therefore, Miss Tompkins, though small and frail, was determined to continue as superintendent of her private hospital; and, since in the "Old South" it was unheard of to use force to compel a lady to comply with the law, the civil and military powers finally hit upon the happy compromise of letting the lady have her own way! Accordingly, they granted Miss Tompkins a special commission in the Confederate army with the rank of Captain; so that as "Captain" Sally L. Tompkins, the superintendent of the

ROBERT E. LEE

From an unusual photograph, copies of which were presented by General Lee to his intimate friends. It would seem, therefore, that General Lee preferred this likeness to any taken after the close of the war. A similar pose, with a more formal expression, has been widely published.

Robertson Hospital might give herself authority not only to go ahead with her work but to commandeer the services of others, together with what official medicines and supplies the Confederate Government could afford as her legal and proper apportionment.

The Robertson residence was none too large or well adapted for hospital purposes. Nevertheless, Captain Sally Tompkins was enabled to ease the suffering of over 1,300 sick and wounded soldiers from the date of the first battle of Manassas to the thirteenth of June, 1865, when the hospital finally closed its doors.

Miss Tompkins was once wealthy, as old-time fortunes were reckoned. When she died, over fifty years after Appomattox, she was the "guest" of the Home for Confederate Women at Richmond. From a contemporary newspaper account of her death and the semi-military honors accorded her, the following is quoted:

"She was more than eighty years of age, and she was shrunken and bent and piteously feeble; she died, too, in a Home for Needy

Confederate Women. But to those who knew her history, she passed with fluttering banner, still lifted high, all armored and panoplied in bravery and beauty. So might a Joan of Arc have passed."

# XI

## "THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE SOUTH"

Who bade us go with smiling tears?
Who scorned the renegade,
Who, silencing their trembling fears,
Watched, cheered, then wept and prayed?
Who nursed our wounds with tender care,
And then, when all was lost,
Who lifted us from our despair
And counted not the cost
THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

—Albert Sidney Morton

For many good reasons, the title given above has been most frequently bestowed upon Mrs. Ella K. Trader of Mississippi and Arkansas. Probably the title would not be questioned until the works of mercy and relief of Southern women everywhere be reviewed. Then the wonder is why the title should be given to any one of a great number of women rather than another.

Like "Captain" Sally Tompkins, Mrs. Trader, who was Mrs. Newsome at the time of the War, had a comfortable fortune which she could devote to forwarding her work.

She sacrificed all for the "boys in grey"; and, like Miss Tompkins, was reduced to real need in later life. Mrs. Trader's first husband, Dr. Frank Newsome, died before the war began, leaving her in charge of large property interests in the southwest. She was the daughter of Rev. T. S. N. King, and was born at Brandon, Mississippi. Her father was a Baptist minister of prominence and ability who, prior to the war, moved to Arkansas.

When the war broke out, Mrs. Newsome was superintending the education of her younger sisters, who were attending a school at Winchester, Tennessee. She immediately had her sisters sent to their home at Arkansas and volunteered her services in the cause of the Confederacy. At Memphis, she began the period of her consecration to the relief of suffering humanity. Having unusual executive ability, she went from the organization of the hospitals at Memphis to Bowling Green, Kentucky; to Nashville and Chattanooga, Tennessee; to Corinth, Mississippi; and even as far east as Marietta and Atlanta, Georgia.

It seems, from an examination of the records, that although the hospitals in Virginia and the Eastern States lacked supplies, delicacies, and, at times, even the plainest food, those in the West lacked more, and severer suffering ensued. The western hospitals were farther removed from supply centres for surgical appliances and instruments.

At Memphis, Mrs. Newsome heard stories of suffering at Bowling Green that defied description in horror and sheer hopelessness.

**Lack of Food and Medicines Throughout the South**

In December, 1861, this determined woman set out for this new field with her own servants and a car load of supplies. All was done at her own expense. She found a lack of everything that was needed for sick and wounded soldiers, from buildings, fuel, and blankets, to the most ordinary medicines and plain food. Here Mrs. Newsome labored from four o'clock in the morning until evening and often until twelve at night. She was given charge of all the hospitals and had obtained the best possible results under the distressing conditions when

the surrender of Forts Henry and Donelson compelled her to move to Nashville.

The Confederates were soon forced to evacuate Nashville, and the problem of moving the wounded fell upon Mrs. Newsome. These were ordered to Winchester, Tennessee. The trip took several days and involved the most wearisome, and, for the badly wounded, often fatal delays. At Decherd, within a few miles of Winchester, the engineer detached the locomotive at ten o'clock at night, leaving the long train of helpless wounded stranded on the track. Ella Newsome, however, could not allow the suffering of that terrible journey to continue, if by any sacrifice, it could be shortened. She herself searched through the railroad yards until she had secured another engine, with which she brought her train to Winchester that night.

In a few weeks, because of another Confederate retreat, Mrs. Newsome was obliged to leave Winchester for Corinth, Mississippi. Here she looked after great numbers of wounded from the battlefields of Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnston's death in

the moment of victory probably saved the military destiny of General U. S. Grant.

A letter from Mrs. Newsome tells something of the life and trials at Corinth:

"The scenes in the Tishomingo Hotel Hospital after the battle of Shiloh beggar description. Every yard of space on the floors, as well as all the beds, bunks, and cots were covered with the mangled forms of badly wounded soldiers. All had come from the battle-fields several miles distant, many having been conveyed in rough wagons over muddy roads.

"When they arrived at any of the hospital buildings, the first thing one of the women attendants had to do was to get some coffee and bread to revive the body a little so that the wounds could be dressed as soon as possible. Next, was to find a hospital suit in order to rid them of the muddy and bloody clothes in which they had fallen.

"I left the Tishomingo Hotel in charge of Mrs. Gilmore and Miss Cummings and took the Corinth House Hospital where there was not a corner in which a woman could lay her head for rest or sleep. I was forced to go to

the private residence of a Mr. Inge which was at that time the Army headquarters. I was allowed to occupy, with my faithful servant, Carrie, a small room in which we put two cots and one or two boxes for seats. Every morning at daylight we went to the Hospital, remaining there until eleven or twelve every night that we did not stay all through the night to sit up with some poor fellow shot in the lungs and who had to be fanned every moment to enable him to breathe at all.

**Finding a Wounded Prisoner**

Among this number I remember a soldier from the enemy's ranks who was a prisoner with many others. He was a splendid looking man with great brown eyes. His name was never given to me. I shall never forget the agony of that suffering countenance as he tossed his head from side to side to try to breathe. When he learned that we were about to leave on a retreat, he begged so hard to be taken along that I persuaded some of the nurses and soldiers to take up his bunk and carry it to the car platform and, if it were possible, I promised him he should be put on the train with our wounded.

Carrie, my maid, walked beside the bunk fanning him every step of the way; yet we pleaded but vainly to have him go with our wounded. The Yankees were then shelling the town and I had to tell him that his friends would soon take charge of him and see that he was well cared for. Carrie and I bade him farewell, at the same time placing a fan in his hand; then we boarded the train—I never heard of or saw him again.''*

It was not Mrs. Newsome's fate to remain long in one place in her unselfish devotion to the cause of the stricken soldiers. She was forced to move from one point to another with each retirement of the Confederate armies in the west. The hospitals of Georgia occupied her best energies in 1864. In the fall of that year, vague reports from her father's home in distant Arkansas made her feel, almost intuitively, that she was needed there. She was urged not to go, as the jour-

**One of the tragedies of history is that so many millions of Americans should have been taught false views of intentional cruelty to Federal prisoners of war. For references to the true state of affairs in the South, see especially the narrative of Mrs. Duckett and Mrs. McGuire, also "Capture of a Virginia Lady," and the "sidelight" at close of that narrative.*

ney was declared impossible for a woman to undertake. For a while, she set aside her intention; but in February, 1865, she set out for Arkansas. The undertaking is best described in her own words:

"Leaving my hospital and servants in charge of Miss Monroe, in February, 1865, having heard nothing from my dear old father and mother for two years except of their bad treatment at the hands of the rabble of both armies, I thought I would summon courage and strength to undertake a journey from Atlanta, Georgia, to Helena, Arkansas, where I had last heard of my family.

"I had for a companion a Mrs. Buckley, whose husband was in the Southern army but whose relatives were in the North. She thought we could get through the Union lines near Memphis from her acquaintance with many of the Union officers there. We got along pretty well as far as Jackson, Mississippi, but from there the trip was perilous from the condition of the country and from the intense cold weather. Railroads had been destroyed, bridges burned, provisions con-

**A Hazardous Journey**

sumed. We slept one night in a bare room in what was once a fine hotel in Jackson. In the morning we got a one-mule wagon and an old negro to take us half a day's journey when we found a bit of railroad track which had not been torn up. We paid the old fellow and entered the dilapidated car with joy, enjoyed a rough lunch and soon the car gave a jerk and a start. Alas, it was only for a mile or two. We came to a dead stop. The truck was frozen, the wheels would not turn. We sat there shivering until about sundown, when some men said that every one who was not afraid to walk a trestle and cross a river in a boat would find lodging just across the river and perhaps something to eat. Mrs. Buckley and myself took up our handbags and risked the trip, feeling it was death to stay where we were, as Federal scouts were going through the country.

"We got safely over the bridge and to the bank of a cold, almost frozen-over river. We yelled and yelled and yelled for the ferryman. It seemed hours before he came. Our hands were nearly frozen. The same boatman had to pilot us to the house of a Mr.

Barbee. The ground was like rocky clods frozen so hard it took us an hour to reach the dwelling. A big, old-fashioned roaring fire was shining through the windows. A lady pulled us in cordially, but we could not speak for pain in our hands and feet. She hastily led us to a bowl of water and plunged our hands into it. After a few moments we began to recover. We partook of a frugal meal for supper. The good-hearted people said we had to rest under their roof for many days and then they would devise some way to get us on to Memphis.

"I think we were 18 to 20 miles from that city, with General Forrest's command between. When we did leave the Barbees' it was in a four-mule open wagon. About noon we came up with some of Forrest's scouts. Upon learning who we were and our determination to reach the city, they ordered an ambulance to come for us. So we sent our mule team and wagon back. The ride was so rough we had to stand up and hold to the wagon body all the way.

"When we got to Memphis the 'blue coats' began to appear. After much parleying they

did let us in; but when I reached the home of an old friend, I was hardly greeted before I was told I must not stay in the city that night but go outside five or six miles. My friend said he would secure a pass and send it to me, so I got on a train and went to Buntin's Station. I waited there two days for that pass, but it finally came and also permission to go down the river to Helena, Arkansas.

"My companion, Mrs. Buckley, did not take the precaution to go out of the city the night we arrived and stay until she got a pass. She was, accordingly, arrested, sent to Fortress Monroe, and was there or somewhere until the war closed.

"I got to Helena safely; but oh, the whole place and country seemed alive with the 'blue coats.' My wits, my courage, my good looks all failed me. I was taken into the Provost's office, requested to take the oath, which I would not do, threatening to make the matter known to the Commander at Memphis. My home where I expected to find my family was in the country. When, after a day or so, I got there, I found everything in a delapidated

condition and that my father and mother had moved to Pine Bluff, some 150 miles further on.

"A brother, who was not allowed to go into the army owing to imperfect vision, and who was in charge of my property, what little there was left, said if I could ride a mule on a man's saddle for 150 miles through black mud swamps and over prairies he would go with me and my sister to see my father and mother. After a search among the neighbors we obtained an old broken-down war-horse, a pony, and the mule. My brother rode the mule. We started on that lonely, lonely trip, carrying some coffee and sugar to the dear old people. It took us many days to make the trip.

"After a journey which was perilous indeed, on account of the swimming of bayous and rivers and the going through dense forests and swamps where might be in hiding 'Rebel' guerrillas and Yankee bushwhackers or jayhawkers, we came in sight of the King place; could see the tops of the trees and hear the bark of the watch dog. But the home was located on a muddy bayou, and between

us and the house there was a deep, sluggish stream which seemed to have no crossing and yet looked deep and dangerous.

" 'It is getting twilight,' my brother said, 'Sister, what shall we do. Shall we risk sticking to our horses and swimming across?'

"While we were debating the question I rode around among the trees, immense cypress monsters of that swampy country. I saw something white clinging to one. I pulled it down and found it to be a notice in my father's clear, bold hand: 'Anyone coming to the banks of this bayou will find a large log across. Horses can be gotten over by swimming them by the side of the log.'

"We looked at each other with tears flowing down our cheeks. I said: 'Is that not just like father, always planning for the good and comfort of the public and having no thought that the first to find that notice would be his long absent children whom he had not heard from in three years?'

"We crossed over safe, went splashing along ankle deep in water almost to the door. My parents and two sisters were in the home; men, black and white, were in the army or

away from home. My father came trembling down to the gate. His astonishment was so great he was speechless. He waved back to mother. Soon we were all taken bodily down from our horses and held in the arms of first one, then the other amid tears and shouts of delight and surprise. All the colored people from the field; everything and everybody was surrounding us."

It should be added to this brief narrative from the eventful life of Mrs. Trader that not only courage, determination, and endurance, but fighting blood also was in the veins of the King sisters. When the Reverend Mr. King was brutally shot by stragglers near Pine Bluff, the men who did the dastardly deed were pursued by his daughter Josie for a distance of thirty miles. She then reported the outrage to General Steele, who had the men arrested and punished for their crime.

## XII

## A NIGHT ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

NEAR Winchester, Virginia, on the afternoon of July 20,* 1864, a Confederate force under General Ramseur was defeated by Federal troops under General Averell. The Confederates were compelled to beat a rapid retreat and left their dead and wounded on the battlefield.

As night came on, a number of women of Winchester arrived on the scene to give aid and comfort to the wounded. Among the young girls who had thus volunteered was Miss Tillie Russell. In passing among the dead and wounded, visible by the light of the moon and the lanterns of the Federal surgeons, Miss Russell came upon a youth suffering the greatest agony. He was Randolph Ridgely of Maryland, although she then knew only that he was a Confederate soldier. His clothing was soaked in the blood from his

*The day after the burning of "Fountain Rock" and "Bedford" some thirty miles distant from the scenes of this narrative. See pp. 196-204.

wound, which, some time before, had been hastily dressed by the Federal surgeon. Miss Russell raised Ridgely's head to give him, if possible, some ease, whereupon the wounded man gave a sigh of relief and his head sank back into her arms as she sat down beside him. Almost at once, his low moans gave place to regular breathing as he fell into a sleep of exhaustion.

After some time, Miss Russell found herself and her charge alone on that portion of the field among the dead and wounded. She attempted to change the position of the wounded man and free herself from a severely cramped position, which, all the while, grew more and more painful. Whenever she attempted to move, however, the soldier moaned and awoke. The Federal surgeon who had dressed young Ridgely's wound came by and told her that the case was critical, but that if the wounded man could sleep until morning, he might live. On the other hand, his fever was at its most dangerous point, and if his sleep were broken, he would die. Then and there, regardless of her own suffering, Tillie Russell resolved to make no further

effort to lay Ridgely's head on the grass, but would support his head until his life should be assured by the rest he needed.

Hour after hour went slowly by. The moon passed through the heavens, and there was no sound on the battleground except that of a fitful breeze in the nearby woods. The girl was suffering agony, but she never faltered! and, at the first touch of dawn, she saw the soldier awake with a faint smile on his lips. Forgetful of self, her feeling was one of thankfulness that she had saved the life of a Confederate soldier.

Miss Russell was made seriously ill by her experience, and she could not lift her hand for some days. The story of her deed was eagerly sought for publication but she refused permission to have her name used in connection with it. Artists visited the scene and portrayed the incident with brush and pencil. One of these pictures, by Oregon Wilson, is entitled "Woman's Devotion." It should always be associated with the memory of one of the most unselfish and self-sacrificing deeds of endurance during the War between the States.

## XIII

## THE RIDE OF ROBERTA POLLOCK

SOUTHERN women, like the men, were skilled in riding horses. During the War between the States, it was natural that they should turn this accomplishment to good purpose and sometimes to daring adventure. No Southern State lacks its special heroine, and some States offer several. There were rides made during the Revolution, such as the famous one of Paul Revere, and the less known rides of William Dawes, of Massachusetts, together with those of John Jouett, of Virginia; and Tench Tilghman, of Maryland. In the very nature of the case, however, a ride undertaken by a woman in time of war and in an invaded country, involves special dangers and endurance calling for the highest type of courage and devotion.*

*William Dawes, setting out at the same time from Boston, completed the ride of warning to Hancock and Adams. Revere did not finish his ride because of his capture by the British. Jouett's ride, later in the war, saved Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and the Virginia Legislature. Tench Tilghman's ride was the longest; and,

## *Ride of Roberta Pollock*

At Warrington, Virginia, December 22, 1864, dawned bitterly cold. Both Federals and Confederates were thinking of Christmas cheer. On the one hand, the Unionists could count on a far greater supply of good things in their commissary department; but on the other, many of the Confederates in that neighborhood were Mosby's men, and they, at least, had the sentimental advantage of being near home and family.

On the outskirts of Warrenton lived the Reverend Dr. Abram David Pollock, by birth a Pennsylvanian, but a Virginian by adoption. The elder of his two sons had fallen at Gettysburg in the famous charge under Pettigrew and Pickett. On this December 22nd, his youngest daughter Roberta walked into town and was promptly informed by one of her friends that the latter had just seen a negro who had gone with some Federal soldiers to the provost marshal's office.

Roberta Pollock immediately concluded that the negro had information in regard to

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it may be said to have closed the Revolution, as the rides of Dawes and Revere began it. Dawes, Jouett, and Tilghman are rarely mentioned by historians.

the movements of Mosby's men. She then approached the sentinel before the office and on pretense of wishing to conduct some business with the negroes there, bribed him to let her enter the building. Once inside, Miss Pollock avoided the room where the negroes were and entered an adjoining one. It was empty, damp, and dark, and it was under the provost marshal's office, where she could hear what was said. To the great delight of the Federal officers, the negro was telling them how and when they could capture some of Mosby's men and a large supply of corn. Accordingly, a "raid" was planned for that night or the next one, with the negro as a guide.

Miss Pollock had heard enough. She left the building, walked through Warrenton to a picket post, and, with what remained of her funds, succeeded in persuading the Union soldier to let her pass through the lines. Two miles more of walking and she came to the house of a friend, from whom she was able to borrow a horse.

It was late in the afternoon of the shortest winter day. The cold had steadily increased,

a high wind was blowing, and the sky was covered with rapidly moving masses of black clouds. The girl's friends wrapped her up as best they could and she rode to a neighbor's house, three miles away. Here, she took behind her a small boy for escort, and set out in the general direction of "Confederate scout country" to find and warn whom she could. For two hours she rode apparently onward when she suddenly found herself near the "View Tree," which was but four miles from Warrenton, although she had ridden twice that distance. At this point, the moon appeared; and, at the same time, her small escort called her attention to the figures of a number of men on the right of the road, who were advancing in the form of a V with carbines pointed. She did not, however, change her pace, the moon went under, and she passed on in the shelter of the darkness. That they did not fire appeared almost a miracle—a mystery which was to be explained on the following day. She set her horse's head again in the right direction, but whether the shrewd old animal she had borrowed was deliberately taking advantage of

her or not, she found herself, a half hour later, even nearer to Warrenton than before, on a different route.

The temptation to give up was indeed great. She ached terribly from the cold; and, although her young escort did not complain, even offering to lend her his overcoat, she knew that he too must be suffering. She could not, however, fail, even if that night she perished for her country. The following verses occurred to her to uphold her courage:

"God shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Tho' thou walk thro' hostile regions,
Tho' in desert wilds thou sleep."

The remembrance of these lines seemed to point the way to success. Once more turning her back to the few dim lights of Warrenton, she rode on. In the next few hundred yards, however, she came across a horse and its dismounted rider. The picket seized the bridle of "Kitty Grey" and said firmly:

"Stop, lady, you can go no farther. Where were you going?"

"I was trying to go to the neighborhood of Salem to see a sick friend," replied the girl. "It was later than I thought when I set out.

My poor old borrowed horse traveled very slowly; night overtook me suddenly and I have lost my way."

"It is my painful duty to take you to the reserves, where you will be detained all night, and then to headquarters in the morning."

"You can shoot me on this spot, but I will not spend the night unprotected among your soldiers. I cannot consent that you perform your duty," replied Miss Pollock.

"Nor am I willing to perform it," the kind-hearted "Yankee" soldier exclaimed; and, after a pause, he said: "Go to that house where you see the light; no one will be so cruel as to turn you away on such a night." Leading her horse into the right path, he added: "Good-bye, I shall be three hours on picket duty to think of a freezing lady."

On reaching the house, the visitors were, not without some suspicion, given lodging for the night, but Roberta Pollock, chilled to the bone, lay and shivered and wept throughout the night. She was compelled to bide her time for the warning. Perhaps, she thought, she might be too late.

The next morning six Federal soldiers rode

up. She greatly feared arrest and went down to meet them; but, to her great surprise, their leader said to her:

"We had an alarm last night."

"How was that?"

"Why the rebels wanted to attack our men and thought to fool us by sending one of them on ahead as if he were alone. They thought we'd all fire on him and not be ready for the rest of them as they came up; but we were too sharp for them. We did not fire, and the rascals were afraid to try it."

This information was very interesting to Miss Pollock, and she also learned from them that no raiding party had been sent out that night to catch the "rebels."

During the day, by skillful manoeuvering through the woods, Miss Pollock delivered her warning to some of the Confederates, who spread the news as rapidly as possible. By sundown, the brave girl was at home and saw, with no little secret pleasure, great preparations in the camp for the raid which was planned that night to capture Mosby and most of his men.

## XIV

## THE DIARY OF MRS. JUDITH BROCKENBROUGH McGUIRE—1862-1863*

"It is remarkable that the best loved melody in the South and the one instantly and always associated with that section was given to the South, in words and music, by a 'Yankee' minstrel, although he was of Maryland and Virginia ancestry. 'Dixie's Land' was the production of Dan Emmett of Ohio. But Emmett's *words,* never more than minstrel nonsense, were, in addition, a poor imitation of negro dialect. Hence, throughout the country, there arose a strong desire to use Emmett's *melody* in connection with verses of some degree of dignity indicative of the sentiment and ideals of the South. This demand is probably best met in the lines of *'Dixie Land'* as written by the Reverend M. B. Wharton."—From Foreword *Echoes from Dixie, or Old-time Southern Songs.*

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*Continued from page 104.

"DIXIE LAND"

Oh! Dixie Land is the land of Glory,
The land of cherished song and story,
  Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land,
'Tis the land patriots love to dwell in,
The land our fathers fought and fell in,
  Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land.

CHORUS:

I'm glad I live in Dixie,
  Hurrah! Hurrah!
In Dixie Land
  I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie.
Away, Away, Away down South in Dixie,
Away, Away, Away down South in Dixie.

The Blue and Gray went out to battle,
Loud they made war's thunder rattle,
  Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land,
The fight we lost, but won a glory
Which will last till time is hoary,
  Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land.

CHORUS, ETC.

Still Dixie Land is the land of freemen,
Of soldiers brave and gallant seamen,
  Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land,
The land where rules the Anglo-Saxon,
The land of Davis, Lee, and Jackson,
  Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land.

CHORUS, ETC.

And Dixie's Sons will stand together,
In sunshine and in stormy weather,
  Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land,
Tho' lightnings flash, and mountains sever,
Count on the gallant South forever,
  Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land.

CHORUS, ETC.

March 7 [1862].—Just returned from the hospital. Several severe cases of typhoid fever require constant attention. Our little Alabamian seems better, but so weak! I left them for a few moments to go to see Bishop Meade; he sent for me to his room. I was glad to see him looking better, and quite cheerful. Bishops Wilmer and Elliott came in, and my visit was very pleasant. Some of them are very fond of hearing the Bible read; and I am yet to see the first soldier who has not received with apparent interest any proposition of being read to from the Bible.

**Reading to the Soldiers**

To-day, while reading, an elderly man of strong, intelligent face sat on the side of the bed, listening with interest. I read of the wars of the Israelites and Philistines.

He presently said, "I know why you read that chapter; it is to encourage us, because the Yankee armies are so much bigger than ours; do you believe that God will help us because we are weak?"

"No", said I, "but I believe that if we pray in faith, as the Israelites did, that God will hear us."

"Yes," he replied, "but the Philistines didn't pray, and the Yankees do; and though I can't bear the Yankees, I believe some of them are Christians, and pray as hard as we do ("Monstrous few of 'em!" grunted out a man lying near him); *and if we pray for one thing, and they pray for another, I don't know what to think of our prayers clashing!*"

"Well, but what do you think of the justice of our cause? Don't you believe that God will hear us for the justice of our cause?"

"Our cause," he exclaimed. "Yes, it is just; God knows it is just. I never thought of looking at it that way before, and I was *mighty* uneasy about the Yankee prayers. I am *mightily obleeged* to you for telling me."

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"From Georgia."

"Are you not over forty-five?"

"Oh, yes, I am turned of fifty, but you see I am monstrous strong and well; nobody can beat me with a rifle, and my four boys were a-coming. My wife is dead, and my girls are married; and so I rented out my land and

came too; the country hasn't got men enough, and we musn't stand back on account of age if we are hearty."

He reminds me of having met a very plain looking woman in a store the other day. She was buying Confederate gray cloth, at what seemed a high price.

**"They Shan't Get to Richmond"; A Heroine in Homespun**

I asked her why she did not apply to the quartermaster, and get it cheaper.

"Well," she replied, "I *knows* all about that, for my three sons is in the army; they gets their clothes *thar;* but you see this is for my old man, and I don't think it would be fair to get his clothes from *thar*, because he ain't never done nothing for the country as yet—he's just *gwine* in the army."

"Is he not very old to go into the army?"

"Well, he's fifty-four years old, but he's well and hearty like, and ought to do something for his country. So he says to me, says he, 'The country wants men; I wonder if I could stand marching; I've a great mind to try.' Says I, 'Old man, I don't think you could, you would break down; but I tell you

what you can do—you can drive a wagon in the place of a young man that 's driving, and the young man can fight.' Says he, 'So I will' —and he's gwine just as soon as I gets these clothes ready and that won't be long."

"But won't you be very uneasy about him?" said I.

"Yes, indeed; but you know he ought to go —them wretches must be drove away."

"Did you want your sons to go?"

"Want 'em to go!" she exclaimed; "Yes; if they hadn't agone, they shouldn't a-staid whar I was. But they wanted to go, *my* sons did."

Two days ago, I met her again in a baker's shop; she was filling her basket with cakes and pies.

"Well," said I, "has your husband gone?"

"No, but he's agwine to-morrow, and I'm getting something for him now."

"Don't you feel sorry as the time approaches for him to go?"

"Oh, yes, I shall miss him mightily; but I ain't cried about it; I never shed a tear for the old man, nor for the boys neither, and I ain't gwine to. Them Yankees must not come

a-nigh to Richmond; if they does I will fight them myself. The women must fight, for they *shan't* cross Mayo's Bridge; they shan't git to Richmond."

I said to her, "You are a patriot."

"Yes, honey—ain't you? Ain't everybody?"

I was sorry to leave this heroine in homespun, but she was too busy buying cakes, etc., for the "old man" to be interrupted any longer.

April 10.—Spent yesterday in the hospital by the bedside of Nathan Newton, our little Alabamian. I closed his eyes last night at ten o'clock, after an illness of six weeks. His body, at his own request, will be sent to his mother. Poor little boy. He was but fifteen, and should never have left his home. It was sad to pack his knapsack, with his little gray suit, and colored shirts, so neatly stitched by his poor mother, of whom he so often spoke, calling to us in delirium, "Mother, mother," or "Mother, come here."

**"Nobody Is Like My Mother"**

He so often called me mother that I said

to him one day, when his mind was clear, "Nathan, do I look like your mother?"

"No, ma'am, not a bit; *nobody is like my mother.*"

April 11.—The "Virginia" went out today. The Federal "Monitor" would not meet her, but ran to Fortress Monroe, either for protection or to tempt her under the heavy guns of the fortress; but she contented herself by taking three brigs and one schooner, and carrying them to Norfolk, with their cargoes.

**The First Ironclad in War**

Soldiers are constantly passing through town. Everything seems to be in preparation for the great battle which is anticipated on the Peninsula.

Previously, on March 11th, Mrs. McGuire had recorded in her diary:

Yesterday we heard good news from the mouth of James River. The ship "Virginia," formerly the "Merrimac," having been completely incased with iron, steamed out into Hampton Roads, ran into the Federal vessel "Cumberland," and then destroyed the "Congress," and ran the "Minnesota"

ashore. Others were damaged. We have heard nothing further; but this is glory enough for one day, for which we will thank God and take courage.

Later, under date of May 12th, Mrs. McGuire wrote:

Two hours ago we heard of the destruction of the "Virginia" by our own people. It is a dreadful shock to the community. We can only hope that it was wisely done. Poor Norfolk must be given up.*

July 28.—A long letter from S. S., describing graphically their troubles when in Federal lines. Now they are breathing freely again. A number of servants from W. and S. H.† and indeed from the whole Pamunky River, went off with their Northern friends.

**Nat Tries Freedom**

*The belief is almost universal that the "Monitor" defeated the "Virginia" in the historic duel in Hampton Roads. In that fight, however, the "Monitor," after a gallant combat, retired to shallow water where the heavily weighted "Virginia" could not follow. The "Monitor" thereafter always fled from the "Virginia," not because her officers and men were afraid, but because they were under orders not to risk another engagement.

†"W"—"Westwood"; "S. H."—"Summer Hill"; homes of Dr. Brockenbrough and Captain Newton, in Hanover County.

I am sorry for them, taken from their comfortable homes to go they know not where, and to be treated they know not how. Our man Nat went, to whom I was very partial, because his mother was the maid and humble friend of my youth, and because I had brought him up. He was a comfort to us as a driver and hostler, but now that we have neither home, carriage, nor horses, it makes but little difference with us; but how, with his slow habits, he is to support himself, I can't imagine. The wish for freedom is natural, and if he prefers it, so far as I am concerned, he is welcome to it. I shall be glad to hear that he is doing well.

Mothers went off leaving children—in two instances, infants. Lord have mercy upon those poor misguided creatures!

Lynchburg, August 20.—Mr. McGuire and myself arrived here last night, after a most fatiguing trip, by Clarksville, Buffalo Springs, then to Wolf's Trap Station on the Danville road, and on to the Southside Railroad.

The cars were filled with soldiers on furlough. It was pleasant to see how cheerful

they were. Poor fellows! it is wonderful when we consider what the next battle may bring forth. They were occupied discussing the late battle at Cedar Run, between General Jackson and a portion of Pope's army, commanded by Banks. It was a very fierce fight, and many casualties on both sides; but we won the day —the Lord be praised!

**In Lynchburg**

Lynchburg is full of hospitals, to which the ladies are very attentive; and they are said to be well kept. I have been to a very large one to-day, in which our old home friends, Mrs. R., and Miss E. M., are matrons.* Everything looked beautifully neat and comfortable. As a stranger, and having so much to do for my patient at home, I find I can do nothing for the soldiers, but knit for them all the time, and give them a kind word in passing. I never see one without feeling disposed to extend my hand and say, "God bless you."

September 5.—Our son J. arrived last night with quite a party, his health greatly suffer-

*"Mrs. R."—Mrs. Rowland"; "E. M."—Emily Mason.

ing from overwork in Richmond during these exciting times. One of the party told me an anecdote of General J. E. B. Stuart, which pleased me greatly. Mrs. S. was in the cars, and near her sat a youth in all the pride of his first Confederate uniform, who had attended General S. during his late raid as one of his guides through his native county of Hanover. At one of the water stations he was interesting the passengers by an animated account of their hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, and concluded by saying, "In all the tight places we got into, I never heard the General swear an oath, and I never saw him drink a drop." Mrs. S. was an amused auditor of the excited narrative, and after the cars were in motion she leaned forward, introduced herself to the boy, and asked him if he knew the reason why General S. never swears nor drinks; adding, "It is because he is a Christian and loves God, and nothing will induce him to do what he thinks wrong, and I want you and all his soldiers to follow his example."

**Anecdote of General J. E. B. Stuart**

W., Hanover County, October 6th.—Mc-

Clellan's troops were very *well-behaved* while in this neighborhood; they took nothing but what they considered contraband, such as grain, horses, cattle, sheep, etc., and induced the servants to go off. Many have gone—it is only wonderful that more did not go, considering the inducements that were offered. No houses were burned, and not much fencing. The ladies' rooms were not entered except when a house was searched, which always occurred to unoccupied houses; but I do not think that much was stolen from them. Of course, silver, jewelry, watches, etc., were not put in their way.

**Negroes Complain of "Yankee" Work; "Uncle" Nat Returns**

Our man Nat, and some others who went off, have returned—the reason they assign is, that the Yankees made them work too hard!

It is so hard to find both families without carriage horses, and with only some mules which happened to be in Richmond when the place was surrounded. A wagon, drawn by mules, was sent to the depot for us. So many of us are now together that we feel more like

quiet enjoyment that we have done for months.

Ashland, October 19th.—We are now snugly fixed in Ashland. Our mess consists of Bishop Johns and family, Major J. and wife, Lieutenant Johns and wife (our daughter), Mrs. S., and daughter, of Chantilly; Mr. McGuire, myself, and our two young daughters—a goodly number for a cottage with eight small rooms; but we are very comfortable. All from one neighborhood, all refugees, *and none able to do better,* we are determined to take everything cheerfully. Many remarks are jestingly made suggestive of unpleasant collisions among so many families in one house; but we anticipate no evils of that kind; each has her own place, and her own duties to perform; the young married ladies of the establishment are by common consent to have the housekeeping troubles; their husbands are to be masters, with the onerous duties of caterers, treasurers, etc. We old ladies have promised to give our sage advice and experience, whenever it is desired. The girls will assist their sisters, with their nim-

**In Ashland**

ble fingers, in cases of emergency; and the *clerical* gentlemen are to have their own way, and to do their own work without let or hindrance. All that is *required* of them is that they shall be household chaplains, and that Mr. McGuire shall have service every Sunday at the neglected village church. With these discreet regulations, we confidently expect a most pleasant and harmonious establishment.

November 29th.—Nothing of importance from the army. The people of Fredericksburg suffering greatly from the sudden move. I know a family, accustomed to every luxury at home, now in a damp basement room in Richmond. The mother and three young daughters cooking, washing, etc.; the father, a merchant, is sick and cut off from business, friends, and everything else. Another family, consisting of mother and four daughters, in one room, supported by the work of one of the daughters who has an office in the Note-Signing Department. To keep starvation from the house is all that they can do; their supplies in Fredericksburg can't be brought to them—no transportation.

I cannot mention the numbers who are simi-

larly situated; the country is filled with them. Country houses, as usual, show a marvellous degree of elasticity. A small house accommodating any number who may apply; pallets spread on the floor; every sofa and couch *sheeted* for visitors of whom they never heard before. If the city people would do more in this way, there would be less suffering. Every cottage in this village is full; and now families are looking with wistful eyes at the ball-room belonging to the hotel, which, it seems to me, might be partitioned off to accommodate several families. The billiard-rooms are taken, it is said, though not yet occupied. But how everybody is to be supported is a difficult question to decide.

**War Prices in Confederate Currency (1862)**

Luxuries have been given up long ago, by many persons. Coffee is $4 per pound, and good tea from $18 to $20; butter ranges from $1.50 to $2 per pound; lard, 50 cents; corn, $15 per barrel; and wheat $4.50 per bushel. We can't get a muslin dress for less than $6 or $8 per yard; calico $1.75, etc. This last is no great hardship, for we all resort to homespun. We are knitting our own stock-

ings, and regret that we did not learn to spin and weave. The North Carolina homespun is exceptionally pretty, and makes a genteel dress; the only difficulty is in the dye; the colors are pretty, but we have not learned the art of *setting* the wood colors; but we are improving in that are too, and when the first dye fades, we can dip them again in the dye.

December 15th.—An exciting day. Trains have been constantly passing with the wounded for the Richmond hospitals. Every lady, every child, every servant in the village, has been engaged in preparing and carrying food to the wounded as the cars stopped at the depot—coffee, tea, soup, milk, and everything we could obtain. With eager eyes and beating hearts we watched for those most dear to us. Sometimes they were so slightly injured as to sit at the windows and answer our questions, which they were eager to do. They exult in the victory. I saw several poor fellows shot through the mouth—they only wanted milk; it was soothing and cooling to their lacerated flesh. One, whom I did not see, had both eyes shot out. But I cannot write of the horrors of this day.

Nothing but an undying effort to administer to their comfort could have kept us up.

The Bishop was with us all day, and the few gentlemen who remained in the village. When our gentlemen came home at five o'clock they joined us, and were enabled to do what we could not—walk through each car, giving comfort as they went. The gratitude of those who were able to express it was so touching! They said that the ladies were at every depot with refreshments. As the cars would move off, those who were able would *shout* their blessings on the ladies of Virginia: "We will fight, we will protect the ladies of Virginia." Ah, poor fellows, what can the ladies of Virginia ever do to compensate them for all they have done and suffered for us.

As a train approached late this evening, we saw comparatively very few sitting up. It was immediately surmised that it contained the desperately wounded,—perhaps many of the dead. With eager eyes we watched, and before it stopped I saw Surgeon J. P. Smith (my connection), spring from the platform, and come towards me; my heart stood still:

"What is it, Doctor? Tell me at once."

"Your nephews, Major B. and Captain C.,* are both on the train, dangerously wounded."

"Mortally?"

"We hope not. You will not be allowed to enter the car; come to Richmond tomorrow morning; B. will be there for you to nurse. I shall carry W. C. on the morning cars to his mother at the University. We will do our best for both."

In a moment he was gone. Of course, I shall go down in the early cars, and devote my life to B. until his parents arrive. I am writing now because I can't sleep, and must be occupied. The cars passed on, and we filled our pitchers, bowls and baskets, to be ready for others. We cannot yield to private feelings now; they may surge up and rush through our hearts until they almost burst them, but they must not overwhelm us. We must do our duty to our country, and it can't be done by nursing our own sorrows.

Jan. 19th, 1863.—Colonel Bradley Johnson has been with us for some days. He is nephew

*Major Brockenbrough and Captain Colston.

to Bishop J., and as bright and agreeable in private as he is bold and dashing in the field. Our little cottage has many pleasant visitors, and I think we are as cheerful a family circle as the Confederacy can boast. We are very much occupied by our Sunday-schools—white in the morning and colored in the afternoon.*

February 11, 1863.—For ten days past I have been at the bedside of my patient in Richmond. The physicians for the third time despaired of his life; by the goodness of God he is again convalescent. Our wounded are suffering excessively for tonics, and I believe that many valuable lives are lost for the want of a few bottles of porter. One day a surgeon standing by B.'s bedside said to me, "He must sink in a day or two; he retains neither brandy nor milk, and his life is passing away for want of nourishment."

**Hospital Nursing Without Medicines**

In a state bordering on despair, I went out to houses and stores, to beg or buy porter; not

*See "Sidelight" on "Black-and-White Theology" at the end of this installment of Mrs. McGuire's diary.

a bottle was in town. At last a lady told me that a blockade runner, it was said, had brought ale, and it was at the medical purveyor's. I went back to Mr. P.'s instantly, and told my brother (B.'s father) of the rumor. To get a surgeon's requisition and go off to the purveyor's was the work of a moment. In a short time he returned, with a dozen bottles of India ale. It was administered cautiously at first, and when I found that he retained it, and feebly asked for more, tears of joy and thankfulness ran down my cheeks. "Give him as much as he will take during the night," was the order of the physician. The order was obeyed, and life seemed to return to his system; in twenty-four hours he had drunk four bottles; he began then to take milk, and I never witnessed anything like the reanimation of the whole man, physical and mental.

The hospitals are now supplied with this life-giving beverage, and all have it who "absolutely require it." though great care is taken of it, for the supply is limited. Oh, how cruel it is that the Northern Government should have made medicines and the neces-

saries of life to the sick and wounded, contraband articles!

March 5th.—Spent last night in Richmond with my friend Mrs. R. This morning we attended Dr. Minnegerode's prayer meeting at seven o'clock. It is a blessed privilege enjoyed by people in town, that of attending religious services so often, particularly those social prayer-meetings, now that we feel our dependence on an Almighty arm, and our need of prayer more than we ever did in our lives. The President has issued another proclamation, setting aside the 27th day of this month for fasting and prayer.

**Homemade Soap, Gooseberry Wine, and Hats**

Again I have applied for an office, which seems necessary to the support of the family. If I fail, I shall try to think that it is not right for me to have it. Mr. McGuire's salary is not much more than is necessary to pay our share of the expenses of the mess. Several of us are engaged in making soap, and selling it, to buy things which seem essential to our wardrobes. A lady who has been perfectly independent in her circumstances, find-

ing it necessary to do something of the kind for her support, has been very successful in making pickles and catsups for the restaurants. Another, like Mrs. Primrose, rejoices in her success in making gooseberry wine, which sparkles like champagne, and is the best domestic wine I ever drank; this is designed for the highest bidder. The exercise of this kind of industry works two ways: it supplies our wants, and gives comfort to the public.

Almost every girl plaits her own hat, and that of her father, brother, and lover, if she has the bad taste to have a lover out of the army, which no girl of spirit would do unless he is incapacitated by sickness or wounds. But these hats are beautifully plaited of rye straw, and the ladies' hats are shaped so becomingly that though a Parisian milliner might pronounce them old fashioned, and laugh them to scorn, yet our Confederate girls look fresh and lovely in them, with their gentle countenances and bright enthusiastic eyes; and what do we care for Parisian style, particularly as it would have to come to us through Yankeeland? The blockade has

taught our people their own resources; but I often think that when the great veil is removed, and reveals us to the world, we will, in some respects, be a precious set of antiques.

March 15th. — Richmond was greatly shocked on Friday, by the blowing up of the Laboratory, in which women, girls, and boys were employed making cartridges; ten women and girls were killed on the spot, and many more will probably die from their wounds. May God have mercy upon them.

Our dear friend Mrs. Stuart had just heard of the burning of her house at beautiful Chantilly. The Yankee officers had occupied it as head-quarters and, on leaving it, set fire to every house on the land, except the overseer's house and one of the servants' quarters. I expressed my surprise to Mrs. S. that she was enabled to bear it so well. She calmly replied, "God has spared my sons through so many battles, that I should be ungrateful indeed to complain of anything else."

**Burning of the Stuart House**

This lovely spot had been her home from her marriage, and the native place of her

many children, and when I remember it as I saw it two years ago, I feel that it is too hard for her to be thus deprived of it. An officer (Federal) quartered there last winter, describing it in a letter to the New York *Herald*, says the furniture had been "removed," except a large old-fashioned sideboard; he had been indulging his curiosity by reading the many private letters which he found scattered about the house; some of which, he says, were written by General Washington, "with whom the family seems to have been connected."*

Tuesday Evening, May 12th.—How can I

*This reference to the Washington letters recalls the fact that thousands of historic documents, letters, and manuscripts were destroyed during the war. Other thousands were carried North.

A few of these documents have been returned. The most noted case was the return by Mr. J. P. Morgan, Jr., of Martha Washington's will. This was about to be destroyed at Fairfax Court House by Blenker's troopers, but was saved by a Federal officer. It was later purchased by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, (Sr.). In April, 1915, the State of Virginia instituted suit for possession of the will; but, largely through the good offices of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mr. Morgan's son voluntarily agreed to return the document to its original resting place at Fairfax Court House.

At about the time of the above-mentioned incident, this will was taken from the records, possibly by the very officer referred to in the diary, as Mrs. Stuart's house was not far distant from the Court House of Fairfax County.

record the sorrow which has befallen our country! General T. J. Jackson is no more. The good, the great, the glorious Stonewall Jackson is numbered with the dead! Humanly speaking, we cannot do without him; but the same God who raised him up, took him from us, and He who has so miraculously prospered our cause, can lead us on without him. Perhaps we have trusted too much to an arm of flesh; for he was the nation's idol. His soldiers almost worshipped him, and it may be that God has therefore removed him. We bow in meek submission to the great Ruler of events. May his blessed example be followed by officers and men, even to the gates of heaven! He died on Sunday the 10th, at a quarter past three, P. M. His body was carried by yesterday in a car, to Richmond. Almost every lady in Ashland visited the car, with a wreath or a cross of the most beautiful flowers, as a tribute to the illustrious dead. An immense concourse had assembled in Richmond, as the solitary car containing the body of the great soldier, accompanied by a suitable escort, slowly and

**The Death of "Stonewall" Jackson**

solemnly approached the depot. The body lies in state to-day at the Capitol, wrapped in the Confederate flag, and literally covered with lilies of the valley and other beautiful Spring flowers. To-morrow the sad *cortege* will wend its way to Lexington, where he will be buried, according to his dying request, in the "Valley of Virginia." As a warrior, we may appropriately quote from Byron:

> "His spirit wraps the dusky mountain,
> His memory sparkles o'er the fountain,
> The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
> Rolls mingling with his name forever."

As a Christian, in the words of St. Paul, I thank God to be able to say, "He has fought the good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at the last day."

Monday, May 18th.—This morning we had the gratification of a short visit from General Lee. He called and breakfasted with us, while the other passengers in the cars breakfasted at the hotel. We were very glad to see that great and good man look so well and

**Anecdote of General Lee**

so cheerful. His beard is very long, and painfully gray, which makes him appear much older than he really is. One of the ladies at table, with whom he is closely connected, rallied him on allowing his beard to grow, saying, "Cousin Robert, it makes you look too venerable for your years." He was amused, and pleaded as his excuse the inconvenience of shaving in camp. "Well," she replied, "if I were in Cousin Mary's place (Mrs. L's) I would allow it to remain now, but I would take it off as soon as the war is over." He answered, while a shade passed over his bright countenance, "When the war is over she may take my beard off, and my head with it, if she chooses."

**Mrs. Thorton Entertains General Franz Sigel**

June 6th.—We have been greatly interested lately by a visit to the village of our old friend, Mrs. Thornton of Rappahannock County. She gives most graphic descriptions of her sojourn of seven weeks among the Yankees last summer. Sixty thousand surrounded her house, under command of General Sigel. On one occasion, he and his staff rode up and

announced that they would *take tea with her.* Entirely alone, that elegant old lady retained her composure, and with unruffled countenance rang her bell; when the servant appeared, she said to him, "John, tea for fourteen." She quietly retained her seat, conversing with them with dignified politeness, and submitting as best she could to the General's very free manner of walking about her beautiful establishment, pronouncing it "baronial," and regretting, in her presence, that he had not known of its elegancies and comforts in time, that he might have brought on Mrs. Sigel, and have made it his headquarters.

Tea being announced, Mrs. Thornton, before proceeding to the dining-room, requested the servant to call a soldier in, who had been guarding her house for weeks, and who had sought occasion to do her many kindnesses.

When the man entered, the General demurred: "No, no, madam, he will not go to table with us."

Mrs. Thornton replied, "General, I must beg that you will allow this gentleman to come

to my table, for he has been a friend to me when I have sadly wanted one."

The General objected no farther; the man took tea with the master. After tea, the General proposed music, asking Mrs. Thornton if she had ever played; she replied that "such was still her habit." The piano being opened, she said if she sang at all she must sing the songs of her own land, and then, with her uncommonly fine voice, she sang "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Dixie," and other Southern songs, with fine spirit.

**Amusing (!) Experiences at Fredericksburg**

Mrs. G. D.,* of Fredericksburg, has been giving some amusing incidents of her sudden departure from her home. She had determined to remain, but when, on the night of the bombardment, a shell burst very near her house, her husband aroused her to say that she must go. They had no means of conveyance, and her two children were both under three years of age, and but one servant, (the others having gone to the Yankees), a girl twelve years old.

*Mrs. Greenhow Daniel.

It so happened that they had access to three straw carriages, used by her own children and those of her neighbors. They quickly determined to put a child in each of two carriages, and to bundle up as many clothes as would fill the third. The father drew the carriage containing one child, the mother the other child, and the little girl drew the bundle of clothes. They thus set out, to go they knew not whither, only to get out of the way of danger. It was about midnight, a dark, cold night. They went on and on, to the outskirts of the town, encountering a confused multitude rushing pell-mell, with ever and anon a shell bursting at no great distance, sent as a threat of what they might expect on the morrow.

They were presently overtaken by a respectable shoemaker whom they knew, rolling a wheelbarrow containing a large bundle of clothes, and *the baby.* They were attracted by the poor little child rolling off from its elevated place on the bundle, and as Mrs. D. stopped, with motherly solicitude for the child, the poor man told his story. In the darkness and confusion he had become sep-

arated from his wife and other children, and knew not where to find them; he thought he might find them but for anxiety about the baby. Mrs. D. then proposed that he should take her bundle of clothes with his in the wheelbarrow, and put his child into the third straw carriage. This being agreed to, the party passed on. When they came to our encampment, a soldier ran out to offer to draw one carriage, and thus rest the mother; having gone as far as he dared from his regiment, then another soldier took his place at the end of his line, and so on from one soldier to another until our encampment was passed. Then she drew on her little charge about two miles farther, to the house of an acquaintance, which was wide open to the homeless. Until late the next day the shoemaker's baby was under their care, but he at last came, bringing the bundle in safety.

As the day progressed the cannon roared and the shells whistled, and it was thought advisable for them to go on to Chancellorsville. The journey of several miles was performed on foot, still with the straw carriages, for no horse nor vehicle could be found in

that desolated country. They remained at Chancellorsville until the 2d or 3d of May, when that house became within range of cannon. Again she gathered up her little flock, and came on to Ashland. Her little three-year old boy explored the boarding-house as soon as he got to it, and finding no cellar, he became alarmed, and running to his mother, exclaimed, "This house won't do, mother; we all have no cellar to go into when they shell it!" Thus our children are born and reared amid war and bloodshed!*

**News of the Advance on Gettysburg**

July 3.—Spent yesterday in the hospital; the wounded are getting on well. The city was put into a blaze of excitement by the report that General Dix was marching on it from the White House. I dare

*A characteristic but less dangerously "amusing" incident was the journey, from Shepherdstown to Winchester, Virginia, of two young girls and a boy, the latter being a relative of General Lee and a son of Mrs. Henrietta B. Lee, whose letter to General Hunter has become a classic in war literature. (See p. 200.) This party consisted of Miss Rosa Robinson, Miss Eliza Hamtramk, and young Harry B. Lee, later a much-beloved clergyman in the Episcopal Church. These three traveled the thirty-two miles from Shepherdstown to Winchester in an old "spring wagon," a "contraption" supported by *three* very uncertain wheels *and a rail* which dragged along the road the entire

say they think that General Lee has left it undefended, in which surmise they are vastly mistaken. Our troops seem to be walking over Pennsylvania without let or hindrance. They have taken possession of Chambersburg, Carlisle, and other smaller towns. They surrendered without firing a gun. I am glad to see that General Lee orders his soldiers to respect private property; but it will be difficult to make an incensed soldiery, whose houses have in many instances been burned, crops wantonly destroyed, horses stolen, negroes persuaded off, hogs and sheep shot down and left in the field in warm weather—it will be difficult to make such sufferers remember the Christian precept of returning good for evil.

November 13th.—My appointment to a

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distance in lieu of the fourth wheel. The borrowed "horse power" of this strange vehicle was in keeping with the wagon, and the party was much delayed by the animal's determination to stop and lie down in every stream the pilgrims crossed. The three "refugees" considered themselves fortunate to get even this conveyance, although they had been all their lives accustomed to the best driving and riding horses and carriages. Their unselfish devotion to their cause was great; for their sole object in driving this distance in such discomfort was to carry delicacies to the Confederate soldiers in the Winchester hospitals.

clerkship in the Commissary Department has been received, with a salary of $125 per month. The rooms are not ready for us to begin our duties, and Colonel R. has just called to tell me one of the requirements. As our duties are those of accountants, we are to go through a formal examination in arithmetic. If we do not, as the University boys say, "pass," we are considered incompetent, and of course are dropped from the list of appointees. This requirement may be right, but it certainly seems to me both provoking and absurd that I must be examined in arithmetic by a commissary major young enough to be my son. If I could afford it, I would give up the appointment, but, as it is, must submit with the best grace possible, particularly as other ladies of my age have to submit to it.*

**Mrs. McGuire Secures a Government Position**

NOTES AND SIDELIGHTS

By way of historical comment, it may be added here that the colored Sunday School

*Excerpts from Mrs. McGuire's diary continued on page 372.

was one of the most interesting features of the old régime in the South. In some cases the negro children's views of "religion" amusingly mixed with the heathen ideas preserved in the modified traditions of their race.

**Black-and-White Theology**

On the other hand, the old black "mammies" and "uncles" used to instruct their youthful white charges in "sound" theology as well as quaint but practical philosophy. Mrs. Janet Weaver Randolph, of Warrenton, Virginia, wrote down, shortly after the war, the following sweet "teachings" of her old "Mammy:"

"Mammy," she had asked as a child, "who made you black?"

The little dimpled arms were crossed on Mammy's knee and the inquiring face of Mammy's darling looked lovingly up in Mammy's face.

"Chile, who bin puttin' notions in your little curly haid? Gawd made Mammy black and he made you and your Ma white, for the reason that when Noah come out'n de Ark, Ham was disrespectful to his Pa and laughed

**The Children of Ham**

at him, and Gawd told Ham he and his children should be always servants; so He made him black, and dat's where we all black people come from.

"But, honey, de blessed Jesus says his blood is going to make us washed white as snow and somehow it allows to me dat in de Judgment day dere is going to be folks with white skins goin' to have black hearts, and black skins goin' to have white hearts, and Gawd is goin' to have places for dem all.

"The only thing dat troubles your Mammy is wheder her baby chile is going to know her Mammy, if she ain't got a black face; but I reckon Mammy ain't gwine to worry herself, 'cause your Ma will know her and will call: 'Mammy, come take your chile.' 'Cause Mammy is gwine to have her place up dere and you jus' tell folks dat bother you 'bout Mammy's black face dat Gawd made Mammy black."

Another attractive story, also bearing upon "the ultimate future," was given to the writer by Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer, of Leesburg, Virginia, whose father heard

this version of salvation thus plainly expounded by his "Mammy:"

"Who says I'se free? I warn't neber no slabe. I libed wid qual'ty an' was one ob de fambly. Take dis bandanna off? No, 'deedy! dats the las' semblance I'se got ob de good ole times. S'pose I *is* brack, I cyan't he'p it. If mah mammy and pappy chose for me ter be brack, I ain't gwine ter be lak some white folks I knows an' blame de Lord for all de 'flictions dat comes 'pon 'em. I'se put up wid dis brackness now, 'cordin' to ol' Mis's Bible, for nigh on ter ninety years, an' t'ank de good Lord, dat eberlastin' day is mos' come when I'll be white as Mis' Chloe for *eber mo'!*

**"Whar's Yo' Larning Gone To?"**

"Po' Mis' Chloe, she's been gone ter dat sunny lan' for a long, long time. De night she was born was so long an' col', an' de stars kep' hid in de brack sky, an' de trees ben' til de branches snap an' break; an' when the win' was roarin' mos,' I hyeard a li'l cry dat went right to mah heart. Seems dat night was a sign ob what she was to 'spec in life, fer dat roarin' win' took de soul ob her Ma to

Heben. Dat was de only time I 'monstrated 'gainst mah brack 'fliction, deed tis, honey. Den I prayed: 'Oh Marse Gord, please le'me go wid mah Missis; but if I mus' stay hyar, for dis lamb's sake le'me turn white!'

"De Lord showed His wisdom and didn' do needer, an' I took cyar ob Mis' Chloe til Marse Jack an' I put her in de col' groun' long side her Pa an' Ma.

"When she was li'l', she'd put her li'l' white arms 'roun' mah ol' brack neck an' say: 'Mammy, you ain' brack, you's chocolate, an' Mammy, I lub chocolate bes' in all de worl'!' " . . .

. . ."I'se an ol' woman, an' nobody wants me hyar, an' if it warn' dat I hab de Scripters to lean on, I'd t'ink de good Lord didn' wan' me needer. I'se mi'ty tired waitin'. What's dat honey? How I knows I'se gwine ter be white? Why honey, I'se 'sprised! Do you spose 'cause Mammy's face is brack, her soul is brack too? Whar's yo' larnin' gone to?"

Mrs. Odenheimer writes:

"The Mammy who used these expressions nursed all my Grandmother's children and all

of our family. Up to the time I left home for school I never recall going to sleep without having her by my bed telling me old time stories or crooning the old time songs. Many of the stories were ghost horrors, usually about my long departed relatives returning for one purpose or another. When I opened my eyes in the morning it was to see this same bent, stock, bandanna-ed watch dog sitting by the stove, smoking her corncob pipe and wrapping her 'rheumatiz' legs up with red flannel soaked in coal oil."

It is not generally realized that the "titles" given to the older negroes provided a method of teaching children to respect them. Judge W. W. Moffett, of Roanoke, explains this in a letter to the writer under date of June 26, 1917:

"I was born in 1854, in Culpeper County, Virginia, in the very heart of a 'slave-holding' community. My father was a planter and owned many 'servants,' as the colored people were called on our farm. Neither my father nor mother called them negroes; at that time it was objection-

**Family Servants and Honorary Titles**

able to the black race, and we were not allowed to call them negroes or slaves.

"We were taught from our early infancy to respect the older men and women by calling them Uncle Jack, Uncle Abb, Uncle French, Uncle Bob, etc., and Aunt Milly, Aunt Edy, Aunt Betsy, etc., and to guard the rights and feelings of the younger ones.

"No one knows how strong the attachment was between the youth [of both races] of the old South except the youth of the old South, or of the devotion between master and mistress and their servants except those of this generation who witnessed that devotion. The community in which I was reared was nobly Christian; the white people and colored people all belonged to the same church, and when the minister would visit the homes of his members, the colored people would gather at family prayers. The relationship which existed on our farm was that which could exist only between a strong manly moral man and master and a noble Christian wife and mistress, who looked upon their servants as weaker beings that should be protected and developed."

## XV

## A LAST SONG IN A BURNING HOME

In all America, perhaps, but certainly in the valley of the Shenandoah, a name which will ever be held up to execration is that of General David Hunter. This execration is by no means sectional or partisan; for General Hunter was secretly, and often openly, scorned by many Federal soldiers who had the misfortune to serve under him, while it is said that not a few refused to obey his orders.

On his invasion of the Shenandoah Valley in 1864, the first victim to suffer under the ruthless policy of General Hunter was his first cousin, Hon. Andrew Hunter, of Charles Town, Virginia, (West Virginia). Not content with directing that Mr. Hunter, an elderly man, be placed in close confinement, General Hunter gave orders that Mr. Hunter's house be burned. His cousins, the women of the household, were not permitted to save either their clothing or their family portraits from the flames. Thereafter, in

order to make the destruction complete, General Hunter camped his cavalry on the highly cultivated ground surrounding the site of the house until every vestige of lawn and garden had been ruined beyond hope of repair.

This exploit having been brought to a close, General Hunter sent out a force with orders to destroy "Fountain Rock," the Boteler residence near Shepherdstown. Colonel Boteler was a member of the Confederate Congress and was then in Richmond. At the time of General Hunter's invasion, the only members of the family at home were Mrs. Davis Shepherd, Colonel Boteler's widowed daughter, who was an invalid; her three children, the oldest of whom was not six years old; and Miss Helen Boteler.

On July 19, 1864, therefore, in pursuance of instructions from General Hunter, Captain William F. Martindale, with a detachment of cavalry, rode up to the Boteler home. Warned of their approach, Mrs. Shepherd met the soldiers at the door. Captain Martindale stated that he had come to burn her house and its contents. Pleading was in vain, and Mrs. Shepherd and Miss Boteler made

preparations to save household and personal effects; but Captain Martindale, in accordance with the orders of General Hunter, directed that everything be consigned to the flames. The furniture was piled up on the floor, straw was brought from the barn, and the soldiers busied themselves scattering over all kerosene oil, which they had brought with them for the purpose. In the midst of this work of destruction, Miss Boteler, a devoted student of music, pleaded for her piano. This was denied her and while the flames were bursting out in other rooms, she went into the parlor, and, seating herself for the last time before the instrument, began to sing Charlotte Elliott's hymn:

> My God, my Father, while I stray
> Far from my home in life's rough way,
> Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
> "Thy will be done!"

A soldier seized her to lead her out of the house, but she pulled away from him and sang again:

> Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
> Let me be still and murmur not;
> Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
> "Thy will be done!"

In amazement, the cavalrymen thought the girl was crazed with grief; but as the flames came nearer, Miss Boteler calmly shut down the lid of the piano, locked it, and went out under the trees,—the only shelter left for herself, her sick sister, and the frightened little children.*

*A few articles were saved by the very persistence of Mrs. Shepherd, Miss Boteler, and some people who came from Shepherdstown. This was in the face of great discouragement; for even the baby's cradle, which the nurse had brought out, was thrown back into the flames of the burning house. At least one soldier, in disobedience to orders, dared to help; but others, on the way to burn the barn and outhouses, stopped to set fire to the little pile of clothing belonging to Margaret Bunkins, a faithful colored house servant. The frightened girl had endeavored to hide her "belongings" behind a hedge.

## XVI

## A WOMAN'S REBUKE—AND AN AMERICAN CLASSIC

Although many of the women of the old South had literary ability, there were few who ever attempted to put it to account in the writing of books. This natural ability was not trained or developed; but it is shown in the form of letters, diaries, and chance unsigned sketches.

At the time of the burning of "Fountain Rock," General Hunter's destroying bands went south of Shepherdstown and set fire to "Bedford," the home of Edmund J. Lee. Mr. Lee was away; but his wife, Henrietta Bedinger Lee, was at home, together with her two young children. Captain Martindale greeted Mrs. Lee with the same kind of message he had delivered to Mrs. Shepherd. Mrs. Lee, in reply, told him that the house was her own, an inheritance from her father, Daniel Bedinger, a soldier of the American Revolution; that "surely the Union army was not warring on women and children." Captain

Martindale was not to be moved, however, and declared that irrespective of property rights, the house was at least the *home* of Edmund J. Lee and that was "enough" for him.*

The day after the destruction of her house, Mrs. Lee's outraged spirit compelled her to write to General Hunter, *whose own niece* she had sheltered and protected during the war. Her letter deserves recognition in American literature as a classic expression of richly merited excoriation. No other, in any of our wars, equals it in its force, directness, and unescapable challenge to an accounting at the bar of history.

Shepherdstown, W. Va., July 20, 1864.

General Hunter:

Yesterday your underling, Captain Martindale, of the First New York Veteran Cavalry, executed your infamous order and burned my house. You have had the satisfaction ere this of receiving from him the information that your orders were fulfilled to the letter, the dwelling and every outbuilding seven in number, with their contents, being

*Mrs Lee's indignant query as to "making war upon women and children" recalls the magnanimous spirit and acts of General John H. Martindale (p. 42), who was efficient in his duties and yet won many Southern hearts by his kindness.

burned. I, therefore, a helpless woman whom you have cruelly wronged, address you, a Major-General of the United States Army, and demand why this was done? What was my offence? My husband was absent,—an exile. He has never been a politician or in any way engaged in the struggle now going on, his age preventing. This fact your chief-of-staff, David Strother, would have told you.

The house was built by my father, a Revolutionary soldier, who served the whole seven years for your independence. There was I born; there the sacred dead repose. It was my house and my home, and there has your niece, Miss Griffith, who lived among us all this horrid war up to the present moment, met with all kindness and hospitality at my hands. Was it for this that you turned me, my young daughter, and little son out upon the world without shelter? Or was it because my husband is the grandson of the Revolutionary patriot and "rebel," Richard Henry Lee, and the near kinsman of the noblest of Christian warriors, and greatest of generals, Robert E. Lee? Heaven's blessing be upon his head forever! You and your Government have failed to conquer, subdue, or match him; and disappointed rage and malice find vent on the helpless and inoffensive.

Hyena-like, you have torn my heart to pieces! for all hallowed memories clustered around that homestead; and demonlike, you have done it without even the pretext of revenge, for I never saw or harmed you. Your office is not to lead, like a brave man and soldier, your men to fight in the ranks of war, but your work has been to separate yourself from all danger, and with your incendiary band steal unaware upon helpless women and children, to insult and destroy. Two fair homes did you yesterday ruthlessly lay in ashes, giving not a moment's

warning to the startled inmates of your wicked purpose; turning mothers and children out of doors, your very name is execrated by your own men for the cruel work you give them to do.

In the case of Mr. A. R. Boteler, both father and mother were far away. Any heart but that of Captain Martindale (and yours) would have been touched by that little circle, comprising a widowed daughter just risen from her bed of illness, her three fatherless babies,—the eldest five years old—and her heroic sister. I repeat, any *man* would have been touched at that sight but Captain Martindale! One might as well hope to find mercy and feeling in the heart of a wolf bent on his prey of young lambs, as to search for such qualities in his bosom. You have chosen well your agent for such deeds, and doubtless will promote him.

A colonel of the Federal Army has stated that you deprived forty of your officers of their commands because they refused to carry out your malignant mischief. All honor to their names for this, at least! They are *men*, and have human hearts and blush for such a commander! I ask who that does not wish infamy and disgrace attached to him forever would serve under you? *Your* name will stand on history's pages as the Hunter of weak women, and innocent children; the Hunter to destroy defenceless villages and beautiful homes—to torture afresh the agonized hearts of widows; the Hunter of Africa's poor sons and daughters, to lure them on to ruin and death of soul and body; the Hunter with the relentless heart of a wild beast, the face of a fiend, and the form of a man. Oh, Earth, behold the monster! Can I say "God forgive you"? No prayer can be offered for you! Were it possible for human lips to raise your name heavenward, angels would thrust the foul thing back again, and demons claim their own. The curse of thousands, the scorn of the manly and

upright, and the hatred of the true and honorable, will follow you and yours through all time, and brand your name *infamy! infamy!*

Again, I demand why have you burned my house; Answer as you must answer before the Searcher of all hearts; why have you added this cruel, wicked deed to your many crimes?

HENRIETTA B. LEE

Mrs. Lee lived long after the war. She saw sons and grandsons enter the ministry or become missionaries in foreign lands. In later years, she said she regretted the expression of her belief that "no prayer" could be offered for General Hunter, but that otherwise she would let the letter stand as written.

## XVII

## "GLEN WELBY" SAVED

By way of comparison with the above incidents, there were instances when a woman's determination won against direct orders to burn her home. A single illustration may be given in the case of Mrs. Taylor Scott, of Fauquier County, Virginia.

Enraged after a severe brush with Mosby's men, Federal troops under Colonel Gallop rode to "Glen Welby," where Mrs. Scott was living with her mother, Mrs. Richard H. Carter. Throwing out sentinels on every side, some of the soldiers entered the house.

"We have come," said the officer in charge, "to burn the house and every building attached to the grounds," to which he added: "I know, madam, you are in the habit of harboring those miserable cut-throats, Mosby's rangers, and you shall suffer for it."

At their request, five minutes were given to the family to save some household effects, chiefly clothing; for it was well into autumn and the weather was chilly. Thereupon, Mrs.

Carter, her unmarried daughters, a niece, and a child left the building. Mrs. Scott, however, went into the house with her young son. Seating herself, she declared: "My son, if they will burn this dear old home, we will perish in the flames."

At this point, a corporal was seen to approach his commanding officer. Apparently, as the result of the conference, Colonel Gallop sent for Mrs. Carter. With her was her daughter, Sophie. To Mrs. Carter, Colonel Gallop said:

"I have determined, Madam, to spare your home this time; but if I ever catch or hear of one of these cut-throats here again, nothing will save the house or any building on the place."

To this Sophie Carter at once replied:

"We cannot make any such promise. If we did, it would be impossible for us to keep it; for, when soldiers come, we cannot, if we would, order them away."

"Glen Welby" was saved, and the chair in which Mrs. Scott made her heroic resolution became an object of especial value in at least one Virginia family.

## XVIII

## "GOTT ISS BLAYED OUDT"

The story of the saving of "Glen Welby" may be supplemented by the experience of Mrs. Daniel Bedinger Lucas, who was Miss Lena Brooke. Mrs. Lucas had been a bridesmaid for Fanny Carter, of "Glen Welby." Miss Brooke married Judge Daniel Bedinger Lucas, author of the beautiful Southern lyric, "The Land Where We Were Dreaming," (see p. 70). His home, "Rion Hall," was in the Shenandoah Valley within a few miles of "Bedford" and "Fountain Rock." "Rion Hall" survived the ruthlessness of Hunter, Martindale, and Strother. For a time, General Sheridan made this house his headquarters; and on the walls of the bedrooms there may still be seen (1919) the names of some of the Federal officers. The marks of their sabres on doors and other woodwork are likewise in evidence.

At this time, a woman living in the neighborhood made daily visits to the Federal

headquarters at "Rion Hall" to sell cakes to the soldiers. She thereby was the means of saving the family portraits; for, on one of these visits, she found that some of the officers had cut the pictures from their frames, which were ready to be shipped North. The portraits had been thrown on the floor. Surreptitiously, the woman rolled up the latter, carried them to her home, and hid them under a mattress until the Lucas family returned to their homestead after the war.

At another time, the place was overrun by a regiment composed largely of foreigners in the Federal service. Among those then at "Rion Hall" was the Reverend E. B. Bedinger and his family, consisting of his wife and several small children. Regardless of the protests of Mr. Bedinger, the soldiers burst into the room of his wife, who was ill.

As one of the men was rifling the contents of the bureau, Mrs. Bedinger, with her young baby beside her, and her other terror-stricken children around her bedside, called to the man in the midst of looting:

"Don't you know that God sees you and that he will punish you for this?"

"Ach!" was the gruff response, after a moment's silence, *"Gott iss blayed oudt!"*

* * *

"Rion Hall is within five miles of the scene of John Brown's raid. Above a door near the stairway may be seen one of the murderous-looking iron pikes with which Brown hoped to arm the slaves in a servile insurrection. The two-bladed iron head is set upon a pole about six feet in length. For some time prior to the raid, John Brown and his emissaries had carried on propaganda among the negroes of that section. The negroes, however, had been elevated so far above their savage instincts by the kindly Christian influences of the Southern people that they had little or no inclination "to rise up and slay." They represented at that time the only people in the world who could remain content in a condition of bondage.

**An Incident of the John Brown Raid**

After the capture of John Brown, "Uncle Charles," the trusted coachman of "Rion Hall," brought this particular pike to Mr. Lucas, saying:

"Dis here spike is what dey done gimme

ter cut you-all haids off wid; but, *deed I warn't gwine to use it fer no sich thing! no sah!"*

Hovenden's picture of John Brown's execution was long "one of the six most notable historical paintings" on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in New York City. This painting is intended to illustrate Whittier's poem on the death of John Brown. As he is being led out to execution, Brown is represented, in poem and in picture, as leaning over to bless and kiss a negro child.

The painting is no more "historical" than this poem of Whittier's or his other verses on the wholly imaginary incident of Barbara Fritchie and "Stonewall" Jackson. There were no negroes present at the execution of John Brown and his accomplices. The first person killed by John Brown's men was a negro employee of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, who refused to join this band "bent on pillage and bloodshed" in the name of liberty and humanity. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the fullest and most accurate biography of Brown is that by H. Peebles Wilson, of Kansas (1913).

## XIX

## "CAPTURE" OF A VIRGINIA LADY

The most grateful task of a narrator of war life in an invaded country is that of recording deeds of kindness on the part of the victors toward the vanquished. Unfortunately, deeds of kindness are too often overlooked, as "not making history." There are many such in the narratives of soldiers of either side, and they should be collected and published as an invaluable contribution to American history.

One of the most attractive of these stories is given by Lieutenant James Madison Page in his book, "The True Story of Andersonville Prison." By the author's permission, the following selection is taken from his interesting narrative and presented here because it relates closely to the events and localities above mentioned. Lieutenant Page writes of this experience:

It was about the first of May, 1863, that Colonel Gray ordered the regiment ready to march light. Early the next morning we

started in the direction of Winchester. It was understood that we were this time really to bag Mosby and his men, and the ambitious commissary-sergeant temporarily took leave of his accounts and supplies and rode with the fighting detachment. We picked up two or three of Mosby's "raiders," and toward noon we circled to the left and immediately passed through a small hamlet on the Winchester pike. In the edge of the town the regiment halted and dismounted for noon rest, when Colonel Gray called me and said, "Sergeant, did you notice that large mansion standing well back of a magnificent lawn, on our right a short distance back?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you take two non-commissioned officers and twelve men, ride back there, station your men around that house and adjacent buildings, and give them instruction to shoot any one attempting to escape that will not halt at a command, and then go through that mansion from cellar to garret and seize anything contraband that you find."

Of all my duties as a soldier this was the one I most detested.

I was soon on the ground and stationed my men. I felt like a trespasser when I approached the door in company with Sergeant Parshall, whom I asked to go with me in case of trouble. (Dick Parshall was afterward one of Custer's best scouts.) When I rang the bell the door was opened by a fine-looking, middle-aged woman, who, upon hearing my business, was not slow in conveying to me in language of scintillating scorn what she thought of me and the whole Yankee nation.

In my placid answer to her furious arraignment I said, "Madam, I am very sorry to disturb you and I do not wonder that you are greatly distressed at this action, but I am acting under orders, and if you knew how very disagreeable this task is to me you would deliver to me at once the key to every room in the house and facilitate the enjoined search as much as possible." Thereupon she reluctantly handed me a bunch of keys, and accompanied us to the third floor, where I made short work of my search, and returned to the second floor. In the second room I entered I found three women, an unlooked for find,

and after a hasty search of the apartment I excused myself as gracefully as I could and retreated in good order.

Passing to another room on the same floor I was surprised anew to find five ladies as unconcerned as though taking an afternoon tea and indulging in gossip.

My curiosity was piqued. It was not probable that these women all belonged to one household. What common purpose, I queried, had drawn them together?

I retreated again, and soon reached what seemed to be a front-room parlor on the same floor. The room was large, and well filled with some fifteen or twenty women. As soon as I recovered from this, another shock of surprise, I said "Ladies, I ask your pardon. I was not aware that there was a convention of women assembled here to-day, or I should have suffered arrest sooner than to have disturbed you." They did not seem to be in a humor to accept my apology, and the lady of the house, who was with me from the first, was joined by others of her pronounced opinions, and from this group of representative women I learned some things

about myself and the Yankee army that I never knew before.

The sense of gallantry again overcame me, and I fell back before a superior force and was glad to retire from the unequal conflict.

I completed my search of the lower floor of the house as rapidly as possible. When I reached the front door, in taking my leave of the premises, I handed the keys back to the mistress of the mansion and said, "Madam, I am very sorry that in obeying orders I have been the cause of so much annoyance to you, especially considering the unusual condition of your household."

I was about to bid her a respectful adieu, when I noticed a door at my right leading into a room some twelve by fifteen enclosing a portion of the porch. It had the appearance of having been built for a special secret reason. Of course my duty required me to examine this room, and on finding it locked, I asked for the key.

I shall never forget the look of consternation on the mistress's face upon my making this demand. This spirited woman, who during this short interview had steadily mani-

fested a spirit of proud defiance, expressed in her entire disparagement of the Yankee army and myself in particular, was now overcome with apprehension and alarm, which were manifest in her suddenly changed bearing.

She very reluctantly handed me the keys and turned away. During this time Parshall had gone to the opposite end of the porch and was talking to the guard. I finally unlocked the door, feeling sure that I should find some of Mosby's men, and, revolver in hand, I was prepared to meet them. What met my gaze was the climax of the day's surprises and explained those before encountered.

The room was filled to the height of six feet or more with choice articles of food, such as baked turkey, chicken, hams, bread, pastry and the like, disposed tastefully in tiers, one above another.

For a brief moment I wistfully surveyed this tempting array of choice food, so powerful in its appeal to a soldier's usually ravenous appetite. But as I reflected upon the choice treat prepared at great pains by the women, and upon the disappointment that would result from not being allowed to serve it, and

hearing Parshall returning, I hastily locked the door and handed the key to madam, who meanwhile had been anxiously watching me. I now bade her good-by, and signaled the guards to withdraw, and started down the walk. Almost immediately she was by my side, and said in a trembling voice: "I owe you an apology. I have often said there was not a gentleman in the Yankee army, but I must except one. You have placed me, with my neighbors and friends, many of whom you have just seen, under great obligation. My heart sank when you insisted on going into that room. I fully expected you and your men would despoil us of the necessary food, prepared at great pains from our meagre resources. Imagine, then, my surprise when you locked the door so hastily for fear your comrade would see the contents of the room."

"Madam," I replied, "I thank you, but I have only done my duty as I understand it. I am not in the army to increase the hardships of defenseless women. I assure you that I would gladly protect every one of them from the unnecessary hardships of this un-

fortunate strife. Their suffering is great,—greater indeed than that of the men at the front, and is likely to increase as the war goes on.'"*

The writer became deeply interested in Lieutenant Page's narrative; correspondence was begun with him, and testimony as to his standing and character was secured from prominent citizens of Montana, who had known Lieutenant Page intimately for almost a life time. Mr. M. J. Haley, who helped with the compiling of Lieutenant Page's data on Andersonville Prison and his defense of the memory of Captain Henry Wirz, wrote in 1917:

"In 1865, when a boy, I read Albert D.

*Lieutenant Page was born in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, of the Massachusetts family of that name. His narrative should be widely read, not only because of its innate interest, but because of its exceptional value as a contribution to American history. It was, moreover, written largely because the author considered it a sacred duty to refute certain falsehoods about his former foemen. Subsequently to the publication of his volume, a deliberate attempt was made to discredit both the narrative and the author. It was begun through interested motives by men who profited politically or personally in keeping alive sectional animosities and misunderstandings. It was remarked that his bitterest detractors "never saw much of the smoke of battle; or if they did, they saw it well in the rear."

Richardson's book on Andersonville. I asked my brother, who had a few months previously returned from the army. He told me the Confederate guards at Andersonville were on 'starvation rations,' and that Richardson's account was grossly exaggerated. In 1871 or 1872, I met a man named Yates at Syracuse, New York, who had been a prisoner at Andersonville. He told me that Wirz did the very best that he could under the circumstances and that his death was an outrage and a nation's disgrace.

"There isn't a person in the State of Montana who knows Colonel Page that would doubt his word. His word is 'as good as his bond'."

Also in 1917, Judge Lew L. Calloway, of Montana, wrote that Lieutenant Page regretted that a few of his comrades took the attitude they did, but nevertheless, "he had not stated anything but the truth in his book, and he did not regret doing justice to a man to whom he thought grave injustice had been done." This was true chivalry, in keeping with his gallant protection of the Southern woman above mentioned, even though at first

she had most unhappily misjudged and wronged him.

Among other tokens Major Wirz was the recipient of a gold watch presented to him by prisoners at Andersonville in appreciation of his personal efforts to relieve their sufferings. This watch was taken from him when he himself became a prisoner and was made the scapegoat for the policy of non-exchange that was doubtless instituted by Secretary Stanton.

# XX

## IN THE CAROLINAS

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
Carolina!

Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,
Carolina!

—Henry Timrod.

Travellers, visitors, and others have sometimes made more or less good-natured comment upon the slowness of material development shown in some parts of the South. When these critics, however, live with the people and learn what the latter suffered for twenty years and more after 1860, they as cheerfully bear witness rather to what has been accomplished than to that which remains to be done. As they become better acquainted with

Southern history, they recognize that none but a wonderful race could, through four years of war and ten years of "reconstruction," have preserved their capacity for self-government. This last is what they fought for and this, in time, was returned to them.*

On the eighteenth of December, 1864, General Halleck wrote to General Sherman:

"Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed and if a little salt should be sown upon its site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession."

*"More than ever, in this Nation, there must be fraternity, sympathy, and clear understanding of differing points of view, if Union and Liberty are to abide together. Above all else, we of the North must open our minds to the ante bellum Southern point of view; and while we gladly 'let the dead past bury its dead,' we must not strangle that living veracity that has descended to our own day. We must come to realize that it was to maintain principles fundamental to human liberty that the South resorted to arms in 1861; and thereby, probably, prevented this Nation from becoming overwhelmingly and unalterably imperialistic . . .

". . . No people of any true spirit will submit to the invasion of their homes and institutions; nor should they be expected to do so! Charles Francis Adams, speaking in Lee Memorial Chapel, at Lexington, Virginia, on the occasion of the Centenary of the birth of Robert Edward Lee, said, 'Had I been circumstanced as Lee was, in 1861, I should have done precisely as he did.'"—A. W. LITTLEFIELD, of Massachusetts.

To this General Sherman replied on Christmas Eve:

"This war differs from European wars in this particular—we are not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people and must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war, as well as their organized armies. I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and don't think salt will be necessary. When I move, the Fifteenth corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will bring them naturally into Charleston first and, if you have studied the history of that corps, you will have remarked that they generally do their work up pretty well. The truth is the whole army is burning with insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble for her fate, but she deserves all that seems in store for her."

**Two Ways of Waging War**

It may readily be seen from the military dispatches that it was the intention of the Federal commander to bring upon the people of the invaded country every possible hardship by depriving them of food, shelter, cloth-

ing, medical supplies, and property of every kind. This policy was the reverse of the sentiments expressed by General Martindale* and nearly all of those who either felt similar sentiments naturally, or who were inspired by the attitude of President Lincoln, Generals McClellan, McDowell, Schofield, Thomas, Warren, Sedgwick, Hancock, and many other high officers in the Union Army.† The inherent humanity and true American ideals of certain officers and soldiers saved something for the Southern people to

*See p. 42.

†At Gettysburg, General Louis A. Armistead, who fell at the forefront of the great Confederate charge, and who was the real hero of that charge, fell mortally wounded into the hands of the Federals. On this occasion, General Hancock dismounted, grasped Armistead's hand, and expressed his sympathy. He promised, also, to send messages to his friends in Virginia and attempted to cheer him with the hope that his wounds would not be fatal. General Armistead lingered a day, despite his many wounds, and said at last: "Lay me down along side of General Hancock; we are old friends." General Armistead was a nephew of Colonel George Armistead, the commander at Fort McHenry, the successful defense of which inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-Spangled Banner."

It should be added that this story of Hancock and Armistead is taken from Luther W. Hopkins' "From Bull Run to Appomattox; A Boy's View," one of the most attractive volumes written in connection with the war between the States. Mr. Hopkins was a Confederate soldier and refers feelingly to the magnanimous among his former foes.

build upon through the even more terrible days of a period of "Reconstruction." It was in the wake of the worst element of Sherman's army that, along with their prayers for Lee and the Southern Confederacy, the blessings of Southern women and children went up to Heaven for the merciful among the conquerors,—their fellow-Americans.*

Charleston, happily, was spared, and the dreaded Fifteenth Corps did not immediately visit and "by some accident" destroy that beautiful city. From Columbia, Sherman

*It is most unfortunate that the name of Grant cannot be added to this list of those of the greater leaders who sought to lessen the horrors of war. It seems clear, however, that while ultimately displaying a splendid magnanimity at Appomattox that must evermore be a tribute to him, General Grant must have known of the terrible sufferings of the prisoners of war and of the desolation created by Sherman and Sheridan, if, indeed, he did not sanction and encourage the forces of destruction. Let us believe that he could not have fully realized the extent of this suffering, and that he conscientiously thought that final victory would be hastened by these processes, ignoring the present terror and the aftermath of bitterness. Such has been the cold philosophy of some commanders at other times and places. Because of his simple greatness at Appomattox, therefore, it must be assumed that Grant did not realize what was being done, just as, during his eight years, as President, he refrained from checking the horrors of Reconstruction—now generally recognized to have been a process of despoliation and ruin carried on in times of peace under the guise of law and order.

marched northward to Fayetteville on the way to Goldsboro, where he was to unite with General Schofield.

On the tenth of March, less than a month after the burning of Columbia, Kilpatrick's cavalry overran Fayetteville, North Carolina, and the surrounding country. At Manchester, these troopers came upon the estate of the aged Mr. Duncan Murchison. Here Miss Kate P. Goodridge and her sister were "refugeeing" from Norfolk. The Goodridge family was originally from New England; but, like practically all New England settlers in the South, they were heart and soul with the cause of the Confederacy, and they bore privations with a heroism no less than the native Southerners. Five of the Goodridge family had enlisted in the Confederate service.*

**Incidents of the Invasion of North Carolina**

As in the case of thousands of other private houses, the Murchison mansion was

*General Albert Pike, of Arkansas, was of this number of Northerners fighting with the South. Although born in Boston and educated at Harvard, there was no more

thoroughly ransacked; but many of the family valuables had been hidden so successfully that some of the soldiers became enraged at not securing greater booty; in spite of protests, they burst into the room of a young girl who was in the last stages of typhoid fever. The child was taken from the bed in which she lay and died while the bed and the room were being searched for money and jewelry. An officer, whose name indicated foreign birth or extraction, was appealed to; but his answer to the Goodridge ladies was: "Go ahead, boys, do all the mischief you can."

Although over seventy years old, Mr. Murchison, a kinsman of Sir Roderick Murch-

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ardent champion of the Confederacy. He was the author of the verses:

"What, what is the true Southern Symbol,
The Symbol of Honor and Right,
The Emblem that suits a brave people
In arms against number and might;
'Tis the ever green stately Magnolia,
Its pearl-flowers pure as the Truth,
Defiant of tempest and lightning,
Its life a perpetual youth."

Several members of the Northern branch of the Goodridge (or Goodrich) family fought for the Union, but not in the way of the uncontrolled element under Sherman, Hunter, and, at times, Sheridan and Pope.

ison, was threatened with death; but Miss Phoebe Goodridge fell on her knees and begged for his life. Consequently, the soldiers refrained from carrying out their threat, but dragged Mr. Murchison, half-clad, into the nearby swamps, where he was compelled to stay until the raiders had gone away. The troopers slashed the family portraits with their swords, broke up much of the furniture, and poured molasses into the piano. Everything in the nature of food was destroyed. Cattle and poultry were driven off or shot. All granaries of corn and wheat were torn open and the contents carried off or ruined. Consequently, the members of the family were, like many of the women of Georgia and South Carolina, compelled to live on scattered grains left by the cavalry horses, which they washed and made over into what they called "big hominy."

In this carnival of destruction, it should be noted that not one act of vandalism was recorded against the happy record of over five hundred negroes of this and adjoining estates, although they were given every incentive to rise up and pillage and possess

the property of the helpless women. The Murchinson plantation was twelve miles from the town of Fayetteville.

In connection with the story of this cavalry raid, it may be added that Mrs. Monroe, a woman of Scotch blood and a dependent of the Murchison family, was given a very valuable watch for safe-keeping. In some manner, the raiders heard of it. They visited Mrs. Monroe and although they choked her into insensibility, they failed to get the watch. After the raid, the faithful woman returned the watch to Miss Goodridge, trimphantly exclaiming: "They nae got it! they nae got it!" When complimented on her bravery, she replied: "There is but one time to die and it might as well be now."*

*There is an interesting anecdote of a Miss Tillinghast of the town of Fayetteville. Miss Tillinghast, like the Goodridges, was of New England parentage. While her house was being ransacked, she stood on the steps and, with true Puritan fervor, read, for the benefit of her unwelcome visitors, the 109th Psalm, wherein the Psalmist commends the thought that the days of the unmerciful *"be few"* and that their names *"be blotted out."*

## XXI

## DESPOLIATION AND PROTECTION

As illustrating some form of contrast to the story given above, a grateful tribute to a Federal officer is paid at the close of the following story by Mrs. J. Henry Smith, who has given her reminiscences to the editor and who was happy in thus voluntarily paying a tribute to a true type of American officer who held evil forces in check and did what he could to mitigate the horrors of invasion connected with an element of mercenaries licensed to outrage by General Sherman. Mrs. Smith writes from Greensboro, the scene of one of the great Revolutionary battles, which had tested the courage and endurance of her ancestors only less than her own courage and that of her associates was tested in the war which burst upon them nearly one hundred years later. Mrs. Smith writes:

Looking back through the mists of more than fifty years it is hard to catch and keep the trend of events in their ceaseless and rapid march; but the years of the terrible

tragedy of the War between the States are indelibly graven upon our hearts, homes, and country.

In 1861, Greensboro was a peaceful hamlet of about 2,000 souls, but when the tocsin of war sounded at Sumter, the Revolutionary blood in the veins of our people leaped into instant action. In the dark time of infinite endurance that followed, the women suffered and shared the fears and hopes of the impending battles, the harrowing days, the hopeless nights, the dread to-morrows.

The noble army of the Red Cross had not then unfurled its banner to the world, and the unspeakable blessing of hospitals and trained nurses was as yet unknown. More pitiful than all was the absence of anesthetics. Yet in this painful lack of equipment, the self-sacrifice, the ingenuity, and faithful service of our women made what amends were possible. A central room was established where quilting and sewing were daily and diligently done. Every piece of old linen was scraped and cherished, bandages made, carpets taken up; and all blankets, clothing, food, and whatever could be given up for the

comfort of the boys were sent to the camps. A little amateur band of canteen workers met the trains bearing the wounded, often in the darkness of the night, with such refreshments as they could provide for the weary men, and in these fleeting moments of loving ministry precious items of news from home and camp and friends were eagerly sought and given ere the train sped onward. Weary, footsore, and needy soldiers were daily passing through to be clothed, fed, and comforted; and whenever the Danville train came in with grey-coats on board, it was a signal to broil bacon, bake cornbread, and set out all the milk one could lay hands on—the only delicacies we could then afford. In this labor of love all our hearts were sore with suspense and foreboding for husbands, sons, and brothers on the firing line, not knowing what a day or even an hour might bring forth; and many homes were darkened as the casualties fell pitilessly here and there.

I recall that on one occasion an ambulance stopped at our gate and the driver asked if we could take in a very sick man. He proved to be the young son of Rev. Dr. Goulding,

author of "The Young Marooners," a book so dear to every boy's heart. His condition was pitiable and unspeakable. For weeks he had been confined on a prison ship on the coast, and fed on sour corn bread and pickles until life was almost extinct. But he was young, and nourishing food and care began at length to tell on his emaciated body. Before six weeks had passed, he was sitting up and planning how to get to his home in Georgia.

One afternoon as he sat on the porch, a company of cavalry passed down the street; a man leaped from his horse, quickly tied it, and came clanking up the walk; in a moment, long parted brothers were clasped in each other's arms.

But it was on March 19, 1865, the date of the battle of Bentonsville, that the war in its stern and startling reality came to our very doors. On that memorable night, without warning or preparation, the wounded were brought to Greensboro in such numbers as to fill the churches, court house, and every available space in the town. To that clarion call, the women of Greensboro responded with one

accord. All else was forgotten as with tender hearts and eager hands they sought to make the poor fellows comfortable in their hastily improvised beds and comfortless quarters. That night in the old Presbyterian Church and Lecture Room, I saw the first wounded and dying and witnessed the grief of their comrades. When I went back the next morning, death had settled its seal on many a noble form as they lay in a semi-circle around the pulpit in the last long sleep that knows no waking nor the rude alarms of war.

In this great emergency, the town was at once divided into districts and the women of each neighborhood fed from their own tables the body of soldiers nearest them. Daily their waiters threaded the town, and daily the interest in these dear boys grew, as out of their own poverty they ministered to their needs. But supplies of every kind in the South were getting alarmingly low, and none coming in, and all unawares to these devoted workers, the Confederacy of their love was nearing its end. Then, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, came the news of Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

On April 26, 1865, the Federal troops took possession of Greensboro, 30,000 strong, General Cox commanding. The Confederate soldiers were all transferred to Edgeworth Seminary, and our occupation was gone; but we were allowed to visit them there, and the old historic mansion with its beautiful grounds witnessed many a glad greeting and sorrowful parting, for these were times that tried alike the souls of men and women.

On Sunday morning a mounted official from headquarters called early, bringing orders to my husband to preach at the usual hour in the little Baptist church near the station. As we passed along, every corner, doorway, and street was crowded with Federal troops, and the whole world looked blue in unison with our feelings that bitter morning. I sat through the service in blinding tears, not only because of our humiliation, but lest in sermon or prayer some word might be spoken from the turbulent heart of the speaker to cause his arrest.

Greensboro, however, was fortunate in having at the helm a Christian gentleman and Presbyterian elder. General Cox ruled wisely

and well. In all cases of trespass and complaint he was reasonable and just. Guards were furnished to any family on request, and indispensable they were when spring vegetables ventured to lift their heads; as that, in field and town, some semblance of the old life again began. Our old Southern songs kept alive the precious heritage of the past, while all braced themselves for coming terrors of which we then had little conception.

CAMOUFLAGE AGAINST RAIDERS

The reminiscences of Mrs. Rachel Pearsall, while they cannot be here given in full, furnish an admirable illustration of the ingenuity of the women and the faithfulness of the greater number of the slaves, or, as they were usually called, servants.

Mrs. Pearsall lived on a farm near Kenansville, Dublin County, the site of one of the most important factories for the making of swords or sabres in the South. Mrs. Pearsall writes:

When our soldiers were off, we began to prepare to make a living. The old men managed most of the affairs, and in our part of

the County we got along fairly well until the Yankees began to come up from the eastern part of the State and make raids on us. Then what a time we poor women had!

The first thing they did was to demand the keys of the jailer at Kenansville. They then liberated the prisoners and burned the sword factory; they surprised some soldiers in camp there and took prisoners. They then went from Kenansville to Warsaw, taking all the horses along the way, cutting the telegraph wire, and destroying everything possible.

* * *

Of the close of the war, Mrs. Pearsall writes:

I remember that near the close of the war, we heard of Sherman being on his march. Fearing that he might come our way, we began preparing for it by hiding our valuables. Our first thought was for our silver and jewels. These we hid ourselves, not even our servants knew their hiding place,—then we hid most of the meat.

I had two faithful old servants in whom I confided; I had them get the largest box they

could find and bury it in the garden. We picked out the choicest sides of meat and packed it full. The darkies said, "Missus, de sides will do us so much mo' good dan de hams and shoulders, fur dey will do ter cook de cabbage and greens fur er *long* time."

We nailed up the box, covered up the hole, and planted the garden over it. When the Yankees came, our vegetables were several inches high. They dug in the ground everywhere else in their wild hunt for valuables, but they never suspected the garden. Besides the "rescue" of the sides, I saved twenty-seven hams without any assistance. I hid them under the landing of the staircase leading to the garret. I had Mr. Pearsall's gun hidden in there too, but took it out later, wrapped it in a buggy robe, and old "Uncle Robin," my most trusted servant, hid it in a hollow tree. We had a nice new set of double harness which I saved by carrying it in the night to the house of our faithful black mammy, Phyllis. We took up some planks of the floor, put it under, and nailed them back. I hid my watch, chain, and jewels in a tin box that was wrapped in cloth that I had dipped

in wax. My silver knives, forks, and spoons, I put in a stone jar and tied the waxed cloth over the mouth, then dug a hole in the middle of a large hen house and buried it. I tried to pick out places to hide my things where I knew I could find them when it was all over.

All of our servants remained faithful except the cook. She declined to take any part in the hiding of our things, her excuse for not helping was fear of the Yankees. I was afraid she would prove disloyal. Sure enough, when the Yankees came, she demanded the smoke house key of me and gave them all the meat we had not hidden, then emptied the pantries.

I had just made up all our tallow into fourteen dozen candles. The men took them, but as they were carrying them out of the house, the nurse grabbed one out of the box. This was the only thing left to light my house except the pine from woods.

The raid lasted for three weeks, and the cook fed the Yankees on the best she could find at my house and cooked for them what they brought in from other homes in the neighborhood.

They pillaged the house from cellar to attic, opened every drawer, closet, and trunk, taking such things as suited them.

They treated my father-in-law worse than they did me, and took all the ladies' best clothes and what silver they could find. My Aunt, who had been brought to my father-in-law's for protection, was sick in bed. The Yankees thought she was playing sick and that something was hidden in that bed. They snatched her off and threw her down on the floor so they could tumble the bed upside down. They found father's best suit which had been hidden there. All the beautiful quilts which had been made by the older members of the family and were highly prized were put on the old sore back mules and horses and carried off. They brought out father's nice carriage, filled it full of meat, made the servants dress chickens and turkeys, which they hung all around the carriage, then hitched two mules to it and drove away. They had taken the beautiful carriage horses off on the previous day.

After the first lot of Yankees came, my cook informed me that she could not work for

me any longer, that they had threatened to kill her if she continued to do so. I told her that I wouldn't have her cook for anything as I didn't want any harm to come to her.

There was a good, free negro woman living on the place and I said to her, "Matilda, will you cook for me?"

"Dat I will, Miss Rachel, I'll be glad ter git sumpin' to cook."

This made the old cook furious with me, for she thought she would have the pleasure of seeing me cook. She made many threats on our lives, including Matilda, the new cook, who for protection had asked to sleep in my house.

After the Yankees quit coming, I felt we must be doing something toward making a crop. Part of the land had been prepared for planting before the Yankees had taken the horses off. One day I told Matilda that if I only knew how to do it, we would go out and plant the field of corn near the house. She said that she knew how and would be glad to help me. So with the help of a white girl, Betsy, who lived with me, we planted the corn. Matilda dug the holes, I dropped

the corn, and Betsy covered it with a hoe. I thought that if I went to work, it would stimulate the negro men to take up their duties again. The people of Kenansville hired Federal guards to protect their homes during the raid and after it was over some of them went out through the country to see how the people had fared. They had heard of the awful threats of a few of the negroes.

One had heard of the threats of my old cook. He came to see her about it and she acknowledged she had said all he had heard, but that she didn't intend to burn up "Miss Rachel" and do the things she had threatened. I plead for her for I thought he intended to give her a good whipping, and I knew it would be worse for me after that. He told me to go into the house. I went, and tried to take her with me, but the guard ordered her to go behind the barn. Just then I heard one of my neighbors coming down the road and I ran out to the front gate and plead with him to interfere. While I was talking to him I heard a gun fire and he said, "It's too late,

**An Unexpectedly Strenuous Federal Protector**

he has killed her." The guard sent to the field for the negro men to come to the house and ordered them to bury her on the spot where she had been killed. When he had left, they, obeying my instructions, made a coffin, dressed her in her best clothes, and gave her a decent burial.

He told me he wasn't going to leave me there at the mercy of the negroes and asked me where I wanted to go. My father-in-law lived about a mile and a half away, so I decided to go there. He ordered the men to hitch up a horse to a buggy to take me. They told him the Yankees had taken all the horses and every vehicle. So he offered to take me on his fine saddle horse. I had old "Mammy Phyllis" to get together a few clothes for my two little children. When I was ready, my neighbor saw that I hesitated about getting on the guard's horse, so he said, "Mrs. Pearsall, my horse is gentle, you get on, and I'll lead him to your father's." I mounted the horse and took the baby in my lap. My little boy, David, expected to ride on the horse with me, but the guard said, "Come and ride with me, little man," to which David replied, "I'm

afraid, you're a Yankee." The guard answering said, "I wouldn't harm you for anything. Come and I'll take you to your grandfather's." We went and stayed until things were settled. I left my home in the hands of my faithful servants and when I returned, I found everything all right.

I reasoned with the negroes about going to work and told them if they would plant and work the crop, I'd pay them for their services. They then went to work without the aid of horses or mules.

One morning they informed me that they had heard that the Yankees had left some old mules and horses at a deserted camp near Faison, so I advised them to try to get some. They were lucky in finding a horse apiece and an old sore back mule for me. They were awful looking but improved with good treatment and made a fine crop.

The negroes were working very well and were loyal to me when Mr. Pearsall came home in the early part of the summer of 1865. We were all so happy to have our loved ones back! Very few from our neighborhood were killed, but a good many were in prison at the

surrender and these did not get home for sometime afterwards. Notwithstanding our poverty, after the crops were laid by, we had a big picnic, to which all the soldiers and their families were invited. In the fall, when harvest time came, Mr. Pearsall divided the crops with the faithful negroes and gave each one some hogs, so they were able to start life for themselves.

## XXII

# EXCERPTS FROM REMINISCENCES OF MRS. C. C. OPPENHEIM

We shall not shrink, my brothers, but go forth
To meet them, marshaled by the Lord of Hosts,
And overshadowed by the mighty ghosts
Of Moultrie and of Eutaw—who shall foil
Auxiliars such as these? Nor these alone,
  But every stock and stone
  Shall help us; but the very soil,
And all the generous wealth it gives to toil,
And all for which we love our noble land,
Shall fight beside, and through us; sea and strand,
  The heart of woman, and her hand,
Tree, fruit, and flower, and every influence,
  Gentle, or grave, or grand;
  The winds in our defence
Shall seem to blow; to us the hills shall lend
  Their firmness and their calm;
And in our stiffened sinews we shall blend
  The strength of pine and palm!

—Henry Timrod.

In that which follows, the editor has eliminated the more personal parts of Mrs. Poppenheim's reminiscences in order best to present and preserve the historical. The excerpts begin, therefore, subsequently to the news of the approach of the Federal Army

and when Mrs. Poppenheim and those dependent upon her had begun their flight from the neighborhood of Charleston in the face of the threat that the city would be razed and its site sown with salt.

. . . At Florence, the confusion and crowd was terrible; conflicting rumors flying everywhere; trains running all night; soldiers hurried from place to place. When we reached Kingville, there was a long wait, and we did not realize the condition or the cause until we saw a great red glare in the sky towards Columbia. Sherman had reached Columbia, and the city was burning.

**The Flight from Home**

The railroad was all torn up between Kingville and Columbia, and we must find a way to get around and above Columbia before Sherman and his army left. Miss Fanny De Saussure and father, and the two Misses Drayton, were with me in the depot at Kingville. We all looked in dismay on the fire of burning Columbia, and felt a horror at the thought of Sherman and his army being there. The railroad being torn up, we could go no farther in that direction, but must find

a way to get above Columbia and strike the C. C. and A. R. R. at Blackstock, and cross the country to reach the home of your Grandfather Bouknight's, which I had left not less than three months before as a bride. We took the train for Camden, and saw one of the most gorgeous sunsets on the way; once there, we found a small hotel that could barely feed the hungry people on the piazzas. We all sat around a table in the small parlor, with dimly lighted tallow candles on it, and asked each other what was best to do. When we went to our room, fatigue and anxiety struggled, until finally we fell asleep under difficulties, and awoke early in the morning to make hurried preparations for the day's journey, not knowing where it would end. A two-horse wagon was secured (all other vehicles, carriages, buggies, and everything on wheels, had been driven out of town by people seeking places of safety), for the baggage—my six trunks and a few others belonging to the men of the party, who were wounded soldiers on furlough, and trying to reach their families in the up-country. . . .

. . . The trunks were piled on the wagon, and I was seated on one of the trunks, and Rachel, the maid near me. How queer I felt, riding through the streets of Camden, seated on a trunk in a wagon! We traveled all day, cheering each other as best we could, the men walking and taking turns to rest themselves in the wagon. At night, we came to a deserted plantation house, with comforts and conveniences enough to give us a good night's rest. The family had hastily taken their flight, on hearing Sherman was burning Columbia. Here we made ourselves comfortable for the night. One of the party, a blockade runner, presented me with a five-pound package of green tea, which made a deep and lasting impression, as I had not tasted a cup of *"bought tea"* for a year. . .

**A Deserted Home**

. . . As we approached the old plantation home, a grand and glorious sunset spread out before us, giving pleasure and a topic of conversation to the thoughts of many; to me it seemed a harbinger of joy and protection, a promise of safety; and I slept sweetly, dreaming the Everlasting Arms were still

around us. The morning came, bright, balmy and beautiful. I was happy, full of hope, and confident all would be well. I mounted my seat in the wagon as if I were going on a drive with a gay party in a coach, with four-in-hand. I had my world, my joy, my protector, by my side; and there was no fear of danger, no dread of fatigue. . . .

From here on Mrs. Poppenheim narrates her experiences from her diary of the times, from which quotations are here given:

Feb. 19, 1815—Sunday morning, ride through the place and lose our way for two miles; but it surely gives us a splendid view of the Hill; return and cross at Peay's ferry; a miserable road, a tiresome jolting in the wagon, and excitement grows greater every mile. Stop a few minutes at Mr. James Caldwell's. Dr. Kinloch kindly invites us in; his wife sends us a hot lunch, and we conclude to go on as far as possible, though every one is wild with excitement and hourly looking for the Yankees. Arrive at General Clayton's headquarters at dark; have a beautiful view of campfires; all stop and doubt the safety of going on to Blackstock; Christie goes in to

see General Clayton, who advises him not to go on, as the Yankees are very near, and Kilpatrick's raiders all through the woods. All hopes are disappointed; with heavy hearts and tired limbs, we turn our course back to Liberty Hill as the only place of safety, there to remain until the Yankees pass through and we have a safe road. In the wagon until 10 p. m. Stop at a large brick house—Dr. Hall's—and there we find two lunatics from the lunatic asylum in Columbia, placed there to preserve the house from destruction by the Yankees. It was a night of horrors; the crazy woman walked into my room with a candle in her hand, after I was in bed, drew the curtains aside, and peered into my face to see if I was asleep, I suppose; which I did pretend to be. We left the place bright and early, and felt that our escape from danger had been very narrow. A long tiresome day's ride; recross Peay's ferry; much excitement all the way; met many of Butler's men, and do not feel safe until we cross the ferry; joy that we have crossed the river. Arrive at Liberty Hill at 4 p. m., put up at Mr. John Brown's; very kind people; large house, and

every appearance of abundant means; large grounds, and hundreds of poultry around.

Tuesday, February 21st.—The excitement has even reached here, and the place that we thought, of all others, safest, seems to fear the Yankees; so we calmly resign ourselves to our fate of meeting them.

February 22d.—Great anxiety; many of the citizens send off trunks and bury all their valuables. Mrs. Brown feeds a great many of our soldiers. Several scouts come in, and Christie wants to go to Columbia with one "Orchard," who lives in Columbia. At 4 p. m. several horsemen came dashing in; we are eager for the news; I beg Christie to go and hear; he had not left me five minutes before I saw the bluecoats and realized I had sent him to meet the Yankees. I ran to the front door and down the steps; saw them halt him, then pass and seize a negro boy, take his horse and made him lead them to the lot. In a few moments, a band of ruffians, a wild, savage looking set, dashed in the house, into the dining-room, and swept all the silver from the table, that was set for dinner; ran up-

**Federal Raiders**

stairs, broke open doors, locks and drawers, and the utmost confusion prevailed; the hammering sounded like one dozen carpenters at work, and soon all the floors were covered with scattered papers, in their search for money and valuables. I go to the commanding officer and ask for assistance; he promises protection. Christie and myself go upstairs; my trunks broken open, and everything scattered in confusion over the floor. Oh! what a scene, impossible to describe! Money, jewelry and clothing of every description taken by these demons! Lieut. B. Ulrich gives us a guard, and stays himself in the house to protect us; but little sleep for any of us this night.

February 23d.—Thousands of Yankees coming in; one command follows another in quick succession; poor Mrs. Brown is robbed of provisions, silver, and almost everything; they go down in the cellar and pour kerosene oil, molasses and feathers all together, then stir them up with their bayonets. Mrs. Brown and myself go out to meet General Logan. What an awful feeling to come

**Oil, Feathers, and Molasses**

so close to hundreds of Yankees who are burning and destroying everything on the face of the land! Several staff officers tell us General Logan has just passed; but if we wait long enough, another corps will pass, and we can see General Wood. While waiting for the Yankees to pass, and looking on their fine horses, and hundreds of stolen cattle, the refugees from Columbia who followed Sherman's army began to pass; among them, I recognized Mary Boozer and her mother in a carriage, she in a lively conversation with a gay looking officer riding by the carriage; the scene is so sickening, I beg Mrs. Brown to let us return; waiting for the general won't pay.

Friday, February 24th.—To-day, Yankees throng the house, search and take what others left. They ask Christie repeatedly how he keeps out of the army. Mrs. Brown and myself again go out and wait to see the general, but again he has just passed; the staff officers whom we meet look and speak as heartless as stones. Another sleepless night of suspense.

Saturday, February 25th.—Still they go through—hundreds and thousands—all gay-

ety, with bands of music, and burning houses light their march; last night we could count twelve burning residences; and imagine the horror of those who dwelt in them. Mr. Brown's large mill burnt.*

Tuesday, February 28th.—Still harrassed by the Yankees, and spend sleepless nights, seeing the skies lit by burning fires; at midnight, the Academy is in flames, and we expect every moment to see the flames burst out from the house we are in; once a vile Yankee was caught with the torch applied; the flames were put out, and I appealed to an officer to give us a guard for the night.

**Sorghum and Black Bread**

Wednesday, March 1st.—Dr. Robert Kinloch and Lieutenant Swinton Bissell come in quite early and tell us of their escape from the Yankees, after having marched several days through mud knee deep. The Yankees

*Parts of Mrs. Poppenheim's diary are here and later omitted for the reason that the sufferings and privations are too harrowing for present publication and because the conditions described may too easily be misinterpreted as an indictment of all the Federal forces. Some of the writer's relatives then serving in the Union army endeavored to prevent the terrible excesses of certain elements which General Sherman at times encouraged rather than restrained.

were pushing rapidly for Camden. We are starving here; have nothing left to eat but sorghum molasses and black shorts bread. Sherman's army has left no living thing on their route; nothing but blackened chimneys and smoking ruins mark his path from Columbia here; pillage, robbery, fire, and ruin marked their footsteps; a sigh of relief and a prayer of thankfulness that our lives were spared was breathed as we saw the last Yankee soldier disappear from the devastated little village.

## XXIII

## THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA*

The advance of Sherman, and the imperfect breastworks along the Congaree River, drove a large number of people from that locality, seeking shelter in other parts. They came like a heavy tide upon us. We gave them the large drawing room and several other adjoining places for a night's rest. The feeling of terror and distress seemed to wear off as they found themselves sheltered in these comfortable quarters; and, as the evening advanced, we were amused by the noise and merriment of these refugees. The near approach of shells and the incessant cannonading drove them, however, at the dawn of day, to more distant places, while we remained.

I must recur now to the earlier part of Thursday, when Captain Strawinski, one of the exiles of the Polish revolution of 1830,

*Told by Madame S. Sosnowski, a lady of Poland and a noted teacher at Barhamville College, two miles north of Columbia.

wished to speak to me; he was our near neighbor, and for several years a teacher in our institutions at Barhamville and Columbia. He informed me that Captain A—* the son of an honored Governor of South Carolina, had charged him with the protection of Mrs. A—, his lady, and his widowed sister. This surprised me considerably, as Captain Strawinski had a large family of his own to care for. But I presently learned that this was at the command of a superior Free Mason to a brother Mason. He requested that these ladies should find a refuge with us, and I assented, of course, most cheerfully—trusting, nay, even certain, that we should not be much molested. This was my opinion as a European lady, who relied upon the honor of the military profession in respecting women and private property.

In asking for our friend's own family, he confessed that he felt great anxiety regarding his daughter; the boys, quite a number, would take care of their mother. We begged he would send Miss Bell to us, also; and with her our number became larger, and we found

*Captain Adams.

her a true Polish woman in courage and determination.

Sherman had now taken his position opposite Columbia, and the shelling and cannonading were incessant.

Like a man who catches at any appearance of help, we followed the advice of Mr. Strawinski, to have a Free Mason's flag (very hastily manufactured) on the front door and rear passages; and they received soon after the curses of several troops of soldiers, saying but for those "rags" the house would be burnt to ashes at any moment.

We who for the first time witnessed a defeated army, and the distress of the men fleeing from the enemy, felt great sympathy for them. A number of our most respected citizens gave us, in passage, affectionate messages for their friends, and to us a kind farewell, whilst we already heard the drum and the din of the entering enemy; and the work of the incendiary had already begun.

How prearranged the burning of Columbia must have been was proved by the scattering of Sherman's soldiers in every direction. These soldiers were led by negroes, who not

only guided them, but by whom they must have been already informed of the residences of "prominent Rebels." The eagerness and confidence by which these creatures, who called themselves soldiers, were animated, was astonishing. They flew about inquiring, "Is this the home of Mr. Rhett?" pointing in the right direction; or "Is that the dwelling of Mr. Middleton?" also indicating exactly the locality, with many other like questions.

**Plans for Burning Columbia**

It was surprising to see the readiness with which these incendiaries succeeded in their work of destruction. They had hardly passed out of sight when columns of smoke and flames arose to bring the sad news that another home had been sacrificed to the demon of malice and arrogance. It was in the middle of the day which witnessed the Federal entrance into it, when Columbia was already enveloped in an overshadowing cloud of smoke, and the flames were already rising like columns of fire from a volcano. The terrible spectacle grew more harrowing as night set in, and although we lived over one mile from that city, yet from the roof of the Bar-

hamville building the whole town of Columbia could be plainly and distinctly discerned.

Through the exertions of Dr. Marks, the proprietor of Barhamville, who had remained in the town, guards were procured, who, during the day, barely succeeded in protecting us from the many attemps of the soldiery to rifle and burn the female college. Our protectors proved of unequal temperaments and dispositions, as soldiers. Only one may be said to have been active in the discharge of his duty, and, if my readers will pardon a slight digression from the main narrative, this was owing to a concurrence of circumstances at once touching and amusing.

**Fortitude of the Women**

The sight was very grand, for it was a large mansion, and quite near to Barhamville; but grander and more impressive was the heroic calmness with which the ladies of this mansion contemplated the destruction of the old homestead of their family, with all that wealth and desire for comfort had been enabled to accumulate. These ladies stood perfectly composed upon the rear of our piazza.

Finding the guard to whom I refer pleasant and kindly inclined (the other two were dogged, mean-looking men), we entered into conversation with him about his political views, his native State, and found that he was a Tennessean, and resided at Knoxville.

This brought to our mind the recollection of the Rev. Mr. H—, whose acquaintance we had made some years since—a gentleman who combined with genuine piety high cultivation and refinement. We made inquiries regarding our friend, and were informed by our new protector that Mr. H— had died before the war, and that his father (the guard's) had furnished the coffin on the sad occasion.

Owing to that simple connection of facts we found a sympathizing protector and friend, without whom we should have been that night subjected to who knows what suffering?—certainly to the loss of all we possessed.

Columbia was then enveloped in one sheet of flame; we could hear the cries and lamentations of the people, even at this great distance. It was a terrible night! Soon the building of Captain A—, whose wife and

sister had taken refuge with us, was set on fire by the soldiers; they watched the flames as they rose; but there was a deeper anxiety in their hearts; their minds followed the retreat of their husband and brother, and the flight of their daughters, who were subsequently overtaken by the invaders and subjected to great hardship and mortification.

Whilst with horror and indignation we watched all these scenes, Mr. Strawinski rushed towards us, in a greatly excited state of mind. He had remained at his post at Captain A—'s residence until convinced that nothing could be saved by his intervention. No appeals on his part could divert the fury of the soldiery. The scenes enacted at that dwelling in connection with the negro servants are not fit for female pen to dwell upon. . . .

**Negroes Misled and Mistreated**

. . . The negroes informing the soldiers of some valuable wines stored away, thus was given the signal for general bacchanalia. When the intoxicated servants disclosed to the reveling soldiery the hiding place of the family silverware and other val-

uables, the tumult reached its height. Suspicion seemed to have taken hold of the minds of the soldiers that poison might be mixed with the tempting bottles. Before they tasted, Mr. Strawinski was first compelled to drink of each kind. Being a temperate man, and totally averse to low associations, he resisted, but with threats and blows, he was compelled to yield. At last, the negroes themselves became thoroughly disgusted, and although enriched by the booty the soldiers could not carry off—which was generously given them by the robbers—they vowed vengeance for the base treatment their women had been subjected to.

Now, a wave of that corrupted mass, inflamed by liquor and every other excess, moved towards our home, Barhamville. There were about eighty men. They were led by a tall negro —one of those towering individuals we meet sometimes. He held in one hand a torch; in the other a large cowhide; and he demanded of me to examine the basement, partly open, as they knew Captain A—'s lady had hidden some valuables here.

**An Anxious Time**

The ladies being too much frightened, only one of my daughters could come to my assistance. The other had to guard the front door of the building, whilst some of the ladies endeavored to wake up the guards, who had gone to sleep (it was then eleven o'clock.)

This attempt we resisted—by what power I do not now understand, for we were in a vast crowd of, shall I say men, or furious beasts?—until our Tennessean friend came to our assistance. The other guards pretended to be still asleep.

It was some time before that rabble could be made to understand that there was a Federal soldier present; and only after he struck his bayonet violently upon the ground, threatening to report them for contempt of military orders, did they slink away. Still, party after party came upon the grounds, looking with malicious eyes upon the large building, so tempting to their cupidity.

Toward two o'clock in the morning, we heard the blows of axes, and seeing lights in the direction of our stables, a considerable distance from the main bulding, I hastened to the spot. Under ordinary circumstances such

an undertaking would have caused great hesitation of mind; but we were aroused to such a degree of energy and indignation that we had become unmindful of our personal safety. I found at the stables more than twenty men, with torches, axes, and their muskets. They were partly intoxicated, and seemed to look fagged out after their day's work of destruction. When I appeared, they looked with astonishment at the coming of a single lady, and really seemed then ashamed of themselves, as well they might be. I asked them, "What are you, thieves or soldiers?" and told them, furthermore, that every person of honor must consider them a disgrace to the military profession; although I felt in my heart that they had not the slightest conception of such a sentiment. I still remember with considerable amusement the attitude of that crowd, and the reply of the chief leader: "Yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am," to all I said. When our East Tennessean came to my assistance, the axes of the assailants were already at rest.

The following morning, an individual entered the house with the air of a conqueror.

It was a Mr. McDowell, a bloated, lymphatic-looking man. He had nothing of manly politeness about him; he was either destitute of that natural deference which a gentleman pays to ladies, or, in the style of General Butler, he considered ladies in sympathy with the Southern cause unworthy of his urbanity. Whatever, though, his views or feelings were, he behaved very rudely.

It was that very officer who afterwards expressed his opinion at his headquarters that he did not know why these European ladies should have that place left standing, when every other building in the neighborhood had been destroyed; and we believed that our renewed troubles were caused by that same individual.

**A Soldier's Harangue**

During Saturday and Sunday the Charlotte railroad was broken up, and we were continually molested. Drunken and infuriated soldiers, some with saber in hand, endeavored to open the side doors. Another hour brought a party of soldiers who were inclined to harangue us on political questions. One among them, evidently not very fanat-

ical on the negro question, made a regular stump speech, in which he endeavored to demonstrate that this country was destined only for the white man, and that the Indian, as well as the negro, had to be, or in the course of events would be, exterminated; furthermore, he expressed his own wish to have the entire negro race on an immense platform and power sufficient to blow them all to atoms. This latter remark was received with repeated cheers by his companions-in-arms. . . .

. . . We were soon contending with a half-drunken set of men at the main entrance of the building, using arguments and displaying firmness in preventing them from entering the house, when our faithful shepherd dog, Cora, was seen running through the house, and testified by whining and anxious ways that there must be something wrong at the rear of the building. Some of us followed our friend, and, to our astonishment, found that some party had thrown fire brands under the stairs, which had already caught fire. With the assistance of our servants, we were enabled to extinguish the fire; but we then despaired of success in resisting these

incendiaries, and were expecting every moment to be compelled to leave the home we had no power to save. These marauders threatened to kill the cook should she not tell them where valuables or provisions were hidden. Others went into the houses of the poor negro women, cut and tore their bundles, and even cut their clothes wantonly to pieces; and thus, unfortunately, our box with silver, containing many old family relics, fell into the hands of these vandals.

**Gallant Federal Officer Offers Protection**

Towards evening there arrived directly from Columbia a number of officers; and seeing one of them wearing a Mason's breastpin, told him that, being a Mason's widow, I held it to be his duty to protect us from the marauders of his army. He seemed to hesitate; but, having for such an emergency Mr. Sosnowski's papers in hand, establishing his former connection with an American lodge, I placed them in his hands, again demanding protection. The party, however, left without giving us a glimmer of hope, and we looked with terror upon the declining day, when, to our joy and relief, a young gentle-

man came on a horse, telling us that a squad of men would presently arrive, and that we should not be disturbed that night.

Words could not express our relief and gratitude. The young man, evidently of refinement, received with great satisfaction the demonstrations of relief our little party expressed. We gave him full leave to walk through the building, and being young, his imagination perhaps depicted to him all the lovely Southern young ladies who only a short time since made these halls resound with their musical exercises and cheerfulness. The promised guard arriving, they prepared their supper, to which we loaned all the assistance we could. Feeling comparatively at ease, we watched with interest the regular lights which lit up the entire horizon (as far as our view permitted) with the campfires of Sherman's army.

With the dawn of day, the reveille called our guards away; and we were reminded by the remarks of passing soldiers that the house was still in danger. I determined, therefore, to walk to Columbia (Sunday morning)

**A Visit to Columbia**

at an early hour to obtain a guard; and soon after breakfast, accompanied by a few servants, left Barhamville. The appearance of the citizens was despondent and weary. On reaching the Preston property, long the residence of the father of General Wade Hampton, I felt that I was in the midst of military life; but I must here remark that it was not like meeting the martial bearing of trained soldiers, such as I have seen during grand reviews in Europe. They appeared to me rather a kind of shambling set of men, squatting on the sidewalks, or in the squares made by the burned streets. It was difficult to pass, as these cavaliers had no idea of giving way to a lady.*

The outer gate of General Preston's house was guarded by a soldier holding the United States flag. To my question if General Howard or General Blair was in, the man could give me no satisfactory answer . . . I passed

*This was, of course, the baser element of the army, many of whom were doubtless camp followers, licensed for a time to despoil the "rebels." Some parts of Madame Sosnowski's narrative have been eliminated as perhaps likely to convey a wrong impression of the Federal forces as a whole.

in, however, under another United States flag of immense size, floating over the front of the building.

. . . The sitting-room which I entered was enlivened by various passing scenes. It was crowded with women of the lowest sort, arranging to go North with the army. Several officers came in with books and statuettes in their hands, evidently considering what to pack up among their booty. These were their war trophies. I wonder whether they are not now ashamed to possess them.

Seeing no prospect of attaining what I came for, I left the place; and now advancing through the city, the work of destruction met my eyes.

It would have struck the most careless observers that all around the localities where headquarters were established (these arrangements were made through loyal whites, before Sherman entered) no buildings were destroyed, nor were any attempts made to disturb the quiet enjoyment of Sherman and his officers during their stay in Columbia.

The headquarters of General Wood being at the old family residence of Mrs. Lucy Pride

Green, we had only a few steps to reach it. We found the general surrounded by a motley crowd. Owing to some mistake of my friend, my object to obtain a guard was defeated. Although in manner the general was much of a gentleman, I was sorry to learn afterward that he stripped the old mansion of its paintings and many other valuables.

Unsuccessful so far in obtaining a guard, I resolved to go to headquarters. Reaching that locality—Mr. Myers' property, corner of Gervais and Pickens streets —I found the street virtually obstructed by soldiers of every grade; every one brimful of importance. It would have been interesting, had time permitted, to study the various characters of that crowd. That guard, a stately Western man, held with great pride the often displayed flag of the Stars and Stripes; and being, no doubt, a good Union man, it was natural that he should uphold with considerable satisfaction the emblem of his country, as it was natural that I should at the time with deep regret look upon the same standard of the founders of this re-

**Interview with General Sherman**

public, then waving in triumph over one of the blackest scenes of crime and desolation in the history of mankind. On being informed that General Sherman was in, I mounted the steps and found that gentleman giving directions to a soldier. My friend, Mr. W—, having left me, I introduced myself, and he politely led me into the apartment where already a number of persons had assembled.

I stated to him my errand, which had so far been unsuccessful, the troubles which we had already passed through, at the same time expressing my surprise, even more, my indignation—at the course the army had pursued towards a conquered, unresisting, and surrendered city. I told him further that previous to the surrender of Columbia I had always expressed the opinion that we had nothing to fear except the accidents of war, (of which, though, I did not consider the deliberate burning of a city); that in a civilized country battles would be fought, but private property and women would be protected, but instead of this a warfare was waged which would make it a disgrace to our present his-

tory. He showed great temper, and said, "What do you mean by that, madam?" to which I merely replied that I meant exactly what I had said. He then spoke in strong terms of the responsibility of Columbia, of South Carolina, of the sufferings caused by secession; indeed, as he only advocated one side of the question, he spoke well. In conclusion, he said, "*You have suffered much already, but if I have to come back again—*" leaving his threat unfinished.

To my request for a guard, General Sherman assured me there would be no need, as he expected to leave the following morning, and therefore required the whole army to be at their posts. At this, I rose, saying that I would detain him no longer. He escorted me to the steps.

On my return home, I met Dr. Fair. His looks were those of supreme suffering; and he gave me an account of the destruction of his property, a large block of tenement houses, the corner of which had been his own residence. In that home everything had been collected which refinement and comfort might desire. A long and successful practice had

placed Dr. Fair in the rank of influential and wealthy citizens. His wife being, during the fire, surrounded by a rude soldiery, endeavored to save but one valuable article, and that was a portrait of a beloved mother. With this in her arms, she tried to make her escape from the flames and from the robbers, but she was not allowed to save even this, as a soldier cut the picture in pieces and only then allowed her to gain the street.

I again entered General Preston's residence, the headquarters of General Howard. At length, a young officer promised to send out a guard; but none came. My mission had been totally fruitless. With the advancing night, however, we found an unexpected protection, namely, a number of Irishmen, a part of those of Sherman's troops he would not allow to enter Columbia; and this, as the men assured us, was to prevent them from protecting Roman Catholic property.

**Guarded by Irish Soldiers**

The men had lost their way, and fearing to fall into an ambush, they entreated us not to expose them to danger. This unexpected arrival was a great relief, and we assured

them of perfect safety. We requested our faithful friend and housekeeper, Hannah, to give to them as substantial a supper as the stores permitted. The accounts of these men were really interesting, and as in such uncommon scenes of life the susceptibility of men finds ample scope, there was a declaration of love, of love at first sight, before supper was over—the subject of which was, of course, Miss Hannah.

Towards eleven we heard yells from the direction of Columbia, and through the woods advanced a crowd of soldiers towards our residence. We immediately called our new friends to our assistance. This startled the marauders, and they gradually slunk back in the shade of the forest.

This was the end of our dangers from Sherman's troops. We owed our safety, at least, to these warm-hearted Irishmen, and I think now without them our home would have shared that night the fate of all the residences for miles around us.

## XXIV

## THE RIDE OF EMMA SANSOM

In the spring of 1863, a great drive by Union Cavalry into the heart of the South was brought to naught largely by the courageous act of a girl of sixteen. This young girl rode with General Nathan Bedford Forrest and braved the fire of Federal forces in order to show the Confederate cavalryman a little-known ford by which he could cross a stream that separated him from the Federal command he finally captured.

This Federal expedition was the conception of Colonel Abel D. Streight of the 51st Indiana Regiment. Major General W. S. Rosecrans pronounced it "a great enterprise fraught with great consequences." It aroused the enthusiasm of Brigadier General James A. Garfield, afterward President of the United States. When it got under way in April, 1863, it not only excited the hopes of other high Federal officers, but, in equal measure, alarmed the Confederates.

Briefly, the object of the drive was to de-

stroy Confederate supplies and to cut the Confederate communications between Chattanooga on the one side and Atlanta and Knoxville on the other. Streight's raid and the night and day pursuit of him led by Forrest covered the last days of April and the first of May, 1863. Finally, on the second of May, Streight was in sight of one of his goals and possible safety. It was on this day that Emma Sansom wrote her name in American history.

Streight and his men had crossed the Chattanooga river, the bridge was on fire, and Federal cannon faced the oncoming Confederates. Emma Sansom's home was near the burning bridge and it was she and her mother who told the Confederate leader that the bridge was burning and that the nearest bridge he could use was two miles away.

Bullets were flying across the river and the two Sansom girls and their mother sought shelter in the house. Forrest, however, dashed up and asked if there were any way he and his men could cross the stream. Emma Sansom at once told him of a "lost ford" above, known to the members of the Sansom

family, and that if he would have her saddle put on a horse, she would lead the way to it.

Forrest replied "There is no time to saddle a horse, get up here behind me."

As Emma obeyed, her mother cried out to her "Emma, what do you mean?" But as Forrest rode away, he called back:

"She is going to show me a ford where I can get my men over in time to catch those Yankees before they get to Rome. Don't be uneasy; I will bring her back safe."

Emma Sansom has told the rest of the story in her own words, as published in Dr. John A. Wyeth's "Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest."

"We rode out into a field through which ran a small ravine and along which there was a thick undergrowth that protected us for a while from being seen by the Yankees at the bridge and on the other side of the creek. This branch emptied into the creek just above the ford. When we got close to the creek, I said: 'General Forrest, I think we had better get off the horse, as we are now where we may be seen.' We both got down and crept through the bushes, and when we were right

at the ford I happened to be in front. He stepped quickly between me and the Yankees, saying: 'I am glad to have you for a pilot, but I am not going to make breastworks of you.' The cannon and the other guns were firing fast by this time, as I pointed out to him where to go into the water and out on the other bank, and then went back towards the house. He asked me my name, and asked me to give him a lock of my hair. The cannon-balls were screaming over us so loud we were told to leave and hide in some place out of danger, which we did. Soon all the firing stopped, and I started back home. On the way I met General Forrest again, and he told me that he had written a note for me and left it on the bureau. He asked me again for a lock of my hair, and as we went into the house he said: 'One of my bravest men has been killed, and he is laid out in the house. His name is Robert Turner. I want you to see that he is buried in some graveyard near here.' He then told me good-bye and got on his horse, and he and his men rode away and left us all alone. My sister and I sat up all night watching over the dead soldier, who

had lost his life fighting for our rights, in which we were overpowered, but never conquered. General Forrest and his men endeared themselves to us forever."

Dr. Wyeth adds:

"In less than thirty minutes from the time of Forrest's arrival at Black Creek, the artillery was up, and the Federals were driven away from the opposite bank. The 'lost ford' was soon cleared and made passable. The cavalry went over, carrying by hand the ammunition from the caissons. The guns and empty caissons, with long ropes tied to the poles, were then rolled by hand to the water's edge, one end of the rope taken to the top of the opposite bank and hitched to a double team of horses. In this original manner the artillery soon made a subaqueous passage to the east bank. The advance-guard had already hurried on after the raiders, who, to their great surprise, were hustled out of Gadsden, less than four miles distant from Black Creek bridge, before they could do much damage to the small commissary supplies there. Another all-night march now became necessary for General Streight, al-

though he says 'The command was in no condition to do so. I only halted at Gadsden sufficiently long to destroy a quantity of arms and stores found there, and proceeded. Many of our animals and men were entirely worn out and unable to keep up, and were captured. It now became evident to me that our only hope was in crossing the river at Rome and destroying the bridge, which would delay Forrest a day or two and allow the command a little time to sleep, without which it would be impossible to proceed."

Such was the service rendered by Emma Sansom that Forrest was enabled to overtake the Streight command before they had accomplished their objects, and the diary of Sergeant Briedenthal, U. S. A., records under date of May 5:

"We have been treated well since our surrender, by Forrest's men, who have used us as a true soldier would treat a prisoner."

## XXV

## CAUGHT BETWEEN CONTENDING ARMIES

IN September, 1864, the Confederate General Hardee, with 22,000 men, was assigned the desperate task of stopping a Federal flank movement directed against Atlanta and led by Major General Schofield with a force of 40,000 picked troops.

The two armies confronted each other northwest of Jonesboro, Georgia; and, when the battle began, it happened that the house and farm of Mrs. Allie McPeek, a widow, lay between them. The Federal lines advanced first, and Mrs. McPeek's house soon became a Federal hospital; but, as the tide of battle surged backwards and forwards, her home was now in the Federal lines, now in Confederate possession, or, again, between the armies, thus receiving shot and shell from both sides.

During the whole day, however, Mrs. McPeek moved fearlessly about among the wounded and dying, impartial in her efforts

to help both friend and foe. Finally, night came on with the Federal army in possession of the battle-ground; but, when the morning dawned, the brave widow was at her self-appointed post doing what she could to help the suffering soldiers of either side.

All she had left was a ruined house and a farm laid waste, but, happily for her, General Schofield himself learned of her noble work and of her need. He ordered that a large wagon of provisions and supplies be sent her with a letter of appreciation for her bravery and self-sacrifice. He told her to keep the letter, and, after the war, to present it to the United States Government, which would make good her losses.*

*In the course of time, Mrs. McPeek sent to Washington General Schofield's letter and a claim for damages, which was paid her. She received all she claimed, $600.00, although, according to those nearest to her or present at the time, that amount did not cover her actual losses.

## XXVI

## NARRATIVE OF AN EARLY GRADUATE OF THE FIRST COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

COMPARATIVELY few Americans are aware that Georgia, the youngest of the original thirteen colonies, was the first State to charter a college for the education of women. "New ideas flourish best," it is said, "in new soil," and this may help to account for the creation of the Board of Trustees of "Wesleyan Female College" at Macon, in 1836, to be followed by its first session, with 168 young women enrolled, in 1839.

It is peculiarly appropriate that a part of the experiences of Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers, one of Wesleyan's early graduates, be given in this volume on the women of the South in war times. Under the head of "Reminiscences of a War-time Girl," Mrs. Rogers wrote:

"I had been appointed, soon after my graduation at Wesleyan College, Macon, by Miss

Eve of Augusta, as Lady Manager of the Mount Vernon Association in my county, and felt no little pride in the thought of what a young girl could do toward preserving the beautiful home of Washington as a precious heirloom of our very own, never to be desecrated for other purposes but to be kept sacred to the memory of the 'Father of our Country.' No section contributed more than the Southern States, and as he was a true-hearted son of the South, we still value above gold our interest in his lovely home, and its twin sister 'Arlington, the Beautiful,' which should have been held sacred in like manner, as the home of General Robert E. Lee and his bride.

"The purchase of Mount Vernon having been accomplished, there was soon a rumbling sound of dissension upon the northern hills, where there should have been peace and brotherly love. Emissaries were sent to incite the servants against their owners. Strange stories were whispered in their ears, and promises if they should rise in arms, the property and homes of the Southern people should be divided among them, and even

the poorest should own 'forty acres and a mule.' These things, which were not noticed at first, began to alarm us, and although we trusted our own servants, there were rumors that our own dear home was chosen as a favorite point of division among those of other plantations.''*

After discussing the Presidential campaign of 1860, Mrs. Rogers states that when the startling news spread through the South that the representatives of a wholly sectional party had elected a President of the United States "there was a pall of consternation draped over every fond hope, and as 'coming events cast their shadows before,' we instinc-

*Mrs. Rogers then made a statement not unlike others to which reference has been made in other parts of this volume: "We were never allowed among the cultured people of the South to speak of our dependents as *'slaves,'* but as 'house servants and field hands,' and my father never failed to dismiss an overseer who was unkind to them. Owning a large number, it was quite a heavy expense to furnish all of their clothing, shoes, blankets, hats, fuel, and provisions, yet he not only did this, but being a physician, provided needful medicines and careful attention in cases of sickness.

"Happiness and peace reigned over their homes, cheered each night by gleeful melodies, and songs of praise characteristic of their race. Their contentment was in evidence by the 'never-a-care' expression, and their faithful devotion to their own white people."

tively felt that something was ahead of us. The young people gathered here and there, wondering what they could do to inspire hope and cheerfulness among the older ones.

"There were violent abolitionists in the Cabinet who openly avowed a hatred of the South and its institutions. Even Whittier and Lowell, to whom God had granted the divine gift of poesy, saw not the beautiful, holy, and true, in this part of their own country, but published it to the world as '*A land of the scorpion and the lash!*'*

*Oliver Wendell Holmes had written of the "soft-handed race, who eat not their bread in the sweat of their face"; and because Massachusetts had not taken the action endorsed by Whittier, the poet wrote of his own State:

And they have spurned thy word,
  Thou of the old *Thirteen!*
Whose soil, where Freedom's blood first pour'd,
  Hath yet a darker green?
Tread the weak Southron's pride and lust
Thy name and councils in the dust?

And have they closed thy mouth,
  And fix'd the padlock fast;
Slave of the mean and tyrant South!
  Is this thy fate at last?
Old Massachusetts! can it be
That thus thy sons must speak of thee?

Reference has been made to Whittier's unsparing condemnation of Daniel Webster who undertook to uphold the thought that there was some justice and right on the side of the South.

"Harriet Beecher Stowe, Garrison, and Hoar, besides many others, wrote defamatory accusations against the South and scattered them broadcast over the waters to incite other nations, and causing them to look upon us as barbarians, devoid of humanity.

"Had they known the attachment of servants to their owners on the large plantations, and their devotion to the young people of the family, conscience might have awakened them to appreciate the situation. Every true Southern mistress was a Florence Nightingale on her premises, waiting on the sick, looking after their clothing, and teaching them industrial occupations in every line that would make them useful throughout life.

"It was a pleasant task with me to hold a Bible class for them every Sabbath morning, before I attended my own class. The Commandments were made a special study with grown-ups as well as the children. Our 'old black mammy' was a most important factor on the place, and would sacrifice body and soul to protect 'her babies,' my two brothers, sister and myself, from harm. But there

were rumors of war and fearful things that might and *did* happen. . . .*

. . . "The most conservative of our great men were opposed to secession and the probability of war, so they sent commissioners three times to Washington for the special purpose of arranging honorable terms of peace without bloodshed. Twice they failed, as the bitterest men of Lincoln's cabinet were determined to use coercion and force the South to submit only to *their* terms. This they would not do. A third time our commissioners were sent to hold a council of peace, but Lincoln would not see them! Then the whole solid South arose and stood like the grand old Grecian heroes for the defense of home and native land.

"Never will I forget my feelings when we heard that War had really begun. Tears, bitter tears, fell in silence, for although on a visit to gay young folks we knew not what to say or do.

"I was in Augusta a few days afterward at the marriage of 'the Empire and Palmetto

*See page 190 for recollections of Mrs. Janet Weaver Randolph.

States.' A vast crowd was assembled to witness the scene while a band of music pealed forth harmonious strains. Old Glory was to be placed at the top of a lofty pole riveted on the bridge across the Savannah River, but who was brave enough to climb that pole? No one ventured, until 'a tar who ploughed the water,' ran up and taking the flag rope in his teeth climbed safely to the top amid the cheers of the crowd, and the roar of fifteen guns for the Southern States. Triumphantly the old Revolutionary Flag waved over both States, while the people filled the sailor's pockets with bills as he came down.

"On the 4th of February, 1861, the Confederate Congress assembled in Montgomery, Alabama, and was presided over by General Howell Cobb. The Constitution of the Confederacy was drawn up, and Colonel Jefferson Davis, the hero of Buena Vista, Secretary of War in President Pierce's administration, and afterward Senator from Mississippi, was nominated President of the Southern Confederacy. He was a son-in-law of General Zachary Taylor, a brave soldier who saved the day in one of the battles of

Mexico, refined, cultured, and withal a noble, upright, Christian gentleman, who held the respect and esteem of the whole of the United States, until difference of opinion clouded their minds with hatred.

"During this convention many designs of flags were sent in as models for the new Confederacy. Among them the most beautiful chosen was one that emanated from the patriotism of Colonel Orren Smith of North Carolina, known as 'The Stars and Bars.' The three bars were emblems of the Trinity, the white for Love and stainless character, while the blue was for the great Heaven spangled with stars to watch over us, and the red for the vesper light that should never die out.

"Col. P. W. Alexander, one of the signers of Secession (afterward War Correspondent of the Confederate Army), was present at this first conference, and as soon as the design was chosen, drew one at the head of a letter and sent it to me, knowing my interest in everything that concerned the welfare of our beloved Southland. In his description he dwelt particularly on the stars being placed

in a *circle* instead of broadcast as in the United States flag. I made one the very hour that description arrived so I had the honor of *making the first Confederate Flag ever made in Georgia.*

"Our first company, the Upson Guards, was ordered into service the seventh of May, 1861. Several young ladies of Thomaston accompanied their brothers and friends to Macon, where they saw the whole of the Fifth Georgia Regiment, a splendid body of soldiers from different cities on dress parade at Central Park. That was our first glimpse of over a thousand soldiers at once. The first little Georgia flag had been presented (by vote of the girls) to one of the handsomest, noblest, bravest officers in that regiment, and watched like a ministering spirit over his tent at Pensacola, Cumberland Gap, Corinth, and the battle of Kentucky. As that young Captain afterwards became my husband, the honored relic of many loving memories came back to me.

"It was a singular coincidence that while in Macon on the 7th day of May, 1861, I wrote a song for the Fifth Regiment, which they

sang in Camp at Central Park and on the way to Pensacola. Fifty years from that time on the 7th of May, 1912, at the Great Reunion in Macon, some of the same company assembled at the same spot, and sang the same song!

"Very soon after Lincoln ordered out his 75,000, the services of women were needed in work for the hospitals. The first hospital for wounded soldiers in Atlanta was organized by Mrs. Isaac Winship.

"Her daughter was one of my schoolmates of Wesleyan College and often during my visits to her we assisted in arranging supplies for the sick and wounded soldiers. On the 4th of July she gave them a bountiful dinner at one of the hospitals over which she presided and appointed our young ladies' Relief Corps to wait on them.

"Their encampment was near her beautiful home (on an elevated situation, which two years afterwards by Sherman's order was burnt to the ground), so we visited their headquarters with her, to ascertain if there was anything we could do for them. Governor 'Joe Brown's Boys', of the North Georgia mountains, asked us to cover canteens for

them, which occupation we greatly enjoyed, and the poor fellows who were homesick called in the evening and requested us to play 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Annie Laurie,' and 'The Girl I left Behind Me.'

"During the Winter we knit 'Arabs' for the head, and long wool comforts for the throat, besides making fatigue jackets, knitting socks, displaying our taste on pretty little silk and velvet tobacco pouches, hemstitched handkerchiefs and everything kind thought could suggest for their comfort and pleasure.

"From 1861 to the close of the War between the States, our busy hands were never idle. Carpets and piano covers were cut up and sent to the tents to sleep on, having already given up blankets and quilts in abundance. Boxes of eatables were sent to our brothers and friends whenever an opportunity was found, as many of the railroads and bridges were destroyed, which prevented communication.

. . . "In April of 1862, there originated in Georgia (where so many patriotic deeds had a beginning), a movement that was called 'The Ladies' Gunboat Association.' Imme-

diately after hearing of this (although it was a sad duty), I collected the first funds in our part of the State, to which amount was added $350 subscribed by the Holloway Grays of Upson County, through their brave, generous Captain, A. J. White, who sent it to me from Beans Station, Tenn.

"A fine little iron-clad boat was fitted up, and there never was a vessel before this, that was christened by woman's tears, and sent out upon the deep, underneath the consecrated incense of woman's prayers for her country! How many fond hopes sailed over the seas under that beautiful flag, the 'Stars and Bars!'

"But these fond hopes were fleeting, for as soon as the gallant crew heard that Sherman had invaded Savannah, rather than allow this little shrine of woman's patriotism to fall into his hands, they sorrowfully placed a torch upon the helm and bade it farewell forever.

"In the meantime the Confederate Cabinet had moved to Richmond, but with a party of friends I visited afterward the Capitol at Montgomery, and stood on the star-marked

spot where the President of the Confederacy had made his inaugural address. From there we went to Selma on the gallant steamer 'Coquette,' where we saw the manufacture of guns and cannon balls of all sizes, which was a novel sight and saddening to think our Southland had come to this! As we returned to Montgomery, an immense cargo of cotton was rolled down the embankment to the boat, and a rarer sight to us were the two hundred and fifty Federal prisoners captured and placed on the lower deck.

"During the bombardment of Savannah, a family of dear friends from that city sought refuge in our dear old country home, and were made welcome for several months, enjoying rides over the 'red old hills of Georgia,' and fishing parties on the Tobler. Even during our carriage drives, we took our crochet and knitting along so as to keep supplied with needful comforts for our soldiers.

"At length the fearful days of horror came, which we never really believed would happen in such a civilized country as ours.

"We had just returned from our plantation in Wilcox County on the Ocmulgee River,

that we might spend the Summer at my beautiful childhood's home, 'Sweet Bellwood,' which stood on the crest of one of the grand old hills of Upson County.

"It was a lovely spring day on the 18th of April, 1865. A rumor came that the Federal Army was in Columbus, fifty miles away, and was marching toward Macon, by way of Thomaston and Culloden. Immediately our family silver and jewels were deposited in security, the horses and mules were sent to a remote part of the plantation and provisions such as hams, jars of lard, sacks of flour, coffee, sugar and syrup were buried away from prying eyes by my nurse and her husband, who we knew would be faithful unto death.

"The white wings of Hope were then folded about our hearts and bade us cast out all fear. There was no one at home but my dear old grandmother, my mother, and myself, and we had always heard that a Mason's family would be protected in the time of danger, so we hung a Masonic Apron in the broad hall where it could be seen.

"In a few moments fires were seen in every

direction, from the second-story windows. Beyond Thomaston, Rogers Factory, a large four-storied building, with the Grist Mill and many cottages were all in flames.

"Nearer and nearer columns of thick black smoke were seen which showed that the Waymanville Mills also were under the relentless torch. These splendid mills were owned by Colonel George Swift, formerly of New York, a man of sterling worth, culture, and refinement, whose family were among our most appreciated neighbors.

"To add to our horror, a troop of little negroes, with eyes like a full moon, come rushing in with a shout, 'Yankees comin'!' Very soon about fifty on horseback surrounded our homes. Bureau drawers were ransacked, locks cut out of trunks, jewels abstracted, closets searched, long-treasured heirlooms removed, finally leaving every room in wild disorder.

"As the first troop took leave, another came in, and this kind of visitation lasted three days. About one hundred bales of ginned cotton and thirty bales of lint cotton were destroyed. My mother, with the assis-

tance of our servants, who nobly stood by us, poured water on some of the bales, and had them rolled to the horse lot into a stream of water, saving seven out of the number.

"On the 19th of April, 1865, we were horrified by seeing that these men had found our horses and mules! As I had been married only a few months, there was among my most valuable bridal presents two splendid bays and a handsome Victoria. What were my feelings then when two rough-looking soldiers rode up to the gate on these beautiful horses that were associated with the happiest hours of my life? Hitherto I had been too indignant to weep, but how could I stand this? Tears then began to flow not silently, but I actually wept aloud, and begged those hard-hearted men to spare these two horses, and they might have some of the others. But the dashing bays were the very ones they wanted most, so out of the gate they passed, the dear fleet-footed, graceful friends, who had brought to me amid the clouds of war so much joy and brightness, but never to cheer our desolate home again!

"My little pony 'Joe Brown,' mother's fine

buggy horse, and thirty other horses and mules shared the same fate. How was the plowing to be done?

"These incidents are only as one among many, during Sherman's March through Georgia, and Wilson's Raid, which left ruin and desolation in their track.

" 'But a land without ruins is a land without memories.

'A land without memories is a land without history.'

"Had it not been for the midnight shadows that enshrouded our country we should never have known the brilliant stars who illuminated the Southern Cross with their radiance, and have emblazoned their glory in undying light over the whole world."

## XXVII

## IN SHERMAN'S SWATH TO THE SEA

THE utter destitution of the women and children of Georgia in the wake of Sherman's army is well illustrated by the narrative of one of them—Mary A. H. Gay. The authenticity of her narrative has been vouched for by Joel Chandler Harris, of "Uncle Remus" fame.

From her home near Decatur, Georgia, Miss Gay set out for Atlanta, in 1864, on an errand of mercy. She arrived at the latter city after Sherman had entered, and she saw the despoiling of the houses not already destroyed. Having obtained a pass, she went from Atlanta southward to Jonesboro, taking with her carefully secreted and much needed clothing for the Confederate soldiers.

On the way she saw and afterwards graphically described the appearance of "the entire Southern population of Atlanta, and that of miles around as they were dumped out upon the cold ground without shelter." In her description of the scene as she passed

through, she wrote: "An autumnal mist or drizzle was slowly but surely saturating every article of clothing upon them. Aged grandmothers upon the verge of the grave, tender girls in the first bloom of young womanhood, and little babes not three days old in the arms of sick mothers, were driven from their homes and all thrown out upon the cold charity of the world."

This dismal scene at the village of Jonesboro was lightened for a moment when, upon the platform of one of the Atlanta trains, there appeared a girl "in a pretty but plain debeige dress, trimmed with Confederate buttons and corresponding ribbon." Her whole air and manner, wrote Miss Gay, "conspired to make her appear, even to a casual observer, just what she was—a typical Southern girl who gloried in that honor. . . .

"She stood up for a moment, and then, as if moved by some divine inspiration, she stepped from the car, and falling upon her knees, bent forward and kissed the ground. This silent demonstration of affection for the land of Dixie touched a vibrant chord, and

**The Spirit of Dixie**

a score or more of beautiful girlish voices blended in sweetest harmony while they told in song their love for Dixie. I listened spell-bound, and was not the only one thus enchanted. A United States officer listened and was touched to tears. Approaching me, he asked if I would do him the favor to tell him the name of the young lady who kissed the ground.

" 'I do not think she would approve of my telling you her name, and I decline to do so,' I said in reply. Not in the least daunted by this rebuff, he responded:

" 'I shall learn it; and if she has not already become the wife or the fiancee of another, I shall offer her the devotion of my life.' "

From the neighborhood of the broken-down railroad, Miss Gay, on her return set out again for her home in Decatur. She walked alone from Stone Mountain. In her own words: "The solitude was terrifying, and the feeling of awe was so intense that I was startled by the breaking of a twig, or the sound of my own footsteps. I had entered a war-stricken

**The Return Home**

section of country where stood chimneys only, standing amid ruins. No wonder they were called 'Sherman's sentinels,' as they seemed to be keeping guard over those scenes of desolation. The very birds of the air and the beasts of the field had fled.*

Much of Miss Gay's notes on war-times illustrates the extreme difficulty which unprotected women faced in getting the barest necessities to sustain life. Some time after she had returned from her trip to Jonesboro, she wrote, late in 1864:

**Facing Starvation**

"We had spent the preceding day in picking out grains of corn from cracks and crevices in bureau drawers, and other improvised troughs for Federal horses, as well as in gathering up what was scattered upon the ground.

*Miss Gay had obtained permission to go South through the Federal lines by means of a letter of recommendation from Major J. W. Campbell, U. S. A., who was stationed in her neighborhood. The following letter from him is of special interest:

"Decatur, Ga., September 1, 1864.

"Tomorrow I leave for my own home in the 'frozen North,' and when I return it will be to fight for my country, and against your friends, so that I suppose I shall not have the pleasure of again meeting you.

"Very respectfully,

J. W. CAMPBELL."

In this way by diligent and persevering work, about a half bushel was obtained from the now deserted camping ground of Garrard's cavalry, and this corn was thoroughly washed and dried, and carried by me and Telitha to a poor little mill (which had escaped conflagration, because too humble to attract attention), and ground into coarse meal."

Returning from the mill one day, Miss Gay saw her mother running to meet her to tell her that Mrs. Benedict, one of her neighbors, and the latter's little children were in an actual state of starvation. Mrs. Benedict's husband was in the Confederate Army and she and her children had been supported by refugees driven from their own section by the further invasion of the Federal Armies. Miss Gay at once cooked what little food she had and prepared to divide it with the starving family.

"On the doorsteps," she wrote, "sat the young mother, beautiful in desolation, with a baby in her arms, and on either side of her a little one, piteously crying for something to eat. 'Oh, mamma, I want something to eat, so bad. Oh, mamma, I am so hungry—give

me something to eat.' Thus the children were begging for what the mother had not to give. She could only give them soothing words."

Miss Gay was determined, however, to solve the problem and she decided that this involved taking the mother and children to a village some fifty miles distant and putting them in the care of relatives of Mrs. Benedict's husband.

"Without any positive plan in view, I took leave of Maggie and her children," continues Miss Gay's narrative. "I was working by faith and God directed my steps. On my way home I hunted up 'Uncle Mack,' a faithful old negro man who preferred freedom in the midst of privation with his own white people, to following the Federal Army around on 'Uncle Sam's' pay roll. I got from him a promise that he would construct a wagon out of the odds and ends left upon the streets of Decatur.

The next thing to be done was to provide a horse, and not being a magician, nor possessed of Aladdin's lamp, this undertaking must have seemed chimerical to those who

had not known how often and how singularly these scarcely formulated plans had developed into success. This day had been one of constant and active service, and was only one of many that furnished from sixteen to eighteen working hours.

**An Adventure "in the Face of Fortune"**

Next morning, before the sun rose, accompanied by the Morton girls, I was on my way to "the cane-breaks." I had seen many horses, whose places had been taken by others captured from farmers, abandoned and sent out to the cane-brakes to recuperate or die, the latter being the more probable. Without any definite knowledge of the locality, I went direct to the cane-brake, and there soon made a selection of a horse, which, from the assortment at hand, could not have been improved upon. By a dextrous throw of a lasso, constructed and managed by the young friends already mentioned, he was soon captured and on his way to Decatur to enter "rebel" service. His most conspicuous feature was a pair of fine eyes that were large, brown, and lustrous. There were other conspicuous things about him, too; for instance,

branded upon each of his sides were the tell-tale letters, "U. S.," and on his back was an immense sore, which also told tales. By twelve o'clock, noon, "Uncle Mack" appeared upon the scene, pulling something which he had improvised and which baffled description. Suffice it to say that as it carried living freight in safety over many a bridge, and, in honor of this, I will call it a wagon. "Uncle Mack" soon had the horse secured to this vehicle by ropes and pieces of crocus sack, for harness was as scarce a commodity as wagons and horses.

I surveyed the equipage from center to circumference with emotions pathetic and amusing. Thus equipped and with a benediction from my mother, expressed more by looks and acts than by words, I gathered the ropes and started like Bayard Taylor to take "Views Afoot," and at the same time accomplish an errand of mercy which would lead me, as I led the horse, over a portion of country that in dreariness and utter desolation baffles description—enough to know that Sherman's foraging trains had been over it. Leading the horse, which was already

christened "Yankee," to Dr. Holmes' door, I called Maggie to come on with her children.

[With the help of "Uncle Mack," Miss Gay managed to load the wagon with Mrs. Benedict and her three small children, together with three large trunks.]

Poor Yankee seemed to feel the importance of this mission, and jogged along at a pretty fair speed, and I, who walked by his side and held the ropes, found myself more than once obliged to strike a trot in order to maintain control of him. Paradoxical as it may seem, I enjoyed this new phase of my service to the Confederacy—none but a patriot could render it, and the whole thing seemed invested with the glamour of romance. While Maggie hummed a sweet little lullaby to her children, I contemplated the devastation and ruin on every side. Not a vestige of anything remained to mark the sites of the pretty homes which had dotted this fair country before the destroyer came, except, perhaps, a standing chimney now and then. And all this struck me as the willing sacrifice of a peerless people for a great principle, and looking

through the dark vista I saw light ahead—I saw white-robed peace proclaiming that the end of carnage had come.

Maggie and the children became restive in their pent-up limits, and the latter clamored for something to eat, but there was nothing to give them. Night was upon us, and we had come only about eight miles, and not an animate thing had we seen since we left Decatur, not even a bird, and the silence was unbroken save by the sound of the horse's feet as he trod upon the rocks, and the soft, sweet humming of the young mother to her dear little ones. Step by step we seemed to descend into the caverns of darkness and my heart began to falter. The children, awe-struck, had ceased their appeal for bread, and nestled closer to their mother, and that they might all the more feel her protecting presence, she kept up a constant crooning sound, pathetic and sad. Step by step we penetrated the blackness of night—a night without a moon, starless and murky. The unerring instinct of an animal was all we had to guide us in the beaten road, which had ceased to be visible to human ken.

A faint glimmer of light, at apparently no very great distance, gave hope that our day's journey was almost ended. Yankee also caught the inspiration and walked a little faster. Though the time seemed long, the cabin, for such it proved to be, was finally reached. I dropped the ropes, and, guided by the glimmer of light through the cracks, went to the door and knocked, at the same time announcing my name. The door was quickly opened. Imagine my surprise when recognized and cordially welcomed by a sweet friend, whose most humble plantation cabin was a pretty residence in comparison with the one she now occupied. Maggie, too, as the daughter of a well-known physician, received cordial welcome for herself and children. And thus a kind Providence provided a safe lodging for the night.

Nature again asserted itself, and the children asked for something to eat. The good lady of the house kissed them, and told them that supper would soon be ready. The larger one of her little sons drew from a bed of ashes, which had been covered by glowing coals, some large yam potatoes which he took

to a table and peeled. He then went outside the cabin and drew from a keg an earthenware pitcher full of sparkling persimmon beer, which he dispensed to us in cups, and then handed around the potatoes. And how much this repast was enjoyed! Good sweet yams thoroughly cooked, and the zestful persimmon beer! And I thought of the lonely mother at a desolated home, whose only supper had been made of coarse meal, ground from corn which her own hands helped to pick from crevices and cracks in improvised troughs, where Garrard's cavalry had fed their horses. After a while the sweet womanly spirit that presided over this little group got a quilt and a shawl or two, and made a pallet for the children. The boys put more wood upon the fire, and some in the jambs of the fireplace, to be used during the night; and then they went behind us and lay down upon the floor, with seed cotton for pillows, and the roof for covering. Our kind hostess placed additional wraps over the the shoulders of Maggie and myself, and we three sat up in our chairs and slept until the dawn.

[Miss Gay's narrative reports nothing eventful for the second day of her trip and she and her charges arrived at the little village of Social Circle. She continues:]

So far as Maggie and her children were concerned I now felt that I had done all that I could, and that I must hasten back to my lonely mother at Decatur; but Maggie's tearful entreaties not to be left among strangers prevailed upon me, and I got aboard the train with her, and never left her until I had placed her and her children in the care of good Mr. Thrasher at Madison, to be conveyed by him to the home of Mrs. Reeves, her husband's sister.

In Madison, I, too, had dear friends and relatives, with whom I spent the night, and the morning's train bore me back to Social Circle, then the terminus of the Georgia Railroad. Arriving there, imagine my surprise and indignation when I learned that Mr. R—, whom I had paid in advance to care for Yankee while I was gone to Madison, had sent him out to his sorghum mill and put him to grinding cane; and it was with much difficulty and delay that I got him to start on my home-

ward journey that afternoon. Instead of his being rested, he was literally broken down, and my pity for him constrained me to walk every step of the way back to Decatur. While waiting for the horse, I purchased such articles of food as I could find. For instance, a sack of flour, for which I paid a hundred dollars, Confederate money; a bushel of potatoes; several gallons of sorghum; a few pounds of butter, and a few pounds of meat. Even this was a heavy load for the poor jaded horse. Starting so late I could only get to the hospitable home of Mr. Crew, distant only three miles from "The Circle."

Before leaving Mr. Crew's, the next morning, I learned that an immense Yankee raid had come out from Atlanta, and had burned the bridge which I had crossed only two days ago. This information caused me to take another route to Decatur, and my heart lost much of its hope, and my step its alacrity. Yet the Lord sustained me in the discharge of duty. I never wavered when there was a principle to be guarded, or a duty to be performed. Those were praying days with me, and how I fervently invoked God's aid and

protection in my perilous undertaking, and I believed that He would grant aid and protection. . .

In the early part of the day, during this solitary drive, I came to a cottage by the wayside that was a perfect gem—an oasis, and everything that could thrill the heart by its loveliness. Flowers of every hue beautified the grounds and sweetened the air, and peace and plenty seemed to hold undisputed sway. The Fiend of Destruction had not yet reached this little Eden. Two gentlemen were in the yard conversing. I perceived at a glance that they were of the clerical order, and would have spoken to them; but not wishing to disturb them, or attract attention to myself, I was passing by as unobtrusively as possible, when I was espied and recognized by one of them, who proved to be that saintly man, Rev. Walter Branham. He introduced me to his friend, Professor Shaw of Oxford. Their sympathy for me was plainly expressed, and they gave much needed instruction regarding the route, and suggested that I would about get to Rev. Henry Clark's to put up for the night. With a hearty shake of the hand,

and "God bless you, noble woman,' I pursued my lonely way and they went theirs. No other adventure enlivened the day, and poor patient Yankee did the best he could, and so did I. It was obvious that he had done about all he could. Grinding sorghum under a hard task-master, with an empty stomach, had told on him, and he could no longer quicken his pace at the sound of a friendly voice.

**A Night in a Negro Cabin**

At length we came in sight of the Clark place. I stood amazed, bewildered. I felt as if I would sink to the ground, yea, through it. I was riveted to the spot on which I stood. I could not move. At length I cried—cried like a woman in despair. Elegant rosewood and mahogany furniture, broken into a thousand fragments, covered the face of the ground as far as I could see; and china and glass looked as if it had been sown. And the house, what of that? Alas! it too had been scattered to the four winds of heaven in the form of smoke and ashes. Not even a chimney stood to mark its site. Near by stood a row of negro cabins, intact, showing that while the conflagration was going on,

they had been sedulously guarded. And these cabins were occupied by the slaves of the plantation. Men, women, and children stalked about in restless uncertainty, and in surly indifference. They had been led to believe that the country would be apportioned to them, but they had sense enough to know that such a mighty revolution involved trouble and delay, and they were supinely waiting developments. No man, woman, or child approached me. There was mutual distrust and mutual avoidance.

It took less time to take in this situation than to describe it. The sun was almost down, and as he turned his large red face upon me, I fancied he fain would have stopped in his course to see me out of this dilemma. What was I to do? The next nearest place that I could remember that would perhaps give protection for the night, was Mr. Fowler's and this was my only hope. With one hand upon Yankee's shoulder, and the ropes in the other, I moved on, and not until my expiring breath will I forget the pleading look which that dumb animal turned upon me when I started. Utterly helpless, and in

my hands, he wondered how I could exact more of him. I wondered myself. But what was I to do but to move on? And with continuous supplication for the Lord to have mercy upon me, I moved on. More than once the poor horse turned that look, beseeching and pathetic, upon me. It frightened me. I did not understand it, and still moved on. At last the hope of making himself understood forsook him, and he deliberately laid himself down in the road. He did not move, and his large, lustrous brown eyes seemed to say for him: "I have done all I can, and can do no more."

What could I do but rise from my imploring attitude and face my perilous situation? "Lord, have mercy upon me," was my oft-repeated invocation. The first thing which greeted my vision when I rose to my feet was a very distant but evidently an advancing object. I watched it with bated breath, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a man on mule-back. I told him of my trouble, and received most cordial sympathy from one who had been a Confederate soldier, but who was now at home in consequence of wounds that

SARAH DABNEY EGGLESTON

This picture of Mrs. Eggleston was originally taken for the *New York Times* early in 1918, as an illustration of patriotic industry during the World War. As described in the *Times*, Mrs. Eggleston is shown "in her eightieth year, between heel and toe of her six-hundredth sock knitted since the World War began."

Of Virginia parentage, Mrs. Eggleston was born in Hinds County, Mississippi. During the first year of the war between the States, she married Lieutenant John Randolph Eggleston, who had resigned from the United States Navy to enter the service of the Confederacy. On the decks of the *Virginia* (Merrimac), Lieutenant Eggleston took part in the famous fight with the *Monitor* in 1862, in which the *Monitor*, after a gallant struggle, was forced to retire from the combat (p. 182). It is stated that Mrs. Eggleston's life, after the furling of the flag of the Confederacy, has been devoted to "teaching the young that her cause, never a 'lost' one, was a just cause and a glorious one." *Let no one teach otherwise!* During the World War, Mrs. Eggleston knitted her "pair of socks a day" for the boys in khaki just as she had knitted them over fifty years before for the gallant Americans who then wore the Gray.

incapacitated him for further service. When he heard all, he said:

"I would take you home with me, but I have to cross a swimming creek before getting there, and I am afraid to undertake to carry you. Wait here until I see these negroes. They are a good set, and whatever they promise, they will, I think, carry out faithfully"

The time seemed interminable before he came back, and night, black night, had set in; and yet a quiet resignation sustained me.

When my benefactor returned, two negro men came with him, one of whom brought a lantern, bright and cheery. "I have arranged for you to be cared for here," said he. "Several of the old house servants of Mrs. Clark know you, and they will prove themselves worthy of the trust we repose in them." I accepted the arrangement made by this good man, and entrusted myself to the care of the negroes for the night. This I did with great trepidation, but as soon as I entered the cabin an assurance of safety filled my mind with peace, and reconciled me to my surroundings. The "mammy" that

presided over it met me with a cordial welcome and assured me that no trouble would befall me under her roof. An easy chair was placed for me in one corner in comfortable proximity to a large plantation fire. In a few minutes the men came in bringing my flour, potatoes, syrup, bacon, etc. The sight gave me real satisfaction, as I thought of my poor patient mother at home and hoped that in some way I should yet be able to convey to her this much needed freight. I soon espied a table on which was piled many books and magazines; Mr. Clark's theological books were well represented. I proposed reading to the women, if they would like to hear me, and soon had their undivided attention, as well as that of several of the men, who sat on the doorsteps.

In this way several hours passed, and then "mammy" said, "You must be getting sleepy." "Oh, no," I replied, "I frequently sit up all night reading." But this did not satisfy her; she had devised in her own mind something more hospitable for her guest, and she wanted to see it carried out. Calling into requisition the assistance of the men, she

had two large cedar chests placed side by side, and out of these chests were taken nice clean quilts, and snow-white counterpanes, and sheets, and pillows—Mrs. Clark's beautiful bed-clothing—and upon those chests was made a pallet upon which a queen might have reposed with comfort. It was so tempting in its cleanliness that I consented to lie down. The sole occupants of that room that night were myself and my hostess—the aforesaid black "mammy." Rest, not sleep, came to my relief. The tramping of feet, and now and then the muffled sound of human voices, kept me in a listening attitude, and it must be confessed, in a state of painful apprehension. Thus the night passed.

With the first dawn of day, I was up, and ready to meet the day's requirements. "Mammy's" first greeting was, "What's your hurry?" "I am accustomed to early rising. May I open the door?" The first thing I saw was Yankee, and he was standing eating; but he was evidently too weak to attempt the task of getting that cumbersome vehicle and its freight to Decatur. So I arranged with one of the men to put a steer to

the wagon and carry them home. This he was to do for the sum of one hundred dollars. After an appetizing breakfast, I started homeward, leading Yankee in the rear of this turnout. Be it remembered, I did not leave without making ample compensation for my night's entertainment.

No event of particular interest occurred on the way to Decatur. Yankee walked surprisingly well, and the little steer acquitted himself nobly. In due time Decatur appeared in sight, and then there ensued a scene which for pathos defies description. Matron and maiden, mother and child, each with a tin can picked up off the enemy's camping ground, ran after me and begged for just a little something to eat—just enough to keep them from starving. Not an applicant was refused, and by the time the poor, rickety, cumbersome wagon reached its destination, its contents had been greatly diminished. But there was yet enough left to last for some time the patient, loving mother, the faithful Telitha, and myself.

[Later, after Sherman's departure northward, Miss Gay's narrative tells of the gath-

ering of minie balls and other metal on the battlefields around Atlanta. Miss Gay writes:]

With a basket in either hand, and accompanied by Telitha who carried one that would hold about a peck, and two old dull case-knives, I started to the battlefields around Atlanta to pick up the former missiles of death to exchange for food to keep us from starving.

I made it a point to keep very near the road in the direction of Atlanta, and soon found myself on the very spot where the Confederate magazine stood, the blowing up of which, by Confederate orders, shook the very earth, and was distinctly heard thirty-five or forty miles distant. An exclamation of glad surprise from Telitha carried me to her. She had found a bonanza, and was rapidly filling her basket with that which was more valuable to us than gold. In a marshy place, encrusted with ice, innumerable bullets, minie balls, and pieces of lead seemed to have been left, by the irony of fate, to supply sustenance to hungry ones, and employment to the

**"Lead, Blood and Tears"**

poor, as all the winter, those without money to send to more favored and distant points found sure returns from this lead mine. It was so cold our feet were almost frozen, and our hands had commenced to bleed, and handling cold, rough lead cramped them so badly that I feared we would have to desist from our work before filling the baskets.

Lead! Blood! Tears! O how suggestive! Lead, blood, and tears, mingled and commingled. In vain did I try to dash the tears away. They would assert themselves and fall upon lead stained with blood. "God of mercy, if this be Thy holy will, give me fortitude to bear it uncomplainingly," was the heartfelt invocation that went up to the throne of grace from over lead, blood, and tears, that fearful day. For relief, tears did not suffice. I wanted to cry aloud; nature would not be satisfied with less, and I cried like a baby, long and loud. Telitha caught the spirit of grief and cried too.

At length our baskets were filled, and we took up our line of march to the desolated city. There were no labyrinths to tread, nor streets to follow, and an occasional question

secured information that enabled us to find the "commissary" without delay. Telitha was very ambitious that I should appear a lady, and wanted me to deposit my load of lead behind some place of concealment, while we went on to deliver hers, and then let her go back for mine. But I was too much a Confederate soldier for that, and walked in with my heavy, precious load.

A courteous gentleman in a faded gray uniform, evidently discharged because of wounds received in battle, approached and asked what he could do for me.

"I have heard that you give provisions for lead," I replied, "and I have brought some to exchange."

What seemed an interminable silence ensued, and I felt without seeing that I was undergoing a sympathetic scrutiny, and that I was recognized as a lady "to the manor born."

"What would you like in exchange?" he asked.

"If you have sugar, and coffee, and meal, a little of each, if you please," I timidly said. "I left nothing to eat at home."

The baskets of lead were removed to the rear and weighed, and in due time returned to me filled to the brim with sugar, coffee, flour, meal, lard, and the nicest meat I had seen in a long time.

"Oh, sir," I said, "I did not expect so much."

"You have not yet received what is due you," this good man replied, and handed me a certificate which he assured me would secure as much more on presentation.

Joy had gone out of my life, and I felt no thrill of that kind; but I can never describe the satisfaction I experienced as I lifted two of those baskets, and saw Telitha grasp the other one, and turned my face homeward.

On the very day Miss Gay was gathering up these "missiles of death" near Atlanta, her brother met his death on the battlefield of Franklin, Tennessee—"Killed," the report ran, "on the battlefield, thirty steps from the breastworks."

This sad news was too much for her weakened mother to bear, and Mrs. Gay died soon

afterwards, yet all the while the brave daughter went on with her work of supporting herself as best she could and, by her example, encouraging others "to live for their country as they had been ever willing to die for it."

Among the military procedures approved by General W. T. Sherman, the following may be quoted here as furnishing the historical background for these chapters on war-time sufferings in the far South and as showing also the direct cause of the desolation of the country and the privations of its civilian population.

**The Cause of the Desolation**

On the 23rd of February, 1865, General Sherman wrote to General Kirkpatrick:

"Let the whole people know the war is now against them because their armies flee before us and do not defend their country or frontier as they should. It is pretty nonsense for Wheeler and Beauregard and such vain heroes to talk of our warring against women and children and prevent us reaching their homes."

September 8, 1864, he wrote to General Webster:

"Don't let any citizens come to Atlanta; not one. I won't allow trade or manufactures of any kind, but you will remove all the present population, and make Atlanta a pure military town."

On October 20th, he wrote, from Summerville, to General Thomas:

"Out of the forces now here and at Atlanta, I propose to organize an efficient army of 60,000 to 65,000 men, with which I propose to destroy Macon, Augusta, and it may be Savannah and Charleston. By this I propose to demonstrate the vulnerability of the South, and make its inhabitants feel that war and individual ruin are synonymous terms."

On December 18th, from Savannah, he wrote to General Grant:

"With Savannah in our possession, at some future time, if not now, we can punish South Carolina as she deserves, and as thousands of people in Georgia hope we will do. I do sincerely believe that the whole United States, North and South, would rejoice to have this army turned loose on South Carolina, to devastate that State in the manner we have done in Georgia."

The correspondence between Generals Halleck and Sherman in regard to Charleston has been given above. See p. 222. The latter adds, however:

"I look upon Columbia as quite as bad as Charleston, and I doubt if we shall spare the public buildings there as we did at Milledgeville."

Reference has been made (p. 209) to the character and faithfulness of the negroes of the Valley of Virginia at the time of the John Brown raid. They refused to be led into a saturnalia of blood and rapine in accordance with the plans of John Brown and his associates.

On the other hand, it may seem strange to some that, as the Virginia negroes knew of John Brown's plans and purposes, they did not warn the people. The answer is that they were afraid to do so, for they were threatened by Brown and his men with the most terrible consequences if they gave out any information. "Uncle Charles" in the incident given on p. 209 was glad enough to give up the murderous pike supplied by John

**Wishing Themselves Back in Slavery**

Brown, but not until he knew Brown was *out of the way.* He was told that if he gave out any information, the pike, or something worse, would be used on him and all his family. It was evident that John Brown did not love the negroes so much as he had been taught to hate "the Southern slaveholders." Such would seem to have been the opinion of Abraham Lincoln. (See eulogy on Henry Clay prior to the raid on p. 11, and his later defense of the Republican Party as not being connected with Brown or his plans.)

It is a curious fact that, throughout the South, after the war, thousands of negroes longed for the "good old times" of slavery. Some of them thought they foresaw, in the license and disorder of the Reconstruction era, the complete moral downfall of their race.

Numbers of the former slaves sought to renew the old relations in some way or other, and others desired to have their children "bound out." Miss Gay was one of those who received such an offer from one of her mother's former slaves. Some years after the war, while she was, in common with the

majority of the Southern people, living in greatly straightened circumstances, she was visited by "Frances," who, as a young girl, had "run off" during the war. She had become the widowed mother of two boys. These she hoped to *give* to Miss Gay until they came of age.

She presented them to Miss Gay in these words:

"Miss Mary, I come to give you my two chillern."

"Your what?"

"My chillern, dese here two smah't little boys. I'll go wid you to de cote-house in de mornin' and you can have de papers drawed up and I'll sign 'em, *an dese little niggers will belong to you till dey's of age to do for deyselves; and all I'll ever ask you to do for 'em is to raise 'em like Miss Polly raised me.*"

"Frances" explained further that she was going away to help take charge of a laundry in Atlanta, and she was distinctly disappointed when Miss Gay refused her offer. Miss Gay then expressed certain thoughts universal among the Southern people, when she said:

"If slavery were restored and every negro on the American continent were offered to me, I should spurn the offer. I should prefer poverty rather than assume again the cares and perplexities of the ownership of your people."

The reply of "Frances" is amusing and significant. It shows that as long as the negro is with them the Southern people must recognize the presence of *the old trust in new form.* They are still their weaker brother's keeper. "Frances" went away to Atlanta loaded down with what Miss Gay could, out of limited means, provide; but, before she left, she said:

**Refusal of a "Free Gift"**

*"Well, it's mighty queer. W'ite folks uster love little niggers, but now dey won't have 'em as a free gift!"*

This story recalls the life and achievements of "Mammy Kate," also of Georgia, but of Revolutionary times. She rescued Governor Stephen Heard from a British prison, carrying him forth from his cell in a basket of clothes, which she, in negro fashion, had balanced on her head. For this brave deed and for her other great services, she was offered her freedom. In refusing the offer, she said, with emphasis: "*You* kin free *me*, Marse Stephen, but *I* won't free *you!*"

Furthermore, "Mammy Kate" made a will in which she

left her nine children to the children of Governor Heard, of whom there were also nine, *thus willing each of the latter a servant.* She saw that her children were thus well provided for; while she in turn, together with "Daddy Jack," her husband, had the best of care and attention through old age and up to death.

It is not to be wondered at that the Southern people resented the fierce denunciations of men no better than themselves, who, prominent in pulpit, forum, and in literature, were continually holding them up to obloquy and scorn as beings unfit for further association with themselves. Not only Emerson, Lowell, Beecher, Brown, Parker, Garrison, Phillips, and hundreds of other preachers, writers, and poets, but even such as Whittier denounced those in the North who sought to defend the character and customs of their fellow-countrymen as base "slaves of the mean and tyrant South." Lincoln refused to lend himself to this orgy of intolerance; the Gettysburg address carried in it nothing of the bitterness of those, who, through ignorance or prejudice, hated the Old South and strove to strip its people not only of their character but their very inheritance in the history of the Republic which they so largely helped to create.

## XXVIII

## THE ST. LOUIS PRISON FOR SOUTHERN WOMEN

During the war, Mrs. Margaret A. E. McLure, of St. Louis, was not only imprisoned but she was imprisoned in her own house and the house itself made into a prison for her and other women of Southern sympathies.

When out on an errand of mercy to the unfortunate Confederates who were confined in the wretched military "pens" of old St. Louis, Mrs. McLure was quietly informed that guards were about her house and that she was to be put under arrest. She at once hurried home, and when the guards, not knowing who she was, crossed their swords and forbade her entrance, she calmly said:

"Your prisoner is not in that house. I am your prisoner and I wish to enter."

This took place in March, 1863. A few days later, every article in Mrs. McLure's house was sent off and sold. Cots were brought in,

and other women of Confederate sympathies were held there as prisoners.

The remainder of the story of Mrs. McLure's imprisonment and of her subsequent release and "deportation" south has been told by Mrs. P. G. Roberts as follows:

Mrs. McLure had been but a short time in prison when she learned that her son, Lewis, a lad of fourteen, had been arrested as a spy while attending school at Pleasand Ridge Academy. He was tried before a military commission and put in Gratiot street prison. Being a fine penman, he was put to work in the office. In a few days a prisoner was brought in who had six hundred dollars on his person. It was, of course, taken away; and when shortly afterwards he was brought into the office to be sent along with others to the prison at Alton, the prisoner demanded his money. The guard denied that he had any such amount. The prisoner seeing Lewis McLure still at the desk, appealed to him; the lad at once asserted that he had counted the money. For this offense (of speaking the truth) Lewis was taken away

**Imprisonment and Release of Lewis McLure**

from the desk and sent to the attic, which had been previously used as a smallpox hospital. Here he soon sickened and became so poisoned from the foul atmosphere that word was gotten to his mother of his need of immediate care if his life was to be saved. She at once requested her faithful friend and physician, Dr. Lemoine, to go and see her son. The doctor wished to vaccinate him, but was refused permission unless he used virus furnished by the hospital.* This he refused to do, but left the prison determined to leave no stone unturned in his efforts to have Lewis released. This was finally accomplished, mainly through the influence of Judge Glover; and Mrs. McLure had the comfort of hearing that her son was back at school, though permission to visit his mother even for an hour was refused.

All this anxiety had greatly worn on Mrs. McLure; and perhaps the kindest order that the not too kind authorities ever gave was the one for her banishment. She would surely have broken down completely if she had been

*The virus used for military prisoners was at times more to be dreaded than the disease.

kept longer in prison, where the only food served to delicate women was spoiled bacon and hard-tack, with coffee so wretched it could not be used even by prisoners, who are not supposed to be fastidious. The matron proved to be a kind-hearted woman, and offered Mrs. McLure her meals in her room, and to add to them some of the delicacies found in the house; but Mrs. McLure refused to fare differently from the others.

**Banishment from Home**

On the twelfth of May the order of banishment came; and Mrs. McLure, accompanied by her son Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, and a number of other Southern sympathizers, were put on board the "Sultana" and sent under guard to Memphis. There they were transferred to a train and run out as far as the condition of the road would permit, and then again transferred to ambulances that had been used the day before to move the dead and wounded after a skirmish, and yet bore the bloodstains on the floor. Major McKinney, who had charge of the exiles, did all in his power to lessen the hardships of the journey, which were great in-

deed. On one occasion, for instance, no house could be reached; and bedding being scarce, the party had to spread sheets on the ground and sleep so, as all the blankets were needed for covering. The Major seemed greatly surprised at the character of his prisoners, and even went so far as to tell them that if he had known the personnel of his party he would have brought his bride along—a statement he would not have made at the end of his journey most certainly—for as they reached a point about sixty miles from Okolono a countryman in brown homespun came out and asked the ladies in the rear ambulance, what was the meaning of this strange sight—a lot of women and children escorted by Yankee troops? And when informed that they were prisoners, replied, "If this is what they are making war on, God help us!" Just as he turned off the Major rode up and asked what the man had been saying. Before anyone else could think of an answer, Mrs. General Frost replied, "He was telling us the woods were full of Bushwackers, many hundred strong, and we might run into a party of them at any moment." The color left the

Major's face, and it is needless to say, he did not then wish he had brought his bride. He at once asked for a towel, put it on a pole, hurried forward a flag of truce to Okolona, with the request that General Ruggles, who was in command there, would send out an escort for the prisoners. The general came out himself and escorted them to his headquarters, where they were most kindly and courteously welcomed, and every comfort possible afforded them. After a few days they received a pressing invitation from Columbus, Mississippi, to make it their home, which invitation they gratefully accepted, and were most cordially received and entertained; and the weary fugitives soon felt at home in hospitable Columbus.

Mrs. McLure was entertained by the widow of the noted philanthropist and Methodist minister, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, where she remained until after the fall of Vicksburg. Immediately after that sad event, the First Missouri Brigade, under General Cockrell and other troops, established a camp for paroled prisoners at Demopolis, Alabama. Soon thereafter they dispatched an officer, Lieuten-

ant Hale, to Columbus, to bring Mrs. McLure, "the soldiers' friend," to see them. She had never refused aid or comfort to any Confederate soldier, and set off at once to see what she could do for the poor fellows who were, like herself, exiles from home. She went with the expectation of remaining only a week, and was the guest of Mrs. Gen. Nathaniel Whitfield at their beautiful home, Gaineswood. This invitation was highly appreciated by Mrs. McLure and the Missouri brigade, who were sorely perplexed when they found that refugees from in and around Vicksburg had so filled up the little town that not a room was to be had for love or money. It proved a most happy arrangement, for when the week's visit came to an end an invitation so cordial and hearty was extended by Mrs. Whitfield in her own and the General's name that Mrs. McLure would make their "house her home till the war was ended, if it ever did," it could but be accepted. Her son soon joined her and secured a good position, and Mrs. McLure remained until after the close of the war, growing daily more fondly attached to the lovely family

who had taken her in as a stranger, but had become, and ever remained close and devoted friends.

After all was lost, with a heart saddened for life, Mrs. McLure returned to St. Louis; and it has been the rare privilege of many of us to know how, in the evening of life, when rest and personal comfort would seem to be her paramount object, her whole strength and thought was given to her loved work, the care of Confederate soldiers.

## XXIX

## ACTION AND REACTION

It is said in the South that "innocent Yankees" suffered in public esteem for the sins of the guilty. The outrages committed by some of the Federal soldiers against the property and persons of the non-combatant population often caused Southern people to class all "Yankees" under one head—and "that a very bad one." This was doubtless a natural attitude; nevertheless, nearly all the diaries of Southern women present protests against this lack of discrimination on the part of some of their compatriots.*

In the bitterness of their wholly justified indignation after Butler's occupation of New Orleans, the Southern women of the Gulf States in particular sought to treat the invaders as outcasts. Consequently, they ever became deeply suspicious of any of their own people who offered voluntary social enter-

*See also the protest of a Northern officer in his letter to Miss Mary A. H. Gay, p. 306.

tainment to the enemy under any circumstances.

The counter protests against this general suspicion is illustrated in the journal of Sarah Fowler Morgan, who at the time of the war, was a young girl of Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

On May 14, 1862, Miss Morgan wrote:*

Yesterday the town was in a ferment because it was reported the Federal officers had called at the Miss Morgans.

Protesting against wholesale condemnation of the "Yankees," she added:

**A Brothers' War**

I have a brother-in-law in the Federal army whom I love and respect as much as anyone in the world, and shall not readily agree that his being a Northerner would give him an irresistible desire to pick my pockets, and to take from him all power of telling the truth. No! There are few men I admire more than Major Drum, and I honor him for his independence in doing what he believes right. Let us have liberty of speech and action in our land, I say, but not gross abuse and calumny. Shall

*Quotations are taken from "A Confederate Girl's Diary," published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company.

I acknowledge that the people we so recently called our brothers are unworthy of consideration, and are liars, cowards, dogs? Not I! If they conquer us, I acknowledge them as a superior race; I will not say that we were conquered by cowards, for where would that place us? It will take a brave people to gain us, and that the Northerners undoubtedly are. I would scorn to have an inferior foe; I fight only my equals. These women may acknowledge that cowards have won battles in which their brothers were engaged, but I, I will ever say mine fought against brave men, and won the day. Which is most honorable?

Three days later, the news of "Ben" Butler's New Orleans proclamation reached Baton Rouge, and Miss Morgan wrote:

**Butler and His Kind**

A new proclamation from Butler has just come. It seems that the ladies have an ugly way of gathering their skirts when the Federals pass, to avoid any possible contact. Some even turn up their noses. Unladylike, to say the least. . . . Butler says, whereas the so-called ladies of New Orleans insult his men and officers, he gives one and all per-

mission to insult any or all who so treat them, then and there, with the assurance that the women will not receive the slightest protection from the Government, and that the men will all be justified. I did not have time to read it, but repeat it as it was told to me by mother, who is in utter despair at the brutality of the thing. These men our brothers? Not mine! Let us hope for the honor of their nation that Butler is not counted among the gentlemen of the land. And so, if any man should fancy he cared to kiss me, he could do so under the pretext that I had pulled my dress from under his feet! That will justify them! And if we decline their visits, they can insult us under the plea of a prior affront. Oh! Gibbes! George! Jimmy! never did we need your protection as sorely as now. And not to know even whether you are alive! When Charlie joins the army, we will be defenseless, indeed. Come to my bosom, O my discarded carving-knife, laid aside under the impression that these men were gentlemen. We will be close friends once more. And if you must have a sheath, perhaps I may find one for you in the heart of the first man who

attempts to Butlerize me. I never dreamed of kissing any man save my father and brothers. And why anyone should care to kiss anyone else, I fail to understand. And I do not propose to learn to make exceptions.

Miss Morgan's diary records the story of the panic at Baton Rouge on the 30th of May, 1862.

On that day she wrote:

I was packing up my traveling desk with all Harry's little articles that were left to me, and other things, and I was saying to myself that my affairs were in such confusion that if obliged to run unexpectedly, I would not know what to save, when I heard Tilly's voice downstairs, crying, as she ran in—she had been out shopping—"Mr. Castle has killed a Federal officer on a ship, and they are going to shell"—Bang! went a cannon at the word and that was all our warning!

After describing the confusion of the household as the Federal shells began to burst over the town, the diary continues:

But the next minute we were all off, in safety. A square from home, I discovered that boys' shoes were not the most comfortable

things to run in, so I ran back, in spite of cannonading, entreaties, etc., to get another pair. I got home, found an old pair that were by no means respectable, which I seized without hesitation; and being perfectly at ease, thought it would be so nice to save at least Miriam's and my toothbrushes. So I slipped them in my corset. These in, of course we must have a comb—and that was added—then how could we stand in the sun without starch to cool our faces? This included the powder-bag; then I must save that beautiful lace collar; and my hair was tumbling down, so in went the tucking-comb and hair-pins with the rest; until, if there had been anyone to speculate, they would have wondered a long while at the singular appearance of a girl who is considered slight, usually. By this time, Miriam, alarmed for me, returned to find me, though urged by Dr. Castleton not to risk her life by attempting it, and we started off together.

**Bombardment of Baton Rouge**

As we stood in the door, four or five shells sailed over our heads at the same time, seeming to make a perfect corkscrew of the air—

for it sounded as though it went in circles. Miriam cried, "Never mind the door!" mother screamed anew, and I stayed behind to lock the door, with this new music in my ears. We reached the back gate, that was on the street, when another shell passed us, and Miriam jumped behind the fence for protection. We had only gone half a square when Dr. Castleton begged us to take another street, as they were firing up that one. We took his advice, but found our new street worse than the old, for the shells seemed to whistle their strange songs with redoubled vigor. The height of my ambition was now attained. I had heard Jimmy laugh about the singular sensation produced by the rifled balls spinning around one's head; and here I heard the same peculiar sound, ran the same risk, and was equal to the rest of the boys, for was I not in the midst of flying shells, in the middle of a bombardment? I think I was rather proud of it.

Three miles from town we began to overtake the fugitives. Hundreds of women and children were walking along, some bareheaded, and in all costumes. Little girls of

twelve and fourteen were wandering on alone. I called to one I knew, and asked where her mother was; she didn't know; she would walk on until she found out. It seems her mother lost a nursing baby, too, which was not found until ten that night. White and black were all mixed together, and were as confidential as though related. All called to us and asked where we were going, and many we knew laughed at us for riding in a cart; but as they had walked only five miles, I imagined they would like even these poor accommodations if they were in their reach.

**Women and Children Under Fire**

The negroes deserve the greatest praise for their conduct. Hundreds were walking with babies or bundles; ask them what they had saved, it was invariably, "My mistress's clothes, or silver, or baby." Ask what they had for themselves, it was, "Bless your heart, honey, I was glad to get away with mistress's things; I didn't think 'bout mine."

**Splendid Behavior of the Colored Population**

It was a heart-rending scene. Women

searching for their babies along the road, where they had been lost; others sitting in the dust crying and wringing their hands; for by this time we had not an idea but what Baton Rouge was either in ashes, or being plundered, and we had saved nothing. I had one dress, Miriam two, but "Tiche" had them, and we had lost her before we left home.

## XXX

## WAR TIMES IN NEW ORLEANS

During the war, President Lincoln made it clear that the South could "come back into the Union" with slavery intact; the Emancipation Proclamation was a war measure only. It specifically did not apply to any of the slaves in Federal-controlled territory, and it could be revoked on its application to territory not under Federal rule. Although little realized to-day, it is a matter of historical record that Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee were in complete accord in regard to slavery and emancipation and the methods to be used to do away with the former and promote the latter.

**Lincoln vs. the Abolitionist**

A few years after Henry Clay and Abraham Lincoln had denounced the violence of the ultra-Abolitionists, Robert E. Lee wrote: "In this enlightened age, there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and

**Robert E. Lee on Emancipation**

political evil. It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it is a greater evil to the white than to the colored race, and while my feelings are strongly interested in the latter, my sympathies are more deeply engaged for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa—morally, socially, and physically. . . . Their emancipation will sooner result from the mild and melting influence of Christianity than from the storms and contests of fiery controversy. This influence, though slow, is sure. The doctrines and miracles of our Savior have required nearly two thousand years to convert but a small part of the human race, and even among Christian nations what gross errors still exist! While we see the course of the final abolition of slavery is still onward, and we give it the aid of our prayers and all justifiable means in our power, we must leave the progress as well as the result in His hands, who sees the end and who chooses to work by slow things, and with whom a thousand years are but as a single day. The abolitionist must know this, and must see that he has neither the right

nor the power of operating except by moral means and suasion; if he means well to the slave he must not create angry feelings in the master. Although he may not approve of the mode by which it pleases Providence to accomplish its purposes, the result will nevertheless be the same; and the reason he gives for interference in what he has no concern holds good for every kind of interference with our neighbors when we disapprove of their conduct."*

* * *

Amid much personal detail and matters of a more or less trivial character, some of the most interesting comments on contemporaneous happenings recorded in any journals or diaries of the Southern women are those of Julia LeGrand, a young girl of Maryland birth but whose home was in Louisiana at the time of the sectional conflict. The preceding historical notes bear directly upon the following observations of this young chronicler of the events of her day.

*Quoted in G. F. R. Henderson's "Campaigns of Stonewall Jackson" (large English edition), Vol. I, p. 108. Compare quotation in Foreword from writings of Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont.

Under date of February 20, 1863, after reading a speech by Wendell Phillips, Miss LeGrand added to the general condemnation of the intemperate bigotry of the extreme type of abolitionist the following specific and forceful words:

No Jacobin of France, not even Robespierre, ever made so infamous a one. He says an aristocracy like that of the South has never been gotten rid of except by the sacrifice of one generation; they can never have peace, he says, until "every slave-holder is either killed or exiled." He does not approve of battles—the negroes *should be* turned loose and incited to rise and slay. "They know, by instinct, the whole programme of what they have to do," he says.

Under date of January 21, 1863, Miss LeGrand writes:

Two long trains of artillery passed our door to-day.

One young officer particularly attracted my attention; he looked so truly gallant—some mother's darling, I know. In his young enthusiasm he has come to fight for the Union; he will die for it, probably, without

in any way contributing to its restoration. We find a great difference in the appearance of Banks' troops and those of Butler. A Federal officer stopped at Mrs. Harrison's gate a day or two ago, asking for a few rose-buds that he might press them to send to his wife; there are no flowers where she is now. This pure remembrance and thought of the soldier touched me. I was touched, too, at the remark of a private passing the gate. "Here I am," said he, "so many miles from home, and not a soul that cares a damn whether I live or die, or what becomes of me." Another remarked, when the newsboy cried out: "A new order," "I wish it were an order for peace and one to go home."

**A Young Girl's Idealism and Philosophy**

Mrs. Norton got quite impatient with Miss Marcella Wilkinson to-day for praising several of the officers who had been kind to her family, and who had interested themselves in procuring the release of her brother, who had been arrested by Butler. Mrs. N. thinks no one can be a true Southerner and praise a Yankee. She thought it no honor "to be treated decently by one of

the wretches; she wished the devils were all killed." There is a difference even among devils, it seems, as some of Banks' people do try to be kind to us, while Butler's were just the reverse. How few people have an enlarged liberality! I wonder if it will ever be possible for a novelist to render to view the faults of his countrymen in this land; the mention of one failing even in private conversation raises a sort of storm, not always polite either. I am thought all sorts of things because I endeavor to do justice to all parties; one day I am an abolitionist, another a Yankee, another too hot a "rebel," another all English, and sometimes I love my Maryland, and no other State; all the while I love my own land, every inch of it, better than all the world and feel a burning desire ever kindling in my heart that my countrymen should be first in all the world for virtue. They are so kind, so generous, so brave, so gallant to women that I desire for them all the good that belongs to human character, the graces of chivalry, as well as its sturdy manhood, and the elegant liberality of philosophy and benevolence.

Under men of Butler's type it became increasingly difficult for Northern officers of the best intentions and social instincts to show kindness to Southern "rebels." Miss LeGrand in her "Journal" under date of February 3, 1863, writes:

**Chivalry of Colonel Clarke, U. S. A.**

The Federal rulers here are less accessible than the most august of sovereigns, and even if one is admitted they send him from one to another until his patience is worn out, each official seeming to emulate the last in rude behavior—with the single exception of Colonel Clarke, who has been dismissed from office, having shown what the Yankees here term "secesh" tendencies. He is a gentleman and Ginnie* says a most sorrowful one. Before we went to Greenville, Mrs. Norton, Ginnie, and Mrs. Dameron went to the city hall—found there a great crowd through which they had to wedge their way.

A young official made his appearance and after roughly demanding what their business

*Julia LeGrand's sister, Virginia.

was, was answered curtly by Mrs. Norton, "I don't intend to tell you my business," said she, "I will go to headquarters." She makes a point of always speaking in this way and cannot be persuaded that she gives them great advantage over her. "Well, Madam," returned the young man, "I don't want to know your business, and if you can't tell it, just step back until others are served who can." Mrs. Dameron blushed and said, "Ah, why will Ma put herself in a position to be insulted?" Ginnie and she got out of the way as fast as possible, and Mrs. Norton was so innocent about it that she didn't know what they meant by feeling abashed. Colonel French sat with his feet in the air, answered almost rudely when spoken to, and gave them no satisfaction. Colonel Clarke, though out of office that very day and to be succeeded by a creature called Colonel Bowgen, did all he could toward granting their requests. Mrs. Norton and Ginnie got arrest papers for servants, also registered for passports. Colonel Bowgen watched Colonel Clarke sharply, fearing, Ginnie said, that he might do or promise something kind. "Colonel

Clarke has a soft spot in his heart,'' he significantly remarked.

For this soft spot he has been dismissed from office; he goes out to the verge of ''rebeldom,'' however, with all exchanged prisoners and enemies, whenever they are sent, and is always so kind, so truly generous that many are attached to him. One lady who had smuggled a Confederate flag felt compunctions after receiving so much kindness and brought it out to the Colonel. He had not permitted either their trunks or persons to be searched. She waved her little flag and said that she loved it and asked his permission to carry it over the lines; ''Oh, yes,'' said he, ''take it; I don't think it will cause the death of any of us.''

The trip to the lines that time was a delightful one, both to the ladies and Colonel Clarke, and upon the arrival of the boat at Madisonville, two hundred Confederate soldiers marched down to meet the ladies.

Oh! such a time! such a joyful meeting! Our soldiers went on board and had quite a ''jollification,'' it is said, and were kindly entertained by the Federal officers. This was

as it should be, but things will never be conducted in that way again. The last time the enemies went out, Colonel Clarke went with them, indeed, but he could do nothing which he wished. On being appealed to by a lady, he said, "Ah, madam, there is a new ruler in Jerusalem." On this occasion the ladies' trunks were searched, also their persons, with two exceptions. A little contraband quinine was found and we were all glad to hear that one of the infamous women badly cut her hand whilst ripping up a lady's sleeve to look for it. Even babies were searched and left shivering in the cold without their clothes. Flannels were taken from all, and a little bag of flour which a very poor woman, who was going out to meet her husband, had taken to thicken her baby's milk, was cruelly thrown into the water.

Recollections of a runaway maid brought forth these interesting reflections on racial attributes from Miss LeGrand.

To-day I tried to do up my collars and other fineries—failed and felt anything but spiritual minded. I got angry with my irons which *would* smut my muslins, and then got

angry with myself for having been angry—finally divided the blame, giving a part to Julie Ann for running away and leaving me to do her work, and by her thefts, with less money wherewithal to procure others to do it for me. If Julie's condition was bettered, if she had been made a higher being by the sort of freedom she has chosen, I could not find it in my conscience to regret her absence; but I hear of her that she is a degraded creature, living a vicious life, and we tried so hard to make her good and honest.

**Relations Between the Races**

I once was as great an abolitionist as any in the North—that was when my unthinking fancy placed black and white upon the same plane. My sympathies blinded me, and race and character were undisturbed mysteries to me. But my experience with negroes has altered my way of thinking and reasoning. As an earnest of sincerity given even to my own mind, it was when we owned them in numbers that I thought they ought to be free, and now that we have none, I think they are not fit for freedom. No one unacquainted with negro character can form an idea of its

deficiencies as well as its overpluses, if I may so express myself; it is the only race which labor does not degrade. I do not mean that there is degradation in labor, but we all know that white men and women, whose minds are fettered with one constant round of petty pursuits, are very different from their brothers and sisters who are better served by fortune. . . .

. . . I doubt not but that in the far generations they will hold, and justly, a better, higher place. When they are fit for it, the white man will not withhold it. The inventions of science will make his labor less needed, and the example and influence of the white race, aided by the wholesome restraints of savage passions, will eventually make him a new being. Slavery indeed can not be considered a good school for the white man, but it should be remembered by the fanatic that we found these people mere animals, and that physically and mentally our slaves are superior to their African progenitors. The white race is distorted by labor; hair, features, complexion, and shape—all tell the tale of hardship and labor. Not so with the negro;

they live so easily, generally speaking, so comfortably—these creatures whom fanatics are pitying, neglectful of the poor at their doors, and for whose possible benefit it is pretended that Federal soldiers are sent to die! America seems perishing of madness.

In common with thousands of her fellow-countrymen, North and South, this young New Orleans girl largely misunderstood Lincoln's *sole* purpose to preserve the Union and prevent the division of a great Republic. Indeed, she knew little about him except that which was vague and mythical. It is scarcely possible, therefore, that in expressing these comments upon the negro race, she was aware of the fact that she was elaborating in detail the views of President Lincoln himself in regard both to the limitations of the negro race and the future relations between the whites and the blacks.

The *"national American"* of to-day, be he of Southern or of Northern origin, may think it strange that this comparatively unknown Louisiana girl and Abraham Lincoln should not only have held but also have expressed

similar opinions in respect to one of the greatest problems of their day. Such is, nevertheless, a fact.

In a speech at Quincy, Illinois, Lincoln said: "I have no purpose to introduce political and social equality between the white and black races. There is a physical difference between the two which, in my judgment, would probably forever forbid their living together upon a footing of perfect equality."

To this statement, on another occasion, he added: "And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together, there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race."

A year after this comment by Julia LeGrand in her "Journal," President Lincoln wrote to Governor Hahn, in Miss LeGrand's own State of Louisiana: "I would barely suggest for your private consideration whether some of the colored people may not be let in" to the privilege of suffrage. Again, he declared: "While I am in favor of freedom to all of God's human creatures,

with equal political rights under prudential restrictions, I am not in favor of unlimited social equality. There are questions arising out of our complications that trouble me greatly. The question of universal suffrage to the freedman in his unprepared state is one of doubtful propriety. I do not oppose the justice of the measure, but I do think it is of doubtful political policy and may rebound like a boomerang not only on the Republican party, but upon the freedman himself and our common country."

About one year before President Lincoln wrote to Governor Hahn, Miss LeGrand set down in her diary:

**Racial Characteristics Reviewed**

Mr. Denman gave a description of a visit of Stafford (the general of the negroes) to the bank last summer. He came in with a shin-plaster, and with a horrible oath told one of the bank gentlemen to pay the amount in gold. On being told that there was no gold, but that small notes would be issued soon, he swore terribly, drew his sword and flourished it in the wildest manner, threatening to cut their heads off. Mr. D.

owned that he was as afraid of him as he would be of a horned devil. "I'se got your Mayor down to Fort Jackson," said Stafford, grinding his teeth, "where I hope the mosquitoes will eat out his d——d heart." And more of this sort. The banker looked at the note and found it one of the coffee-house issues, with which the city last spring was flooded; and which Butler (very properly) had ordered to be redeemed, said he: "This is not our note; we have nothing to do with it," whereupon Stafford took it up and turned round upon a crowd of women and children who had followed him into the bank, flourishing his sword over them and swearing at them.

This creature is below the city, having in command 1,400 negroes, armed and equipped, wearing the leather belt which other soldiers wear, having the letters U. S. in brass upon it. The once honored "Stars and Stripes" can be borne by such hands as these! Many of the negroes in camp have yielded to temptation, and been beguiled by Yankee falsehoods into running away from their masters, now that they realize their position,

wish to return to them. But Stafford refused to allow them to go home. . . .

Nothing more clearly defines the subordinate position, or the real justice of their position, more than their total want of social virtues. . . . A life of lounging around the streets, feeding at the expense of the United States Government, has proved more enticing than the memories of wife or child. They have mostly gotten new mates. Mrs. Norton, in letters from her family and friends, is often charged with messages to servants who do not even wish to hear from those that are gone. I was once an abolitionist, and resented for this race's sake their position in the awful scale of humanity. But, I verily believe, that negroes are not now developed creatures. What they may be sometime I can not prognosticate, but I do believe in the law of progress. I call to mind the age when Britons wore skins, and hope for all things.

Of the subsequent treatment of the negroes by some of their liberators, Miss LeGrand wrote, March 15, 1863:

Mrs. Norton went yesterday to get papers

for her negroes, according to Federal command—was quite astonished to be asked if she had taken the oath. In giving answer she also managed to give offense to the official, who rudely told her to "Hush," whereupon she told him she would talk as much as she pleased in spite of all the Federals in New Orleans and not take the oath either. The Federal said he didn't care a damn whether she took the oath or not. She then made a very proper answer—"You have proved a gentleman of the first stamp, sir," she said, "in swearing at an old lady; a very fine gentleman indeed." He was then silent and ashamed.

Mrs. Dameron, Mrs. Doctor Stille, and Mrs. Wells all went to the same place to get papers for their servants and were treated very politely. To those who had not taken the oath, he expressed great regret that he was compelled not to issue passes for servants belonging to disloyal people. Such servants are all caught up and forced by Federal soldiers to work on the fortifications and plantations. I pity poor Julie Ann; I wonder

**Negroes under the New Order**

what death she will die! She has never known real hardship. This step of the authorities here has given the negroes a great blow. So much for Federal philanthropy! Another instance of it. The Yankee *Era* said yesterday that the *Indianola* before her capture by the Confederates had been dispatched to destroy the cotton and plantation of Jeff Davis and his brother and to bring off all the *male* slaves—the *male* slaves, philanthropy! We hear constantly of negroes who are brought away *unwillingly* from their home comforts and their masters—and not infrequently are these poor people robbed of all they have by their pretended saviors. Mrs. Wilkinson's old man was robbed on his plantation of his watch and money, and another of four hundred dollars, which had been hoarded up for a long time.*

*Miss LeGrand's "Journal," (as preserved), ends abruptly in the year 1863, in the midst of a sentence. Part was published in 1911 by Miss Kate Mason Rowland and Mrs. Morris L. Croxall. Miss LeGrand was born in Maryland, brought up largely in Louisiana, and married and died in Texas.

## XXXI

## FURTHER EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. McGUIRE:

### JANUARY, 1864, TO THE SURRENDER OF LEE AT APPOMATTOX*

January 3.—Entered on the duties of my office on the 30th of December. So far I like it well. "The Major" is very kind, and considerate of our comfort; the duties of the office are not very onerous, but rather confining for one who left school thirty-four years ago, and has had no restraint of the kind during the interim. The ladies, thirty-five in number, are of all ages, and representing various parts of Virginia, also Maryland and Louisiana. Many of them are refugees. It is melancholy to see how many wear mourning for brothers or other relatives, the victims of war. One sad young girl sits near me, whose two brothers have fallen on the field, but she is too poor to buy mourning. I found many

*Continued from p. 189.

acquaintances, and when I learned the history of others, it was often that of fallen fortunes and destroyed homes. One young lady, of high-sounding Maryland name, was banished from Baltimore, because of her zeal in going to the assistance of our Gettysburg wounded. The society is pleasant, and we hope to get along very agreeably. I am now obliged to visit the hospital in the afternoon, and I give it two evenings in the week. It is a cross to me not to be able to give it more time; but we have very few patients just now, so that it makes very little difference.

January 15, 1864—My occupation at home just now is as new as that in the office—it is shoe-making. I am busy upon the second pair of gaiter boots. They are made of canvas, presented me by a friend. It was taken from one of our James River vessels, and has been often spread to the breeze under the "Stars and Bars." The vessel was sunk among the obstructions at Drury's Bluff. The gaiters are cut out by a shoemaker, stitched and bound by the ladies, then soled by a shoemaker; for the moderate sum of fifty dollars.

**Other Occupations**

Last year he put soles on a pair for ten dollars. They are then blacked with the material used for blacking guns in the navy. They are very handsome gaiters, and bear polishing by blacking and the shoe-brush as well as morocco. They are lasting, and very cheap when compared with those we buy, which are from $125 to $150 per pair. We are certainly becoming very independent of foreign aid. The girls make beautifully fitting gloves of dark flannel, cloth, linen, and any other material we can command. We make very nice blacking, and a friend has just sent me a bottle of brilliant black ink, made of elderberries.

**An Incident of the Poorer People**

February 28, 1864—One woman stood at a table cutting out work; we asked her the stereotyped question—"Is there a very poor widow named Brown in this direction?" "No ladies; I knows two Mrs. Browns, but they ain't so poor, and ain't no widows nuther."

As neither of them was our Mrs. B., we turned away; but she suddenly exclaimed, "Ladies, will one of you read my husband's

last letter to me? for you see I can't read writing."

As Mrs. R. took it, she remarked that it was four weeks old, and asked if no one had read it to her? "Oh yes, a gentleman has read it to me four or five times; but you see I loves to hear it, for maybe I shan't hear from him no more."

The tears now poured down her cheeks. "He always writes to me every chance, and it has been so long since he wrote that, and they tell me that they have been fighting, and maybe something has happened to him."

We assured her that there had been no fighting—not even a skirmish. This quieted her, and Mrs. R. read the badly written but affectionate letter, in which he expressed his anxiety to see her and his children, and his inability to get a furlough. She then turned to the mantelpiece and with evident pride took from a nail an old felt hat, through the crown of which were two bullet-holes. It was her husband's hat, through which a bullet had passed in the battle of Chancellorsville, and, as she remarked, must have come "very nigh

grazing his head." We remarked upon its being a proof of his bravery, which gratified her very much; she then hung it up carefully, saying that it was just opposite her bed, and she never let it be out of her sight.

**Raids Around Richmond**

March 10, 1864—There has been much excitement in Richmond about Kilpatrick's and Dahlgren's raids, and the death of the latter. The cannon roared around the city, the alarm-bell rang, the reserves went out; but Richmond was safe, and we felt no alarm. As usual, they did all the injury they could to country-people, by pillaging and burning. They steal every thing they can; but the people have become very adroit in hiding. Bacon, flour, etc., are put in most mysterious places; plate and handsome china are kept under ground; horses are driven into dense woods, and the cattle and sheep are driven off. It is astonishing, though much is taken, how much is left. I suppose the raiders are too much hurried for close inspection.

May 13.—General Stuart died of his wounds last night, twenty-four hours after he was shot. He was a member of the Epis-

copal Church, and expressed to the Rev. Dr. Peterkin his resignation to the will of God.

**Death of General J. E. B. Stuart**

After much conversation with his friends and Dr. P., and joining them in a hymn which he requested should be sung, he calmly resigned his redeemed spirit to the God who gave it. Thus passed away our great cavalry general, just one year after the immortal Jackson. This seems darkly mysterious to us, but God's will be done. The funeral took place this evening, from St. James's Church. My duty to the living prevented my attending it, for which I am very sorry; but I was in the hospital from three o'clock until eight, soothing the sufferers in the only way I could, by fanning them, bathing their wounds, and giving them a word of comfort.

May 23.—Our young relative, Lieutenant G., a member of General Stuart's staff, who was always near his person, has just been giving us a most gratifying account of General Stuart's habits. He says, that although he considered him one of the most sprightly men he has ever seen, devoted to society,

particularly to that of the ladies, always social and cheerful, yet he has never seen him do any thing, even under the strongest excitement, unbecoming his Christian profession or his high position as a soldier; he never saw him drink, or heard an oath escape his lips; his sentiments were always high-minded, pure, and honorable, and his actions entirely coincided with them. In short, he considered him, whether on the field or in the private circle, the model of a Christian gentleman and soldier.

When speaking of his gallantry as an officer, Lieutenant G.'s admiration knows no bounds. He speaks of the devotion of the soldiers to him as enthusiastic in the extreme. The evening before his fatal wound, he sent his troops on in pursuit of Sheridan, under the command of General Fitz Lee, as he was unavoidably detained for some three or four hours. General Lee overtook the enemy, and a sharp skirmish ensued, in which Sheridan's rear suffered very much. In the meantime, General Stuart determined to overtake General Lee, and, with his staff, rode very rapidly sixteen miles, and reached him about

nightfall. They were halting for a few moments, as General Stuart rode up quietly, no one suspecting he was there, until a plain-looking soldier crossed the road, stopped, peered through the darkness into his face, and shouted out, "Old Jeb has come!" In an instant the air was rent with huzzas. General Stuart waved his cap in recognition; but called out in rather a sad voice, "My friends, we won't hallôo until we get out of the woods!" intimating that there was serious work before them.

**Fate of the Negroes on the Virginia Farms**

June 11th, 1864.—On these highly cultivated plantations not a fence is left, except mutilated garden enclosures. The fields were as free from vegetation after a few days as the Arabian desert; the very roots seemed eradicated from the earth. A fortification stretched across W., in which were embedded the fence rails of that and the adjoining farms. Ten thousand cavalry were drawn up in line of battle for two days on the two plantations, expecting the approach of the Confederates; bands of music were constantly playing martial airs in

all parts of the premises; and whiskey flowed freely.

The poor servants could not resist these intoxicating influences, particularly as abolition preachers were constantly collecting immense crowds, preaching to them the cruelty of the servitude which had been so long imposed upon them, and that Abraham Lincoln was the Moses sent by God to deliver them from the "land of Egypt and the house of bondage," and to lead them to the promised land. After the eight days were accomplished, the army moved off, leaving not a quadruped, except two pigs, which had ensconced themselves under the ruins of a servant's house, and perhaps a dog to one plantation; to the other, by some miraculous oversight, two cows and a few pigs were left. Not a wheeled vehicle of any kind was to be found; all the grain, flour, meat, and other supplies were swept off, except the few things hid in those wonderful places which could not be fathomed even by the "Grand Army."

Scarcely a representative of the sons and daughters of Africa remained in that whole

section of country; they had all gone to Canaan, by way of York River, Chesapeake Bay, and the Potomac,—not dry-shod, for the waters were not rolled back at the presence of these modern Israelites, but in vessels crowded to suffocation in this excessively warm weather. They have gone to homeless poverty, an unfriendly climate, and hard work; many of them to die without sympathy, for the invalid, the decrepit, and the infant of days have left their houses, beds, and many comforts, the homes of their birth, the masters and mistresses who regarded them not so much as property as humble friends and members of their families. Poor, deluded creatures! I am grieved not so much on account of the loss of their services, though that is excessively inconvenient and annoying, but for their grievous disappointment. Those who have trades, or who are brought up as ladies' maids or house servants, may do well, but woe to the masses who have gone with the blissful hope of idleness and free supplies! We have lost several who were great comforts to us and others who were sources of care, responsibility, and great expense.

These particulars from W. and S. H. I have from our nephew, J. P., who is now a scout for General W. H. F. Lee. He called by to rest a few hours at his uncle's house, and says he would scarcely have known the barren wilderness.

The Northern officers seemed disposed to be courteous to the ladies, in the little intercourse which they had with them. General Ferrara, who commanded the negro troops, was humane, in having a coffin made for a young Confederate officer who died in Dr. B's house, and was kind in other respects. The surgeons, too, assisted in attending to the Confederate wounded. An officer one morning sent for Mrs. N. to ask her where he should place a box of French china for safety; he said that some soldiers had discovered it buried in her garden, dug it up and opened it, but he had come up at this crisis and had placed a guard over it, and desired to know where she wished it put. A place of safety of course was not on the premises, but she had it taken to her chamber. She thanked him for his kindness. He seemed

**Kindnesses of Northern Officers**

moved, and said, "Mrs. N., I will do what I can for you, for I cannot be too thankful that my wife is not in an invaded country." She then asked him how he could, with his feelings, come to the South. He replied that he was in the regular army and was obliged to come. Many little acts of kindness were done at both houses, which were received in the spirit in which they were extended.

July 27.—General Early has returned from Maryland, bringing horses, cattle, etc. While near Washington, the army burned Mr. Montgomery Blair's house, which I cannot persuade myself to regret, and spared the residence of his father, by order, it is said, of General Breckinridge. I know that General B. was right, but I think it required great forbearance, particularly in the soldiers, who have felt in their own persons and families the horrors of this cruel war of invasion. It seems to our human view that unless the war is severely felt by those in high authority, it will never cease. Hunter has just passed through the upper part of the Valley of Virginia, his pathway marked by fire and sword; and Sheridan has followed

Early into Virginia, with no very gentle intent, I fear.

In this connection, Mrs. McGuire copies in her diary General R. E. Lee's General Order No. 73, an order recently (1917) reprinted by the Boston *Transcript* as perhaps the finest model of military restraint known to history. The order given out at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on June 27th, a few days before the great clash at Gettysburg, reads in part:

"The Commanding General has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitled them to approbation and praise.

"There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less

obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. . . . It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of the enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

"The Commanding General therefore earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain, with most scrupulous care, from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

(Signed) R. E. LEE, *General.*"*

*P. S. Worsley, the English scholar, wrote on the fly-leaf of a translation of Homer's Iliad forwarded to General Robert E. Lee after Appomattox:

"To General R. E. Lee, the most stainless of living commanders and, except in fortune, the greatest, this volume is presented, with the writer's earnest sympathy and respectful admiration."

To this he added verses on the fall of another "Troy," continuing:

Shortly after this transcript in Mrs. McGuire's diary there is recorded from the testimony of friends one of those terrible experiences which it is thought best to omit from the pages of this book. It told of the unsuccessful effort to protect a home and a helpless colored girl from the basest elements of both white and black soldiery. Another part of this narrative reads as follows:

Night now set in, and our apprehensions increased as the light disappeared; we knew not what was before us, or what we should be

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"Ah, realm of tears! But let her bear
This blazon to the last of time:
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure of crime.

"The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
Come round thee; yet in truth be strong!
Eternal right, though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

"An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South—
Virginia first, and Lee."

The General, replying, wrote in part:

"The undeserved compliment to myself in prose and verse, on the first leaves of the volume, I receive as your tribute to the merit of my countrymen who struggled for constitutional government. With great respect, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

called on to encounter during the hours of darkness. We only knew that we were surrounded by lawless banditti, from whom we had no reason to expect mercy, much less kindness; but above all, there was an Eye that never slumbered, and an arm mighty to defend those who trusted to it, so we made the house as secure as we could, and kept ready a parcel of sharp case-knives (don't laugh at our weapons) for our defence, if needed, and went up-stairs, determined to keep close vigils at night. Our two faithful servants, Jacob and Anthony, kept watch in the kitchen. Among the many faithless, those two stood as examples of the comfort that good servants can give in time of distress. About nine o'clock we heard the sound of horses' feet, and Jacob's voice under the window. Upon demanding to know what was the matter, I was answered by the voice of a gun-boat captain, in broken German, that they were going to fire over my house at the "Rebs" on the hill, and that we had better leave the house, and seek protection in the streets. I quietly told our coun-

**A Night of Terror in Lower Virginia**

sellor that I preferred remaining in my own house, and should go to the basement, where we should be safe. So we hastily snatched up blankets and comforts, and repaired to the basement, where pallets were spread, and G.'s little baby laid down to sleep, sweetly unconscious of our fears and troubles. We sent to apprise the Misses G. of the danger, and urge them to come to us. They came, accompanied by an ensign, who had warded off danger from them several times during the day. He was a grave, middle-aged man, and was very kind. At the request of the ladies, he came into the room with us and remained until twelve o'clock. He was then obliged to return to the gun-boat, but gave us an efficient guard until daybreak. He pronounced Captain Schultz's communication false, as they had no idea of firing. We knew at once that the object had been to rob the house, as all unoccupied houses were robbed with impunity. This gentleman's name was Nelson. I can never forget his kindness. During the night our relative, Mrs. B——m, came to us in great agitation; she had attempted to stay at home, though entirely alone, to protect her

property. She had been driven from her house at midnight, and chased across several lots to the adjoining one, where she had fallen from exhaustion. Jacob, hearing cries for help, went to her, and brought her to us. Our party now consisted of twelve females of all ages. As soon as the guard left us at daybreak, they came in streams to the hen-yard, and woe to the luckless chicken who thought itself safe from robbers! At one o'clock on Monday the fleet of now eight steamers took its departure. Two of the steamers were filled with the deluded negroes who were leaving their homes. We felt that the incubus which had pressed so heavily upon us for thirty hours had been removed, and we once more breathed freely, but the village was left desolate and destitute.

October 28.—An officer from the far South was brought in mortally wounded. He had lost both legs in a fight below Petersburg. The poor fellow suffered excessively; could not be still a moment; and was evidently near his end. His brother, who was with him, exhibited the bitterest grief, watching and

**A Wife's Devotion**

waiting on him with silent tenderness and flowing tears. Mr. ——— was glad to find that he was not unprepared to die. He had been a professor of religion for some years, and told him that he was suffering too much to think on that or any other subject, but he constantly tried to look to God for mercy. Mr. ——— then recognized him, for the first time, as a patient who had been in the hospital last spring, and whose admirable character had then much impressed him.

He was a gallant and brave officer, yet so kind and gentle to those under his control that his men were deeply attached to him, and the soldier who nursed him showed his love by his anxious care of his beloved captain. After saying to him a few words about Christ and his free salvation, offering up a fervent prayer in which he seemed to join, and watching the sad scene for a short time, Mr. ——— left him for the night. The surgeons apprehended that he would die before morning, and so it turned out; at the chaplain's early call there was nothing in his room but the chilling signal of the empty "hospital bunk." He was buried that day, and

we trust will be found among the redeemed in the day of the Lord. This, it was thought, would be the last of this good man; but in the dead of night came hurriedly a single carriage to the gate of the hospital. A lone woman, tall, straight, and dressed in deep mourning, got quickly out, and moved rapidly up the steps into the large hall, where, meeting the guard, she asked anxiously, "Where's Captain T.?" Taken by surprise, the man answered hesitatingly, "Captain T. is dead, madam, and was buried to-day."

This terrible announcement was as a thunderbolt at the very feet of the poor lady, who fell to the floor as one dead. Starting up, oh, how she made that immense building ring with her bitter lamentations! Worn down with apprehension and weary with traveling over a thousand miles by day and night, without stopping for a moment's rest, and wild with grief, she could hear no voice of sympathy—she regarded not the presence of one or many; she told the story of her married life, as if she were alone—how her husband was the best man that ever lived; how everybody loved him; how kind he was to all; how

devoted to herself; how he loved his children, took care of, and did everything for them; how, from her earliest years almost, she had loved him as herself; how tender he was of her, watching over her in sickness, never seeming to weary of it, never to be unwilling to make any sacrifice for her comfort and happiness; how that, when the telegraph brought the dreadful news that he was dangerously wounded, she never waited an instant nor stopped a moment by the way, day nor night, and now—"I drove as fast as the horses could come from the depot to this place, and he is dead and buried!—I never shall see his face again!" "What *shall* I do?"—"But where is he buried?" They told her where. "I must go there; he must be taken up; I must see him!"

"But madam, you can't see him; he has been buried some hours."

"But I must see him; I can't live without seeing him; I must hire some one to go and take him up; can't you get some one to take him up? I'll pay him well; just get some men to take him up. I *must* take him home; he must go home with me. The last thing I

said to his children was, that they must be good children, and I would bring their father home, and they are waiting for him now! He must go; I can't go without him; I can't meet his children without him!" And so, with her woman's heart, she could not be turned aside —nothing could alter her purpose.

The next day she had his body taken up and embalmed. She watched by it until every thing was ready, and then carried him back to his own house and his children, only to seek a grave for the dead father close by those he loved, among kindred and friends in the fair sunny land he died to defend.

December 26th.—The sad Christmas has passed away. J. and C. were with us, and very cheerful. We exerted ourselves to be so too. The Church services in the morning were sweet and comforting. St. Paul's was dressed most elaborately and beautifully with evergreens; all looked as usual; but there is much sadness on account of the failure of the South to keep Sherman back. When we got home our family circle was small, but pleasant. The Christmas turkey and ham were not.

**Turkeyless Christmas, 1864**

We had aspired to a turkey, but finding the prices range from $50 to $100 in the market on Saturday, we contented ourselves with roast beef and the various little dishes which Confederate times have made us believe are tolerable substitutes for the viands of better days. At night I treated our little party to tea and ginger cakes—two very rare indulgences; and but for the sorghum, grown in our own fields, the cakes would be an impossible indulgence.

Nothing but the well-ascertained fact that Christmas comes but once a year would make such extravagance at all excusable. We propose to have a family gathering when the girls come home, on the day before or after New Year's day, (as that day will come on Sunday,) to enjoy together, and with one or two refugee friends, the contents of a box sent the girls by a young officer who captured it from the enemy, consisting of white sugar, raisins, preserves, pickles, spices, etc. They threaten to give us a plum-cake, and I hope they will carry it out, particularly if we have any of our army friends with us. Poor fellows, how they enjoy our plain dinners when

they come, and how we love to see them enjoy them! Two meals a day has become the universal system among refugees, and many citizens, from necessity. The want of our accustomed tea or coffee is very much felt by the elders. The rule with us is only to have tea when sickness makes it necessary, and the headaches gotten up about dark have become the joke of the family. A country lady, from one of the few spots in all Virginia where the enemy has never been, and consequently where they retain their comforts, asked me gravely why we did not substitute milk for tea. She could scarcely believe me when I told her that we had not had milk more than twice in eighteen months, and then it was sent by a country friend. It is now $4 a quart.

**"Hot Water Coffee" and the "Hiring" of Skillets**

January 2d, 1865.—The refugees in some of the villages are much worse off than we are. We hear amusing stories of a friend in an inland place, where nothing can possibly be bought, *hiring a skillet from a servant for one dollar* per month, and other cooking utensils, which

are absolutely necessary, at the same rate; another in the same village, whose health seems to require that she should drink something *hot* at night, has been obliged to resort to *hot water*, as she had neither tea, coffee, sugar, nor milk. These ladies belong to wealthy Virginia families. Many persons have no meat on their tables for months at a time; and they are the real patriots, who submit patiently, and without murmuring, to any privation, provided the country is doing well. The flesh-pots of Egypt have no charms for them; they look forward hopefully to the time when their country shall be disenthralled, never caring for the trials of the past or the present, provided they can hope for the future.

January 8th.—A soldier in our hospital called to me as I passed his bed the other day:

"I say, Mrs. McGuire, when do you think my wound will be well enough for me to go to the country?"

"Before very long, I hope."

"But what does the doctor say, for I am mighty anxious to go?"

I looked at his disabled limb, and talked

to him hopefully of his being able to enjoy country air in a short time.

"Well, try to get me up, for, you see, it ain't the country air I am after, but I wants to get married, and the lady don't know that I am wounded, and maybe she'll think I don't want to come."

**Suggestions to a Lovesick and Otherwise Wounded Soldier**

"Ah," said I, "but you must show her your scars, and if she is a girl worth having she will love you all the better for having bled for your country; and you must tell her that

"'It is always the heart that is bravest in war,
That is fondest and truest in love.'"

He looked perfectly delighted with the idea; and as I passed him again he called out, "Lady, please stop a minute and tell me the verse over again, for, you see, when I do get there, if she is affronted, I wants to give her the prettiest excuse I can, and I think that verse is beautiful."

COURAGE AND CHEER IN THE MIDST OF PRIVATIONS AND SUFFERING

"Starvation, literal starvation, was doing its deadly work. So depleted and poisoned was the blood of many of Lee's men from insufficient and unsound food that a slight wound which would probably not have been reported at the beginning of the war would often cause blood-poison, gangrene, and death. Yet the spirits of these brave men seemed to rise as their condition grew more desperate. . . . It was a harrowing but not uncommon sight to see those hungry men gather the wasted corn from under the feet of half-fed horses, and wash and parch and eat it to satisfy in some measure their craving for food."—General John B. Gordon, "Reminiscences of the Civil War."

"Winter poured down its snows and its sleet upon Lee's shelterless men in the trenches. Some of them burrowed into the earth. Most of them shivered over the feeble fires kept burning along the lines. Scanty and thin were the garments of these heroes. Most of them were clad in mere rags. Gaunt famine oppressed them every hour. One

quarter of a pound of rancid bacon and a little meal was the daily portion assigned to each man by the rules of the War Department. But even this allowance failed when the railroads broke down and left the bacon and the flour and the meal piled up beside the track in Georgia and the Carolinas. One-sixth of this daily ration was the allotment for a considerable time, and very often the supply of bacon failed entirely. At the close of the year, Grant had one hundred and ten thousand men. Lee had sixty-six thousand on his rolls, but this included men on detached duty, leaving him barely forty thousand soldiers to defend the trenches that were then stretched out forty miles in length from the Chickahominy to Hatcher's Run."—Henry Alexander White, "Life of Robert E. Lee."

When their own soldiers were suffering such hardships as these in the field, the Confederate leaders made every effort to exchange men so that the helpless prisoners of war would not suffer in anything like equal measure, offering even to send back prisoners without requiring an equivalent. Hence, the charges brought against the Confederate

government of intentional ill-treatment of prisoners of war are not supported by the facts.*

From brief but carefully prepared articles in the April and May issues of the *Confederate Veteran,* 1918, the following may here be quoted:

It is recognized by all who have carefully investigated the prison question that the civil and military committees and commissions appointed under strongly partisan auspices to look into the prison question rendered reports that are now known to be false. Shortly afterwards, Southern officials, hampered as they were at that time, made replies to these accusations and published some of them. These replies of the Southern officials contend:

1. That, although it is not denied that there was terrible suffering and great mortality in Confederate prisons, this was due to circumstances beyond their control.

2. That if the death rate be adduced as "circumstantial evidence of barbarity," the

*See index for references to the subject in connection with the narrative of Mrs. Duckett, etc.

rate was as high or even higher in the majority of prisons in the North, where there was an abundance of food and where shelter could easily be provided.*

3. That in the South the same quantity and quality of rations were given to prisoners and guards; but that variety in food could not be had or transported on the broken-down railway system of a non-manufacturing country, which system could not or did not provide sufficient clothes and food even for the Confederate soldiers in the field.†

*Official figures given out by Secretary Stanton show that 26,436 Confederates died in Northern prisons, and 22,576 Union prisoners died in the South. Later figures, roughly estimated by the United States Pension Office, increased the Federal mortality at the South to 30,218. Incidentally the record of deaths in Northern prisons was increased by several thousands. On the other hand, it is good to record that Confederate ex-prisoners themselves, out of their poverty, erected a memorial to Col. Richard Owen, commandant at Camp Morton, Indiana, in the first year of the war. As long as he was in charge, this noble man did all he could to mitigate the hardships of prison life, and scores of Confederate prisoners confined there have borne pathetic testimony to the allowance of both overcoats and blankets (two)—an allowance that was cut in half, at least, when they were transferred to other prisons.

†The point as to *variety in food* is very important, for the lack of a wholesome variety caused certain diseases among the prisoners not suffered by the guards and Confederate soldiers fed on the same rations. The former, for example, could not in many cases eat the unbolted meal to

4. That the Confederacy had arranged for the exchange of prisoners by a special cartel, which cartel was deliberately disregarded by the Federal authorities.*

5. That they offered to permit Federal surgeons to bring medical supplies to the prisoners, which offer was not accepted.

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which the Southerner was accustomed. This was particularly true of the great number of German and other prisoners of foreign birth, of whom there were many thousands in the Southern prisons. The first group of prisoners sent to Andersonville were several hundred foreigners. A large number of these foreigners and many native Americans from the Northern States could not at first eat this unbolted meal without experiencing more or less serious digestive trouble which left them in a dangerously weakened condition. In 1918, under the caption "How Corn May Help Win the War," the United States Food Administration sent out an advertisement which reads: "When we use more corn, the Allies, our associates in the war, can use more wheat. *They cannot use corn meal instead of wheat in their daily diet, as we do, because neither their cooks nor their appetites are adapted to it.*" See also incident on p. 62.

*The older partisan accounts, and present comparisons based upon these accounts, attempt to explain this by the statement that the Confederates refused exchange to negroes; but this point was brought up long after the cartel was systematically disregarded. There is an abundance of proof of this. The following extract from a letter from Gen. U. S. Grant to Gen. B. F. Butler, August 18, 1864, over a year after the terms of the cartel were violated, is indicative of the attitude of the highest Federal officers toward exchange: "It is hard," wrote Grant, "on our men in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles."

6. That, as the needs of the prisoners increased, they offered to buy (finally with cotton or with gold) supplies for the prisoners, which offer was ignored.

7. That medicines had been treated by the Federal government as contraband of war, so that the people of the South were often deprived of necessary remedies, not only for their sick and wounded, but the prisoners as well.

8. That prior to the period of the greatest mortality at Andersonville the Confederate authorities offered to release thousands of prisoners without requiring any equivalent in exchange if the Federal government would provide transportation for them. This offer was not accepted by the Federal government until too late to save the lives of thousands of those who died.

9. That the control of the prisons in the North was turned over by Secretary Stanton and the vindictive and partisan men (who were later responsible also for the crimes of Reconstruction) to the lowest element of an alien population and to negro guards of a criminal type, and that such men as President

Lincoln, Seward, McClellan, and the best people of the North were intentionally kept in ignorance of conditions in Northern prisons while officially furnished with stories as to "the deliberate cruelties" practiced in the South.*

*This Confederate defense against the charge of wholesale and deliberate cruelty to prisoners is amply sustained by the historical evidence at hand. The impartial historian, looking for all the salient facts, does find, however, as a kind of flaw in the Confederate reply, admissions on the part of *reputable authorities* that there was evidence of executive failure in the commissary department. It may be said that the same failure, *in a more exaggerated form*, was evident in the supply department of the Army of Northern Virginia. The immediate cause of the surrender of General Lee was the failure of support on the part of his food trains. *Although it is known that Abraham Lincoln was told of the alleged cruelties in Southern prisons and that he was urged to denounce them publicly, it is a fact that President Lincoln never did so. There is, on the contrary, evidence to show that he did not believe them. Being a keen judge of men, he well knew the character of both the accused and the accusers, the latter including both those who guiltily and willfully misrepresented the matter and these who honestly believed the misrepresentations.*

In the *Confederate Veteran* of March, 1918, Mr. B. W. Green, of Little Rock, Arkansas, wrote, in part:

"The clothing of our soldiers was of cotton fabric and one thin blanket to the man. Shoes were sometimes issued, but usually we got them from home or from dead Yankees. The rations of the Southern soldier were a quarter of a pound of poor beef and a little corn meal. On the march he carried all he had on his back, including his kitchen utensils, which consisted usually of a frying pan. One

THE BEGINNING OF THE END*

April 3.—Yesterday morning (it seems a week ago) we went, as usual, to St. James's Church, hoping for a day of peace and quietness, as well as of religious improvement and enjoyment. How short-sighted we are, and how little do we know of what is coming, either of judgment or mercy! The sermon being over, as it was the first Sunday in the month, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered.

The day was bright, beautiful, and peaceful, and a general quietness and repose seemed to rest upon the congregation, undisturbed by rumors and apprehensions. While the sacred elements were being administered, the sexton came in with a note to General

wagon was allowed to a regiment. Of course that went to the colonel's headquarters. The men had no wagon.

"If you will pardon personal reference, I did not have an overcoat during the war. More than half of the time I had no coat at all. In 1864-'65 I was not in a house or tent of any kind for twelve months, and my protection from snow and ice and rain was a little cotton blanket. If there was complaint, it was very limited. We knew that the government could do no better; therefore we accepted service willingly and joyfully. Do the men of our armies to-day appreciate the effort made by the government to make them comfortable? I hope they do."

*Continuation of Mrs. McGuire's diary.

Cooper, which was handed him as he walked from the chancel, and he immediately left the church. It made me anxious; but such things are not uncommon, and caused no excitement in the congregation. The services being over, we left the church, and as the congregations from the various churches were being mingled on Grace Street, our children, who had been at St. Paul's, joined us, on their way to the usual family gathering in our room on Sunday.

After the salutation of the morning, J. remarked, in an agitated voice to his father, that he had just returned from the War Department, and that there was sad news—General Lee's lines had been broken, and the city would probably be evacuated within twenty-four hours. Not until then did I observe that every countenance was wild with excitement. The inquiry, "What is the matter?" ran from lip to lip. Nobody seemed to hear or to answer. An old friend ran across the street, pale with excitement, repeating what J. had just told us, that unless we heard better news from General Lee the city would be evacuated. We could do nothing; no one suggested any thing to be done.

After the evacuation of Richmond by the Confederates and its occupation by Federal troops, Mrs. McGuire's narrative continues:

**Richmond Surrendered**

It soon became evident that protection would be necessary for the residences, and at the request of Colonel P., I went to the Provost Marshal's office to ask for it. Mrs. P. was unfortunately in the country, and only ladies were allowed to apply for guards. Of course this was a very unpleasant duty, but I must undertake it. Mrs. D. agreed to accompany me, and we proceeded to the City Hall—the City Hall, which from my childhood I had regarded with respect and reverence, as the place where my father had for years held his courts, and in which our lawyers, whose names stand among the highest in the Temple of Fame, for fifty years expounded the Constitution and the laws.

**Richmond After the Surrender**

After passing through crowds of negro soldiers there, we found on the steps some of the elderly gentlemen of the city seeking admittance, which was denied them. I stopped to speak to Mr. ———, in whose commission house I was two days ago

and saw him surrounded by all the stores which usually make up the establishment of such a merchant; it was now a mass of blackened ruins. He had come to ask protection for his residence, but was not allowed to enter. We passed the sentinel. Mrs. D. leant on me tremblingly; she shrank from the humiliating duty. For my own part, though my heart beat loudly and my blood boiled, I never felt more high-spirited or lofty than at that moment. A large table was surrounded by officials, writing or talking to the ladies, who came on the same mission that brought us. I approached the officer who sat at the head of the table, and asked him politely if he was the Provost Marshal.

"I am the Commandant, madam," was the respectful reply.

"Then to whom am I to apply for protection for our residence?"

"You need none, madam; our troops are perfectly disciplined, and dare not enter your premises."

"I am sorry to be obliged to undeceive you, sir, but when I left home seven of your soldiers were in the yard of the residence op-

posite to us, and one has already been into our kitchen."

He looked surprised, and said, "Then, madam, you are entitled to a guard. Captain, write a protection for the residence on the corner of First and Franklin Streets, and give these ladies a guard."

This was quickly done, and as I turned to go out, I saw standing near me our old friend, Mrs. ———. Oh! how my heart sank when I looked into her calm, sad face, and remembered that she and her venerable and highly esteemed husband must ask leave to remain in peace in their home of many years. The next person who attracted my attention was that sweet young girl, S. W. Having no mother, she of course must go and ask that her father's beautiful mansion may be allowed to stand uninjured. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she pressed my hand in passing.

Other friends were there; we did not speak, we could not; we sadly looked at each other and passed on. Mrs. D. and myself came out, accompanied by our guard. The fire was progressing rapidly, and the crashing sound

of falling timbers was distinctly heard. Dr. Read's church was blazing. Yankees, citizens, and negroes were attempting to arrest the flames. The War Department was falling in; burning papers were being wafted about the streets. The Commissary Department, with our desks and papers, was consumed already. Warwick & Barksdale's mill was sending its flames to the sky. Cary and Main Streets seemed doomed throughout; Bank Street was beginning to burn, and now it had reached Franklin. At any other moment it would have distracted me, but I had ceased to feel anything.

We brought our guard to Colonel P., who posted him; about three o'clock he came to tell me that the guard was drunk, and threatening to shoot the servants in the yard. Again I went to the City Hall to procure another. I approached the Commandant and told him why I came. He immediately ordered another guard, and a corporal to be sent for the arrest of the drunken man. The flames had decreased, but the business part of the city was in ruins. The second guard was soon posted, and the first carried off by the collar.

Almost every house is guarded; and the streets are now (ten o'clock) perfectly quiet. The moon is shining brightly on our captivity.

God guide and watch over us!

April 16, 1865.—General Lee has returned. He came unattended, save by his staff—came without notice, and without parade; but he could not come unobserved; as soon as his approach was whispered, a crowd gathered in his path, not boisterously, but respectfully, and increasing rapidly as he advanced to his home in Franklin Street, between 8th and 9th, where, with a courtly bow to the multitude, he at once retired to the bosom of his beloved family.

**Appomattox: "The Old Order Changeth, Yielding Place to New"**

When I called in to see his high-minded and patriotic wife, a day or two after the evacuation, she was busily engaged in her invalid's chair, and very cheerful and hopeful. "The end is not yet," she said, as if to cheer those around her; "Richmond is not the Confederacy." To this we all most willingly assented, and felt very much gratified and buoyed by her brightness. I have not the

heart to visit her since the surrender, but hear that she still is sanguine, saying that, "General Lee is not the Confederacy," and that there is "life in the old land yet." He is not the Confederacy; but our hearts sink within us when we remember that he and his noble army are now idle, and that we can no longer look upon them as the bulwark of our land. He has returned from defeat and disaster with the universal and profound admiration of the world, having done all that skill and valor could accomplish.

The scene at the surrender was noble and touching. General Grant's bearing was profoundly respectful; General Lee's as courtly and lofty as the purest chivalry could require. The terms, so honorable to all parties, being complied with to the letter, our arms laid down with breaking hearts, and tears such as stoutest warriors may shed.

## XXXII

## REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF THE LONE STAR STATE

OVER and above the diaries and reminiscences of Southern women of "the sixties," there may be found on every hand brief accounts, prepared by their children or by their neighbors and friends, of incidents concerning their work. Many of the bravest of the women of war times have not given their reminiscences for publication in any form. It will be recalled that Tillie Russell refused to allow her name to be used in connection with Oregon Wilson's illustration of her heroism in saving the life of Randolph Ridgely on the field of battle. For that reason, the painting has gone forth to the world as a picture symbolical of a cause, for it is known merely as "A Woman's Devotion," without association of name, time, or place.

It was particularly difficult for the compiler of these pages in "far off New York and Maryland," to get accounts of war work in Texas, a State which then counted itself as

much a part of the Confederacy as it counts itself a part of the Nation of to-day. On one occasion, while in search of historical material, the writer attended a Confederate reunion in the city of Washington shortly before the United States entered the World War of the Twentieth Century. Some days thereafter, as he was hurrying through Union Station, he almost literally "ran across" a little lady then in her 78th year, who was engaged actively, energetically, and with characteristic courage and independence, in traveling alone from New York, where she had been visiting, to her home in Texas. As this wonderful little lady was none other than Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, recognized by all who know her as one of the most lovable characters in the entire South, the writer esteemed it a privilege to be, in passing, of some little assistance. This accidental meeting gave him the opportunity to ask Mrs. Stone for her experiences during the war, which were, however, at once discounted by her as "nothing worthy of comment," and "no more than what was done by every other woman" in the Old South. A little investiga-

tion on the part of the editor, however, failed to convince him that this was strictly in accordance with the records; and, two years later, he was able to obtain a brief account of Mrs. Stone's experiences.

It should be recalled in this connection that the once independent Republic of Texas had been a member of the Union of the United States but a little over a decade when the War of Secession broke out. Texas then cast her fortunes with the South; for it was due to the South that she had been settled and developed, and to Southern leaders she owed her place in the Union against the very determined opposition of many in the North who threatened the secession of their section if she should be so admitted.*

*In 1843, the legislature of Massachusetts resolved:

"That, under no circumstances whatever, can the people of Massachusetts regard the proposition to admit Texas into the Union in any other light than as dangerous to its continuance in peace, in prosperity, and in the enjoyment of those blessings which it is the object of a free government to secure."

In the year 1844, the legislature

"*Resolved*, * * * That the project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these States into a dissolution of the Union."

On Washington's Birthday, in 1845, the Governor of

The women of Texas, then on the frontiers of Anglo-Celtic civilization in America, prepared for war just as their sisters in the East.

**The Work of Mrs. Lucretia Hadley**

Houston, the first capital of the Republic, was a centre of activity for the work of the women of the "Lone Star State." In the spring of 1861, therefore, a society was formed for the benefit of those who had gone to the front for cause and country. The chosen leader of these women was Piety Lucretia Hadley, who had followed her husband, Judge T. B. J. Hadley, into Texas shortly after it had declared its independence from Mexico. From that time until the breaking out of the war, Mrs. Hadley had led the women volunteers in every struggle with the then prevalent epidemics of yellow fever.

As, from "Uncle Remus" down, the negroes have been noted for their ability to

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Massachusetts approved a further series of resolutions, from which the following extract is taken:

"*Resolved,* * * * And, as the powers of legislation, granted in the Constitution of the United States to Congress, do not embrace a case of the admission of a foreign state or foreign territory, by legislation, into the Union, such an act of admission would have no binding force whatever on the people of Massachusetts."

compass a maximum of fact and philosophy in their quaint sayings, an idea of Mrs. Hadley's ability may best he had from one of her faithful slaves, who said, on hearing that her mistress had been chosen to take charge of the war work of Houston, that indeed she was not surprised, for *"dey jus' had to have de workin's of her min'."* The following quotation adapted from a recent (1919) tribute to her memory serves to illustrate the war work of the women of Texas.

When the society for war work was organized in 1861, a great sale or bazaar was conducted under Mrs. Hadley's direction by which money was raised to buy material for soldiers' clothing, which the Confederate Government could not supply. Boxes of clothing were, therefore, sent to the armies in Virginia and Tennessee, until the material gave out, and when transportation, in the second year of the war, became too difficult or impossible.

Although this kind of war work was thereafter very largely prevented, Mrs. Hadley and the women under her charge could not permit themselves to be idle. As their repre-

sentative, Mrs. Hadley presented the case, therefore, to Major General Magruder, then in command of the trans-Mississippi department, and she and the women were assigned to the making of cartridges and such other munitions of war as they could produce. Consequently, they made munitions until the material for that was also exhausted. Knitting was then undertaken by the women and when the eyes of their faithful leader became dim from overwork, she gave herself over to the spinning of cotton and wool for others to knit.

In connection with the narrative of this knitting and sewing and the making of munitions by Mrs. Hadley and her associates in the Houston society of Confederate women, the following incident may be given in that it illustrates, on the part of those Northerners who knew of conditions in the South, their recognition that the cause of the South was built upon principles which they no less than their Southern brothers held to be sacred.

It so happened that Mrs. Hadley had, a year or two before the war, bought a sewing

machine from two New Englanders who were acting as representatives in Texas for their company. Knowing these young men through the purchase of the machine, Mrs. Hadley told them that in view of the fact that the war was likely to be a long and serious one, they had better return to their homes while they could do so in safety. Immediately, one of the young men replied that he and his associate had decided to make their homes in the South and that they would fight for it. They therefore went forth with the first company of Confederates sent out from Houston and were afterwards assigned to Hood's Brigade. From that time on, no boxes of clothing were sent to that company without packages for these New England men, whose names were carefully written on them. Mrs. Hadley saw to it that they were well cared for until both had made the supreme sacrifice for the cause of their adopted country.

The knitting went on as long as the raw material could be had. Blankets were turned into shirts, while carpets were turned into blankets, and these devoted women left no stone unturned to be of help, aid, and com-

fort to the defenders on Texas soil, or to act where possible on behalf of Texans fighting in distant States. Many were the testimonials afterwards presented to these women by soldiers who had, during the war, received clothing made from the sacrifice of the blankets in the homes of these women.

It is said of Mrs. Hadley that, "she passed through the bitter years of Reconstruction with the same indomitable courage she had shown during the four years of war. She lived to see her beloved South reinstated in equal position with the North, prosperous in all lines, and so went to her rest at the age of ninety-two. If ever a life was full of good works hers was, so we leave her, confidently, in the hands of Him she served so well."

* * *

The experiences of Lucretia Hadley were, in many ways, not unlike those of Cornelia Branch Stone, whose father was also one of the first Judges of Texas.

Unlike Mrs. Hadley, however, Mrs. Stone was a native Texan. She was born in Nacogdoches in 1840, the year that Mrs. Hadley

moved to Houston. Her father was a Virginian and in 1840 was Judge of one of the five Districts of the Republic of Texas, each District being as large as many of the States of the Union. In the words of Mrs. Stone:

**Recollections of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone**

"My father and mother made that ancient town (as old as Philadelphia) their headquarters, boarding in the home of General Thomas J. Rusk, then Secretary of War of the Republic of Texas.

"Under the Constitution of that Republic my father was also one of the Justices of the Supreme Court—as the five District Judges comprised the Court. He had been a soldier at San Jacinto, which decisive battle resulted in the capture and destruction of the army of Santa Anna, the then President of Mexico.

"On the organization of the Government of the Republic of Texas, he was elected to the first and second sessions of Congress, in which he served with distinction. He also was a member of the first legislature of the State of Texas; but, while a member of that

body, he suffered the almost total loss of his sight, which was later partially restored, although that misfortune had sacrificed his political and professional career.

"In 1856, I was married at the immature age of sixteen, and my war experiences consisted of the organizing of the older children in the village school, and this group I dignified by the name of the Histrionic Society, of which I was the director and manager. Under the auspices of this organization, entertainments were given, the proceeds of which were used to purchase home-spun clothing from soldiers' wives who had no other revenue—this material having been made into clothing for our brave soldiers battling for homes and firesides.

"At times we had companies of soldiers in camp near the village awaiting orders, and when sickness came to them we had the village hotel fitted up as an improvised hospital where we nursed, fed, and cared for them. Old linen sheets and linen underwear were torn up for bandages and lint, floors were stripped of carpets and rugs, and comforts were made of cotton. These were

packed and sent whenever possible to the nearest post.

"My father died very soon after the first battle of Manassas, and although my husband was an invalid, he repeatedly, though unsuccessfully, applied for enlistment in the Confederate army. My only brother was but 13 when the war closed, and I felt that on me rested the responsibility for doing, on behalf of the family, what could be done for the Confederate cause. It was not easy for the women of Texas to do much, as we had but little fighting on Texas soil save the battle of Galveston and the wonderful defense of Sabine Pass by a company of forty Irishmen who captured several hundred Union soldiers together with two transports and a gunboat, and thereby stopped an invasion of Texas. This engagement was a miracle of audacity and skill. In one sense, "camouflage" was used, for the guns which manned the fort held by the Immortal Forty, with one exception, were of wood!"

Mrs. Stone, at Liberty, knew well of the work of Mrs. Hadley at Houston, some thirty miles distant. Both women were closely re-

lated to the leaders of Texas political and business life prior to the war and thereafter. Not only was Mrs. Stone's father prominent in the early days of the Republic of Texas, but it is interesting to note that her mother was the adopted daughter of Colonel and Mrs. William H. Wharton. Colonel Wharton was the duly accredited minister to the United States, and she was in Washington with the Whartons when Colonel Wharton was the ambassador from the independent Republic of Texas.

It may be said that it is partly because of the work of these splendid women that Texas was able successfully to resist attack and invasion by Federal forces, and it may also be said that the State of Texas presented the spectacle of certain engagements unique in the annals of the war. It was there that volunteers in hastily trained infantry and cavalry were converted into true "marines" for the capture of Federal shipping and supplies and even vessels of war.

In the second year of the war, troops under the command of General H. H. Sibley cap-

tured the steamer *Star of the West,* which, as is now almost forgotten, was the cause, on January 9th, of drawing the first shots fired under a secession flag, when she was turned back in her effort to supply and provision Fort Sumter. It may be added here, therefore, that had it not been for the restraining suggestion of Richard Kidder Meade, a recent graduate of West Point and a descendant of Washington's noted aide-de-camp of the same name, Major Anderson might have then and there opened fire upon the South Carolina batteries, in which event war may have begun in January under Buchanan, rather than in April under the leadership of Lincoln.

**The Foot and Horse Marines of Texas**

On another occasion, General John B. Magruder recaptured Galveston from the Federals with two ancient cotton steamers fitted up as "gunboats" with decks protected by cotton bales. These crude craft were manned with 300 volunteer Texans armed largely with shotguns, but they served to disperse the squadron of Federal vessels in Galveston harbor, capturing and destroying the

greater part of them, so that the city was recaptured by the Confederates to be held by them to the end of the war.

**The Defense of Sabine Pass**

Still another one of these strange semi-naval combats took place at Sabine Pass. In September, 1863, General Banks dispatched 5,000 troops on transports convoyed by gunboats to force a landing at this Pass, with the object of taking Beaumont and Houston, whence it was expected that the interior of Texas could be reached by the use of the railroads. At the Pass, a little garrison of some forty-seven Texans under Lieutenant Dowling, captured, without the loss of a man, two of the gunboats, together with 350 prisoners, and drove off the entire attacking force.

**The Last Fight**

Finally, it may be said that the last engagement of the War of Secession took place on the soil of Texas. This last battle was fought at Palmito Ranch near Brownsville, May 13, 1865, wherein a force of 800 Federals was put to flight by a smaller number of Texans under command of Colonel Ford. A victorious pursuit was halted when it was learned from the

prisoners that the Confederate Government had fallen and that the war was over.

In the narrative of Mrs. Hadley, reference has been made to the possession and use of a sewing machine. Comparatively few of the Southern women had this great aid to the making of clothes. Mrs. John D. Weedon of Huntsville, Alabama, writes of the experience of her mother, Mrs. Robert M. Patton of Florence:

**Sewing by Hand**

"We kept a number of garments to make at home. I was just through college, and I made, together with my mother and a serving woman she had employed, uniforms, underwear, and several overcoats, so heavy that we had to work on them while lying on a table. Every stitch was done with our fingers. We had no machines until 1869, when my father bought me one."

## XXXIII

## MRS. ALGERNON SYDNEY SULLIVAN AND HER WAR EXPERIENCES IN NEW YORK CITY

THE preceding story of the experiences of Elizabeth Waring Duckett concerned the work of a Southern woman within the Federal lines, but within reach of Southern sympathizers. The work of Mrs. Algernon Sydney Sullivan was, with a brief exception, in the North in the midst of war-time foes. Mrs. Sullivan was Miss Mary Mildred Hammond, of Virginia. In 1856 she met and married Mr. Sullivan in Cincinnati, and two years later both went to live in New York City.

**The "Pirate" Trial**

When, shortly after the outbreak of the war, the Captain and crew of the captured Confederate schooner *Savannah* were put in irons and threatened with execution as "pirates," Mr. Sullivan was retained by the Confederate Government as counsel for the prisoners. Mr. Sullivan, however, was arrested under charge of disloyalty and con-

fined at Fort Lafayette, and Mrs. Sullivan was alone with her young son in a hostile land.

Within a few days, thereafter, Mrs. Sullivan received a visit from General Stewart L. Woodford, who was evidently sent by the government to ascertain her feelings and general attitude. Mrs. Sullivan received him with calm dignity and when he said he wished her to know that no harm was to come to her husband she promptly retorted: "Well, if you can prove him to be a traitor, why don't you kill him?" It is safe to say that the General beat a hasty retreat; for, many years after, a friend told Mrs. Sullivan he had met a great admirer of hers who had said she had once "nearly scared him to death," and he related the incident of this visit. Certain it is that the courage of this young woman, alone in her sorrow with the responsibility of a young child, made a deep impression on General Woodford. He became, in later years, a staunch friend and supporter of Mrs. Sullivan in many of her labors for the welfare of those who needed help both in New York and in the South.

At the end of two months, Mr. Sullivan was released and vindicated. He returned to his home much broken in health but happy in the reunion with his family. On the day following his liberation, the case of the officers of the *Savannah* was called and though warned that his appearance might mean his death, Mr. Sullivan was there to defend his clients, the "rebel pirates," and did so together with Mr. Daniel Lord, Mr. Joseph Laroque, and others. This fearless display of loyalty to his duty won the respect and admiration of his associates and did much to establish the cordial relations which endured throughout his life.*

The unfortunate suspicion of Mr. Sullivan's loyalty to the Government did, however, greatly increase the difficulties to be faced by his wife. Though his imprisonment was classed by many as an outrage, and his exoneration was rapid and complete, she was

*In spite of this defense of the prisoners, the crew of the *Savannah* were convicted of "piracy" and sentenced to death by hanging. The threat of direct and immediate retaliation by the Confederate Government, however, aroused the Federal authorities to revoke the sentence, and the prisoners were eventually released.

known to have the closest ties with the South and she often found herself in positions requiring the greatest tact and self-control. No one realized this more than Mrs. Sullivan herself. Her great desire to give assistance to her stricken people and the Confederate prisoners, which she was determined to do only with the assent of the Federal government, entailed both hardship and self-denial and required an unlimited amount of patience and perseverance.

**Caring for Confederate Prisoners**

Together with several other ladies she was allowed to give her services in establishing a soup kitchen at the Government Hospital at David's Island (in Long Island Sound) where the Confederate prisoners were confined. This work was continued until the permits of the Southern ladies were confiscated.

Towards the middle of the war this soup kitchen, in which she was so much interested, was closed entirely by General Canby.

Deprived of the privilege of visiting at David's Island, Mrs. Sullivan did what she could by corresponding with the Southern soldiers confined in the Northern prisons,

sending them from time to time small sums of money, which were urgently needed.

Adhering strictly to her policy of an open manner and giving assistance only with the cognizance of the Government, Mrs. Sullivan tactfully avoided the very possible serious consequences of ministering surreptitiously to the "enemy." In spite of this, she felt she was more or less under surveillance, and, on one occasion, she refused to be "hoodwinked" into helping a man who appeared at her home in a Confederate uniform, representing himself to be a Texan, destitute and trying to return to his regiment through the Union lines. Mrs. Sullivan listened to his story but said she could only help him through the authorities, to whom she would at once refer his case and with whom she would exert her influence in his behalf.

Without definitely knowing, it was a reasonable supposition that this man was a Secret Service agent. Nothing more was ever heard of him.

An intimate friend of Mrs. Sullivan spoke of her as a "glorious fighter." At no time

in her life was this quality so clearly demonstrated as during the several attempts which she made to see John Yates Beall, the Confederate soldier, in his imprisonment, when her efforts were finally successful and she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had brought him comfort in his last hours.

**Visits John Yates Beall**

Captain John Beall was a native of Charlestown, Va., (now West Virginia). His family had always been intimate with the Hammonds and their relatives, but when Mrs. Sullivan saw in the New York papers accounts of the capture of the "notorious pirate, John Beall," she did not connect them with the boy who had been her sister's schoolmate, and it was not until some time later, after he had been imprisoned for privateering on the Great Lakes, tried and condemned to be hanged, that Mrs. Sullivan heard through her relatives in Virginia that he was the boy she had known in childhood. With this intelligence came the news that his mother had been unable to obtain a permit to see him and was distracted with grief to think that her son had not the consolation of

either family or friend to be with him during his remaining days of life.

Mrs. Sullivan realized the enormous difficulties that lay in her way, but this courageous woman put by her own concerns and set herself to find a way to visit Captain Beall.

She went to the office of General Dix, the Commanding Officer, and waited for hours for an interview. She was finally admitted, but her reception was none too courteous, and a pass to the prison was refused until she could show that John Beall wished to see her. There was nothing for her to do but to go home and write to him. His reply left no room for doubt as to his desire to see her, but it was only after several visits to the General's office with this letter, that she was handed a pass to Fort Lafayette, whither she proceeded at once.

The journey was tedious and tiring, consuming the better part of a day. Upon her arrival she was told that the prisoner had, that morning, been transferred to Governor's Island—a fact which must have been known at Headquarters when her pass was issued.

Still undaunted, Mrs. Sullivan returned to

General Dix and after some delay received permission to go to the prison on Governor's Island, and there, on the following day, she saw Captain Beall.

He was in a close and ill-ventilated cell and the interview was conducted in the presence of guards.

Her visit seemed to bring the greatest comfort to the condemned man, who confided to her in low tones, certain personal messages for his family and the young lady in Tennessee to whom he was betrothed. Remarking upon his unusual pallor, Mrs. Sullivan inquired if he was ill. He replied that he had a severe toothache, and though he had asked for some laudanum to allay the pain, the authorities had refused to give it to him because they feared he would commit suicide. The absurdity of this thought so impressed Captain Beall, who was deeply religious, that he asked Mrs. Sullivan particularly to convey to his mother his abhorrence of any such course, assuring her of his Christian faith and that, had he wished to use it, he had, in the heel of his shoe a watch spring saw, quite sufficient as an instrument of death. This

saw was found after his execution and is today preserved in a museum.

In 1863, during that short but bloody disturbance known as the "Draft Riots," Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan lived with their baby boy in 45th Street, and their personal experience with the drink-crazed mobs was terrifying. The roar of the crowds as they gathered to roam through the city to pillage and burn, in many cases to kill, was alarming enough in itself, but their resentment was not confined to loud and disorderly demonstrations. In their fury they often attacked peaceful citizens who were in no way connected with the Conscription Law, and their rage was vented upon persons and property alike.

**The Draft Riots of 1863**

Upon one occasion, Mrs. Sullivan relates, the rioters marched up Fifth Avenue and when they reached 47th Street determined to burn the residence of Dr. Thomas Ward, which stood on that corner. There was no reason for their choice of that particular property and Dr. Ward had no intimation of their intention. Their arrival before his

door found him alone in the house with his niece. She had the presence of mind to escape by a rear entrance and run for assistance to the home of their neighbor and friend, Mr. Sullivan. By good fortune he was at home and hastened with two or three others (among them Dan Bryant of negro minstrel fame) to Dr. Ward's assistance. One glance at the furious crowd sufficed to convince Mr. Sullivan that no physical effort could control the situation, so he mounted the top step of the house and addressed them so eloquently, regardless of his personal danger, that the throng eventually dispersed peaceably. Dr. Ward always felt that he owed his life to Mr. Sullivan, and Mrs. Sullivan says that she never was so proud of her husband's ability and daring. It was certainly a situation demanding the utmost courage, and only true eloquence could have attracted that uncouth mob and have turned them from their purpose.

In November, 1863, the Valley of the Shenandoah in Virginia was occupied a second time by Northern troops. Sheridan was in command with Headquarters at Winchester.

Anxiety for her immediate family determined Mrs. Sullivan to attempt their removal to New York.

Mr. Sullivan took what his wife describes as "a rather shallow four-story house," at 165 West 34th Street, and as soon as it was ready, Miss Harriot Hammond, with great difficulty and severe hardships, piloted the little band out of war-ridden Virginia through the Union lines to Baltimore, whence they finally came to New York and the protecting care of Mr. Sullivan and his wife.

**Shelters Virginia Relatives**

Although Mrs. Sullivan had with her in New York her immediate family, there were many of her near relatives in Virginia, and during the last year of the War she felt it urgently necessary to make an attempt to reach them. It was exceedingly unwise to undertake such a journey, for the fighting was in progress the whole length of the Valley and the country was in no condition to permit of safe travel.

**Mrs. Sullivan Visits Virginia**

In no way did Mrs. Sullivan underestimate

the dangers of such a trip, but in her mind they weighed lightly as against the needs of her relatives, so this dauntless woman took a faithful maid and her three-year-old son, and with two large trunks full of clothing and other necessities she started out, her courage high and her heart full of hope. The party arrived at Shepherdstown without any trouble, but there the difficulties began. Sheltered by a friend, they unpacked the trunks, placing their contents into rough sacks. As their only chance of reaching their destination lay in their journeying as local travelers, they dressed the part; a wagon was obtained, the sacks piled in, and off they went in the uncomfortable vehicle, proceeding by unfrequented roads and passing each Union sentry with beating hearts. Sometimes Mrs. Sullivan drove the cart and sometimes a negro, for hire, was persuaded to take the lines. Progress was slow and hazardous, necessitating many stops.

At last they arrived at "Burnley," the home of Mrs. Sullivan's Aunt, Mrs. Burnett. They tarried here for some few days and then went on to place after place, always

stopping long enough to bring cheer and comfort and leaving such necessities as were badly needed.

Life in the Valley had taken on a different hue in these dreadful days of War. Want and desolation replaced the green fields and productive farms. No family was without its mourning. No able-bodied man was left to carry the burdens of planting and harvest, and women in those lean days were poor substitutes, though they "turned to" with all the might of their reduced strength. They lived in hourly dread of the coming of Custer's men, who drove off what livestock remained on the places and burned what stores they could not transport.

"Springsberry," on the Shenandoah, the home of "Grandma Taylor," was not spared from the exigencies of War. It was the last stopping place of Mrs. Sullivan and while she was there one of these raids took place. The family were seated at breakfast one morning when they heard cries from the negro maid on the floor above. Rising precipitately, they were considerably startled to see a Union sentry posted at each and every

window. Looking beyond, the remainder of the detachment were seen rounding up the few remaining cows. It was a sad blow.

**Rescuing the Wheat Crop**

Not long before the family had started the meal, Marshall McCormick, the eleven-year-old son of a neighbor, had come in upon an errand. He had ridden his brother's horse and tethered the animal in a clump of bushes a few paces from the house where it was hidden from the raiders. At the first sound of alarm this manly boy dashed from the house by a side door, sprang upon his steed's back and galloped at full speed to a dividing wall, leaping it without hesitation and disappeared from view. The shots of the sentries at the flying lad frightened the marauders. Someone set up a cry of "Mosby" and the Union officer gathered his men and made off at full speed, happily leaving the live stock, but pausing long enough to set fire to the wheat stacks.

There were no men in the house other than a very old darkey. But the winter's supply of food had to be saved, and it was Mrs. Sullivan, cool and clear-headed and for the first

time in her life handling a pitch-fork, who ran to the rescue. She mounted to the top of the burning stack and tossed the wheat away from the flames, at the same time directing the work of the rest of the household. Not much of the precious grain was lost and the family was actually saved from starvation during the long, hard winter that followed.

This bit of heroism has always furnished a theme for family pride, for the service Mrs. Sullivan gave was of great value. One of her relatives has stated that for many years a charred pitch-fork was carefully kept as being "the one Molly used when she saved our wheat."

* * *

**Relief Work After the War**

The War was over. Mrs. Sullivan returned to New York filled with sadness, for she had seen the suffering and known the horrors of desolation that lay upon the land of her birth. At once she zealously laid plans for the alleviation of these destitute and war-worn people. Money was imperatively needed for food and clothing, so she set about raising a fund for the women and children of the

South. Mrs. James Lees, wife of a prominent New York banker, Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of Judge Roosevelt, Mrs. W. H. Price, Mrs. Henry Anthon, Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow, and Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick joined with Mrs. Sullivan in forming the "New York Ladies' Southern Relief Society," Mrs. Roosevelt being President and Mrs. Sullivan acting as Secretary and General Manager.

The fatigue of the struggle and the memories of the anxieties endured and of the losses sustained were still present with the Northern people and a feeling of bitterness still prevailed even among many of the people of cosmopolitan New York. Therefore, it required great moral courage, especially for a Southern woman, to make personal appeals to them to save from want and death their recent battle-foes—her own people.

Nevertheless she did not hesitate, although, having quick sympathy with the feelings of others, she naturally understood the nature of the rebuffs to be expected and endured for the cause she represented.

Mrs. Wm. H. Price and the other Southern women on the committee were also women not

to be deterred from a work of love and high duty by any consideration of personal embarrassment. The other ladies were of Northern ancestry, but they bravely faced criticism on the part of their social and family connections. Together, they raised the money by giving entertainments and by making personal appeals among the business men in the city.

There were many discouragements, but to use Mrs. Sullivan's words, "There was always a successful appeal to offset the disappointments," and she mentions a particular time when, going from shops to offices along Canal Street, soliciting aid from the various business people, she received from one man a refusal in these words: "Not one cent! They are rebels and they ought to starve." Later that day Mrs. Ben Holliday, wife of the famous stage coach man, gave her one thousand dollars, which was the most munificent gift yet received. And so, though much of the time it was "swimming against the current," Mrs. Sullivan had her successes as well as her failures.

It was not often that she was treated dis-

courteously, and New York proved itself generous to its conquered enemy. Mrs. Edwin Stoughton gave many entertainments in her home on Fifth Avenue and 17th Street for the benefit of this Society, and theatrical performances held at the old Jockey Club, Madison Avenue and 26th Street, helped to swell the funds. Many prominent people soon interested themselves in adding to the collections and Mr. Arthur Leary, brother of Countess Annie Leary, holding office as Treasurer, distributed through the clergy of the South over twenty thousand dollars.

The work of Mrs. Sullivan, however, did not find its boundaries in the mere raising of the money or in its formal distribution. Her labors, following her abounding sympathy, expanded into the realm of sorrows and despairs of the Southern people, so that her correspondence developed into a stream of consolation, encouragement, and guidance as well as of material aid.

So voluminous was this correspondence, all of which she attended to with her own pen (typewriting machines being then in

little use), that her unusually clear vision suffered a permanent impairment.

At this time Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan began to find in New York the beginning of that stream of young Southern men who immediately after the ending of the War—driven by the revolutionary change in Southern life and business—began to come to the North in order to earn there the support for themselves and their families—a stream ever since continued.

They realized that these young Southerners were in New York as total strangers and were far from their home influence. They at once began to invite them to their home, socially and informally, and the Sunday evening suppers became a recognized institution, where they came and were welcomed without awaiting an invitation.

Mrs. Sullivan devoted her life to the charitable and public-spirited work demanded by the condition of life in her adopted home—New York City.

Forty years she was, first, the Acting Directress, and later on the actual First Directress of the Nursery and Child's Hos-

pital, of which for many years the average number of daily inmates was 756. At present writing, in 1920, she is, at 83, the First Vice-President of the newer Institution of which this forms a part.

In 1905, when Mrs. Sullivan was 70 years old, she responded to the call of the neglected white people living in the Southern Mountains for education—a call made by the devoted and eloquent Mrs. Martha S. Gielow, and she organized in New York City the New York Branch of the Southern Industrial Educational Association.

The Southern men and women residing in New York City love to recognize in Mrs. Sullivan the leading example of what they feel a Southern woman—and an American woman—should be, and when certain of them wished to organize a Second Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in New York City, they naturally gave it her name and it was this Chapter which, on the same day that war was declared against Germany, sent its immediate offer of service; and at the same time Mrs. Sullivan instituted steps to organize the Southern Women of New York into

a body for War Relief work, which resulted in the forming of the New York Southern Women's Patriotic Society, which had a Red Cross Committee bearing the very early number of 99.

## XXXIV

## RELIEF WORK IN THE WORLD WAR

IT is fitting to close this volume on "The Women of the South in War Times" with at least a few notes on the work *continued,* it may be said, by these women of '61, and by their descendants, during the World War, in which the sons of Confederate veterans fought for human liberty and high ideals with the spirit of their fathers.

The Confederate wounded of the War Between the States had been tenderly nursed in the homes or the improvised hospitals of the South. The sons of these men of the sixties fought and fell thousands of miles away in a foreign land. The foregoing pages tell the story of the difficulty or even impossibility at times of providing the simplest necessities or the essential medical supplies for the sick and wounded in the American conflict. On the other hand, in 1917-'18, a bountiful Government was able to provide all our soldiers in France with supplies and attention never

dreamed of by those who fought under the standard of the Southern Confederacy.

While the example of Confederate fathers inspired the young men of the South in 1917, the women prepared to help the common cause and those supporting it on the fields of France. The society of the United Daughters of the Confederacy particularly set themselves for concerted action through some definite policy. The historian learns from their reports that at their first general convention held at Chattanooga subsequently to the entry of the United States into the World War, several hundred delegates discussed not whether they would act but how best to act to do the most good.

In a limited space, the story of achievement that followed has to be severely compressed, and only the general results given, through the appointed heads of committees, of the efforts of some 60,000 loyal American women, nearly all of whom were not only of Confederate blood but of Revolutionary and Colonial stock as well. They had always contended for self-government and the fundamental principles of freedom and liberty. They "would

not fail such a cause at this or any future time."

At Chattanooga, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, the newly-elected President-General, asked for and secured the authority to appoint a Committee for War Relief Work. Miss Poppenheim was from Charleston, South Carolina, the first of the States in 1860-'61 to "resume its sovereignty"; and it was Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Alabama, the home of the first Confederate Congress, who proposed that: "War relief be adopted as general U. D. C. work; that a War Relief Committee be appointed to supervise and direct the same, co-operating with the Red Cross." The motion was seconded by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, also of Alabama, and was unanimously carried.

Miss Nellie C. Preston, President of the Virginia Division, called attention to the work of the American hospital in France, mentioning Neuilly above the others. Needless to add, therefore, that this hospital was fortunate in attracting the early attention of the Daughters. Immediately, Miss Poppenheim secured the passage of a resolution

which was also unanimously carried: "That the United Daughters of the Confederacy in convention assembled authorize the establishment of a bed in the American Hospital at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris; that an appropriation of $600.00 be made from the General U. D. C. Treasury to pay for the bed; that the War Relief Committee of the U. D. C. established at this convention be empowered to carry out the details of this plan; and that this same committee be requested to encourage State Divisions to undertake similar hospital beds."

Owing to the poverty of the South for many years after the devastation of a war of invasion, it may be stated that the United Daughters of the Confederacy has never been an organization of women of wealth. It is quite democratic—more so, perhaps, than any other large organization of women. Like the Society of Confederate Veterans, and also that of the Sons, it aims to be simple and desires its membership to be made up of all on equal status with as little regard to "social standing" as possible. The per capita dues of membership for the general organization

are but ten cents a year—so that a donation of $600.00 out of its national treasury is equivalent to many times that amount from other societies. This donation of six hundred dollars inspired the convention, and whatever may be the "alien" criticisms so freely leveled at "State pride," which is, perhaps, most generally felt in the South, this kind of pride has an especial advantage when these States vie, as they often do, with each other in promoting good works.

Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, desired that this first bed be named after the first and only President of the Confederate States, and her motion was carried without opposition. The "Jefferson Davis" bed became the "standard bearer" for the endowment and naming of seventy additional beds provided by 36 States, for the people of a number of the Northern and Western States have the honor of entertaining within their borders healthy Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Among the names of Southern leaders who had beds endowed in their names in France were: Davis, Lee, Cleburne, Jackson,

Gordon, the Johnstons, Richard Jackson, "Stonewall" Jackson, Gordon, Beauregard, Mitchell, Vance, Heath, Semmes, Wheeler, Forrest, Hood, Price, Stephens, Breckenridge, Zollicoffer, Maury, Cabell, King, McWhirter, and Ryan.

The sum total for these beds amounted to over $41,600, which was "to be renewed annually as long as needed."

Many expressions of appreciation and commendation for the work of the Daughters were received throughout the year from the Executive Board of the Hospital and when, January 20, 1919, Mrs. Robert Bacon, Chairman, New York, wrote to the President General and the Chairman of War Relief, notifying them of the closing of the hospital at Neuilly, she closed by saying:

"The United Daughters of the Confederacy have, more than any other organization, made it possible for the Hospital to carry on its magnificent work, and I feel that any thanks, or show of appreciation, that I, as Chairman of the American Committee, could send you, would be a very inadequate expression of the gratitude that has been felt

abroad for your remarkable service. The famous names that have marked your beds, and the wonderful sympathy the Southern States have shown in the many heroic men whom they have cared for, will always remain indelibly impressed on the memories of every one who has watched over the Hospital with such tender care through these four and a half long and painful years. Your indefatigable efforts in the behalf of the American Military Hospital No. 1, Neuilly, have called forth the greatest admiration from every one, but I hope you feel, with us, a just pride in having the Daughters of the Confederacy connected with an organization that has made such a marvelous name for itself during the war, and has shown throughout these years of suffering such a noble spirit of self-sacrifice and of deep devotion."

On April 22, 1918, Mr. Richard E. Power, Executive Secretary of the Hospital in France, wrote the President-General:

"I should like to say to you a word of personal admiration, not alone for the splendid interest which your organization has shown in the work for this hospital, but also for the

wonderfully efficient manner in which your organization functions. You certainly have the spirit of co-operation and team work exemplified in a marvelous degree, and I am sure that the U. D. C. could readily accomplish tasks which less efficiently organized associations could not even undertake."

Probably no organization of women in the history of the world has done so much to memorialize a heroic past. Certainly none has given of means and services as the Daughters of the Confederacy. Nevertheless, by action of the 1917 Convention, all building of memorials was suspended during the period of the World War and many State Divisions invested all memorial funds on hand in Liberty Bonds.

Chapters in those towns near which cantonments were located did a great deal of relief work for the soldiers in their neighborhood and provided social entertainment for them. In some towns the Daughters kept "open house" every Saturday afternoon throughout the entire time of the war. The Chapters also assumed charge of marking the graves of those soldiers who, dying without

home or near relatives, were buried in Government burial grounds established at each Camp. In such cases the local members attended the funeral and provided flowers.

Summing up in part only the salient features of the war work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, it is recorded that, during the World War, the Daughters organized no less than 229 Red Cross Chapters; contributed, in round numbers, *as Chapters and Divisions,* $448,000 to the American Red Cross; they gave, also, to other war relief agencies, $393,000; and they bought, officially, *as members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy,* $24,850,000 worth of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps.

These figures do not include individual subscriptions given through numerous other channels, but those that are officially recorded as part of the work of the organization. In addition, the United Daughters of the Confederacy are put on record as having made over five million hospital garments; fourteen million surgical dressings, and six hundred thousand knitted articles. They also officially adopted and cared for twenty-two

hundred Belgian and French orphans at a cost of $82,000.

Over and above this work there was begun a special fund for educational work. This was established at Chattanooga through the efforts of Miss Poppenheim; and, at Louisville, it was called "Our Hero Fund," to "honor the men of the South who served their reunited country wherever needed in 1917-1918," and offered to those who were in active service during the period of the war.

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